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TRAVELS

THROUGH

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, ITALY,

AND

SICILY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

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OF

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FREDERIC LEOPOLD COUNT STOLBERG,

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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A MAP OF
ITALY,
after
BRIO,
Laid down on a smaller Scale
by F. D. SOTZMAN.
SWITZERLAND
GERMANY
FRANCE
SAVOY
PIEDMONT
PROVENCE
GULF OF LYONS
GULF OF VENICE OR ADRIATIC SEA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
CORSICA
SARDINIA
SICILY
ALGIERS
TUNIS
STATES OF BARBARY

TRAVELS

OF

COUNT STOLBERG.

LETTER I.

Pempelfort near Düſſeldorf, July 16th 1791.

I MUST confeſs to you that the Rhine produces here a deeper impreſſion on me, than the Elbe did at Hamburgh; although the banks of the former are not very beautiful, and the breadth, if my eye does not deceive me, not much more than five hundred paces; whereas the Elbe is about a mile wide *. I ſhould imagine you are of opinion, with me, that, to the deep thinker, the character of magnitude is often very very different from that of the ſublime. The exceſs of magnitude overpowers, and weakens. My eye is apt to wander, among the hanging woods of the ſea beach; and my mind to loſe itſelf in the boundleſs expanſe of ocean. Where the horizon limits the proſpect, fancy burſts the aerial barrier. The idea of infinitude always riſes on the benevolent wing of eternal exiſtence. How would energy ſink, were it bounded by what it can only ſee!

My ſenſations are wholly different, when, from the northern ſhores of Zealand, I ſurvey the North ſea; to what they are when, from the eaſtern, I contemplate the Baltic. The latter, it is true, communicates with the ocean; and yet the thought does not ſatisfy the ſoul. When

* A German mile contains from ſix to eight Engliſh miles. T.

imagination has ſpread her ſails, ſhe is offended at the impediments ſhe meets with in the Sound. A ſea is a very different thing from a river. Beginning at its ſource, we trace the ſtream to the ocean; the eye willingly repoſing on its verdant banks. Too great width affords no equivalent for this pleaſure. We delight in tracing the progreſs of power. Homer gave his heroes ſupernatural force in a human form. It was eaſy to produce a Titan: Genius alone could create an Achilles.

'We were not however inſenſible to the beauties of the Elbe, when, the wind favouring us, I and my wife, with our eldeſt boy of eight years old and Nicolovius, ſailed, in an hour, from Altona to Haarburgh: having firſt taken leave of Klopſtock in his garden near Hamburg, where he has reſided ſeveral ſummers, and bidden adieu to my brother, to his wife, to Windeme, and to her daughters. Claudius was our eſcort.

Of Weſtphalia and Lower Saxony there is not much to remark. Many thanks are due to the regency of Hanover, for the culture beſtowed upon theſe deſerts. In the parts under this government, we ſaw the half barren waſte covered with beautiful fields of rye, good potatoe grounds, nay even wheat, peas, and barley; where the indolence of the inhabitants would ſcarcely have produced rye and buck wheat.

Near Bomte, where the Oſnabrug domains begin, the proſpect brightens. Between the towns of Bomte and Oſnabrug, we ſaw the majeſtic oak; which has continued to be the ſubject of aſtoniſhment for centuries.

On the 6th, we remained at Oſnabrug, and gladly ſpent the forenoon with the juſt thinking Kleuker; and the evening with the noble minded patriot and philoſopher Möſer. The next day we proceeded to Münſter. We were intending to viſit the Princeſs Gallitzin when her meſſage of invitation arrived. With her we found the Baron of Fürſtenberg. Germany acknowledges the merit of this great ſtateſman. The Biſhopric of Münſter honours and loves the wife and good man, as a father. He ſecured the rights of the Peaſantry, inſpired the Monks with

with induſtry and patriotiſm, gave order to the war department, awakened a general thirſt of knowledge, and with unwearied perſeverance laboured to gratify the noble craving. Yes; it was he that promoted the pure and benevolent love of ſcience, through the ſchools and ſeminaries; from the higheſt to the loweſt degree.

It is now ſeveral years ſince this worthy and enlightened Canon was Prime Miniſter; and perhaps his influence will act with greater freedom and more dignified effect on the public, now that its only ſupport is its proper worth.

The Princeſs Gallitzin intends to publiſh the works of the wiſe Hemſterhuys. As, when he lived, he ſent his writings to his Diotima* to correct, ſo, at his death, in a manner honourable to them both, he left his poſthumous works entirely to her diſcretion.

We remained two days and a half with the Princeſs; and there became acquainted with Profeſſor Overberg: a worthy eccleſiaſtic, whoſe wiſdom and benevolence are actuated by all the glow of an energetic mind. He is one of the head maſters of the upper ſchools; and, from pure kindneſs, weekly dedicates a part of the forenoon to the inſtruction of young girls. I ſhall never forget the pleaſure with which I ſaw him catechiſe ſome hundreds of them, the animated intelligence of his manner, the addreſs with which he fixed their attention, and the acuteneſs he diſcovered in putting the queſtion ſo as to ſuggeſt the anſwer.

Haman lies buried in the garden of the Princeſs. Urns and inſcriptions characterize the calm deep thinker; whoſe imagination roſe, on the ſoaring pinions of poetry, far beyond the ken of common eyes; and ſometimes was followed with difficulty by the keeneſt ſight. How muſt the Princeſs have ſympathiſed with a heart and ſoul like his!

* In ſome of his writings he calls the Princeſs his Diotima. Diotima was ſaid to have been inſpired by the Gods: in Plato's Banquet, Socrates aſcribes high wiſdom to her, and profeſſes to have learnt it from her.

Equally ſimple in manners, pure in mind, and holy in friendſhip, they raiſed both the ſagacious proteſtant and the zealous catholic above the narrow prejudices of their reſpective creeds.

The catholic clergy wiſhed to have his honoured remains interred in conſecrated ground: but from reſpect they yielded to the deſire of the Princeſs, in conſideration of the undiſguiſed and enlightened readineſs ſhe had ſhewn to pay the laſt honours to this wiſe and worthy man.

We left Münſter early on the 10th, with feelings ſuch as none but the good could excite. The following morning we arrived at Mühlheim, on the Ruhr. Here, for the firſt time, during a journey of two-and-forty miles, we had a truly beautiful proſpect. On each ſide of the valley, through which the meandering Ruhr purſues its courſe, we ſaw the bold projecting rocks, clothed with hanging woods: beyond them the mountains roſe, covered with foreſts, and interſperſed with plains of different elevations, all bedecked with rich and variegated fertility. A heavy ſhower of rain, which poured from the lowring clouds, did but increaſe the beauty of the proſpect; gilded as it ſoon was by the full radiance of the returning ſun.

We arrived at Pempelfort at two in the afternoon; and I felt myſelf immediately as if at home, in the houſe of our dear Jacobi; whom I now ſaw for the firſt time. In expectation of hearing from you with your uſual punctuality, I ſhall conclude; wiſhing you all happineſs and patience.

LET-

LETTER II.

Pempelfort, July 19th 1791.

WE have been once at Düſſeldorf, and have viſited the famous Picture Gallery. You know I am not a Connoiſſeur. I cannot admire a picture that ſpeaks to the eye only, and not to the heart. The moſt inimitable deceptions, whether of painting or of poetry, if they place no living image before me, to me are equally unintereſting. I may indeed be aſtoniſhed, at the talent I diſcover, or rather at my own inſenſibility: for ſuch imitations, in my opinion, are merely talent; and are not the offspring of Genius: the character of which is paſſion, and invention.

The Diogenes, ſeeking an honeſt man in the thronged market place with a lanthorn at noon day, diſplays great invention. Rubens has given the face of the philoſopher the expreſſion of bitter but half concealed irony. The crowd, different in ſex and age, cannot conceive his meaning, and laugh at his folly. The malicious painter has introduced his own wife; yet certainly he did not mean ſeriouſly to characterize her as a fool. What various marks of folly has he communicated to the multitude! How perfectly does the philoſopher appear the only man among them! The very ſpirit of Diogenes ſeems to have inſpired the painter. He had certainly retired within himſelf, and, deep in contemplation, had ſtudied each countenance, before his magic pencil could ſo truly delineate this ample heritage of full grown folly. His action is neceſſarily confined to the moment; yet he artfully leads the fancy through many ſucceſſive generations.

Oh Rubens, hadſt thou been preſent when Diderot, ſtanding to view the picture, imagined himſelf the hero, and exclaimed to his guide *C'eſt*

Diderot

Diderot en Hollande * ! thou wouldſt have immortalized the ſelf ſufficient mien of the man on thy canvas! Diogenes would not have put out his lanthorn in his preſence; but probably would have aſſumed an air of more keen and bitter ſatire.

Had Rubens read Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, the painter would have ſoared beyond himſelf on the wings of the poet, would have added dignity to his fallen angels, and would more emphatically have imparted to them their inherent malignity. The victorious angel, in purſuit of Satan as he deſcends, bearing the flaming ſword and inveſted with the power of the Almighty, is not unworthy the Michael of Milton. The poet perhaps would have been ſatisfied with many of the fallen ſpirits; and would have certainly done juſtice to the genius of the painter. Either I miſtake, however, or many parts of this picture are degraded by the image of vice under its groſſeſt forms. Rubens perhaps intended to ſhew that, the virtue of heaven being gone, its dignity had likewiſe diſappeared: but Satan could not deſcend to ſuch vulgar buffoonery; neither could he ſo immediately loſe all expreſſion of heavenly grandeur. Still the picture will ever remain the work of a great genius. Sir Joſhua Reynolds tore himſelf from it with regret; and exclaimed, "Other pictures are excellently painted: here alone colours are made to ſpeak."

The moſt famous picture in this great collection is the St. John in the wilderneſs: by ſome aſcribed to Raphael; by others to Andrea Sarpi. The noble figure of the youth, above cenſure, or rather inimitably beautiful and dignified, irreſiſtibly attracts and fixes the attention: and, when at laſt you have left it, you are again and again brought back. Is it depth of thought, or, is it not rather the victory gained over temptation, which theſe lines of noble and manly beauty with ſo flowing yet ſo firm a touch denote? He ſeems to bloom in the very ſpring tide of youth; yet bears the promiſed fruits of manhood. He is what

* 'Tis Diderot in Holland.

Æſchylus has ſo finely deſcribed one of his heroes to be, ἀνδροπαις ἀνηρ *.

I have uſed the phraſe "above cenſure;" but it is ſaid there is falſe drawing, in the foreſhortening of one of the legs. I ſhall venture a criticiſm of another kind. Should we recognize with certainty the great harbinger of Chriſt, if the croſs, his common ſymbol, were not lying by his ſide?

The hiſtory of this painting is ſingular. One of the keepers of the gallery was retouching a damaged Landſcape, in water colours, which was not without merit. That which he had ſuppoſed to be mere canvas he diſcovered to be coated with oil-colours. Curioſity induced him to proceed; and a moſt beautiful body began to be viſible. He ſaw the hand of a maſter, waſhed away the water colours, and reſtored in full perfection the great work, that had ſo long remained buried in darkneſs.

The Aſſumption of the Virgin, by Guido, is one of the greateſt ornaments of the gallery. Devotion, rapture, divine benignity, inſpire and dignify the matron; and, in all their luſtre, ſeem to bear her to her native heaven, which opens for her reception.

I did not ſee the holy family of Raphael: it was not in the gallery, but was ſent to be engraved.

Rubens had certainly read Dante with great attention. The noble and inventive genius of the poet inſpired him, when he painted his day of judgment. Yet he is unequal to Dante, in picturing both the good and evil ſpirits. The rage of the one, and the rapture of the other, are more exquiſitely deſcribed by the Florentine. The figure of the Judge of the world is beneath criticiſm. The figure of the ſaint in the foreground is noble: but, Oh! how many thanks are due to the painter, for the chearful countenance he has beſtowed on the riſing negro? The idea of ſkeletons half clothed with fleſh, and ſtruggling into exiſtence, is worthy of Dante or Milton. They are well contraſted with the already riſen; and appear like the ſappy buds of the aſh in Spring, ſwelling into

* A boy-man.

life.

life. Yet I could have wiſhed for more variety; and to have ſeen the half formed creatures, as, in Milton, the angel deſcribes the animals at the moment of creation:

> The graſſy clods now calved; now half appeared
> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts; then ſprings as broke from bonds,
> And rampant ſhakes his brinded mane *.

Not only the falling deception of the burning lamps, and the glimmering matches on the ground, but the animated characters of the wiſe and fooliſh virgins, by Schalken, rank this picture among the beſt in the gallery.

The adoration of the Shepherds, by Rubens, is very fine. On one ſide, in the clouds, an angel is ſeen, with his hands folded on his breaſt; an angel ſuch as Raphael might have painted.

The Mary of Medicis, by Rubens, drew our attention; from the great reſemblance it bears to our friend Mrs. ———. In theſe noble, ardent, gentle, poetical traits, the phyſiognomiſt would diſcover the rank which a Mary de Medicis would hold in ſociety.

Chriſt among the Doctors in the temple, by Vander Werf, appears to me as worthy of the ſubject as a picture can be. I was not very fond of this maſter, who to me appeared to have a littleneſs of manner; but this picture has given me a higher opinion of his genius. Youth, beauty, benignity, grace, and wiſdom, beam in the godlike boy. Sages, ſuch as you might imagine Gamaliel and Nicodemus to have been, are liſtening to his diſcourſe.

No collection contains ſo many of the works of Rubens as this: but I am told his beſt productions are to be found in the towns of Brabant. The gallery is poor in pictures by the Italian maſters; and not to be compared with that of Dreſden. It is likewiſe deficient in Landſcapes.

* Par. L. Book VII. line 463.

The

The Düſſeldorf academy is furniſhed with many excellent caſts, from antique ſtatues. It is likewiſe rich in engravings: and, were it not, the numerous drawings, by Raphael, which it poſſeſſes, give it a value which few collections can equal. Some are the light ſports of his fine and inexhauſtible fancy: others are only ſketches; but they are the ſketches of a creative mind. And have not theſe flights of tranſcendent genius, which never were meant for the vulgar eye that could not comprehend them, that were intended only for himſelf, for his own enjoyment, have they not a character of unreſtrained daring, and unexampled beauty, peculiar to themſelves? I ſee them ſtill, theſe lines that ſo ſublimely trace the heads of angels! What amplitude! What purity! What forms of flowing ſtreaming life! The means too ſo limited, ſo imperceptible; we dare not add ſo indigent, ſtruck as we are with aſtoniſhment at beholding their effects. Yes; we look with joy as well as wonder, and praiſe God for the power he has given to man.

LETTER III.

Pempelfort, July 1791.

A TIMBER float having been announced, we went yeſterday in the afternoon toDüſſeldorf to ſee it: for which purpoſe, we hired a boat; and rowed up the Rhine. The ſpray of the oars was ſeen from far; and we preſently diſcovered a ſwimming village: for ſuch is the appearance of the wooden huts, that are built on the float.

There are four floats that go, every ſummer, from Andernach to Holland. Each is about a thouſand feet long; and a hundred and thirty wide. The number of the floatmen is four hundred and fifty. The rapidity of the ſtream, and the bulk and unwieldineſs of the float, make

the navigation dangerous. The paſſage, if good, will be from ſix to ſeven days: but, if the water be low and the wind violent and adverſe, it may be as many weeks.

Several anchors are carried, and the float lies at anchor every night. In the evening, the anchors are taken into the boats and brought to the ſhore. The ſtrong motion of the float drags them, at firſt: but this motion ſlackens, and the float at laſt becomes ſtationary.

The worth of the wood, of which the float is compoſed, is eſtimated at five hundred thouſand florins. The toll it pays is heavy. At Düſſeldorf it amounts to a hundred and ſixteen piſtoles: at Kaiſerſwerth, which is likewiſe a town palatine, eighty piſtoles: and the Pruſſian tolls are ſtill more ſevere.

The daily maintenance of the floatmen is eſtimated at upward of a hundred rix dollars. The pay of each man, for the whole voyage, is only five rix dollars. Having arrived at their place of deſtination, they form themſelves into parties, of ſeven each, club their pay, and then ſhoot for the whole; and the loſers are obliged to beg their way home.

The good cheer of the floatmen, during the voyage, delights and well repays them for their hard labour. We ſaw fat oxen on the float; and were informed that one was ſlaughtered daily. The cabin of the maſter is as ſpacious as that of the captain of an eighty gun ſhip. The wood of the float is chiefly for the uſe of flooring and carpenters.

LETTER IV.

Pempelfort, 29th July 1791.

YESTERDAY week, we were very agreeably ſurpriſed, by a viſit from the Princeſs Gallitzin, her two children, the Baron of Fürſtenberg, and Profeſſor Overberg. Theſe noble friends remained with us three days: three memorable days.

After their departure, Jacobi took us, on a party of pleaſure, to Elberfelde.

This town lies in a ſmall valley, on the Wupper: one of the innumerable tributary nymphs that pour their waters into the capacious Rhine. The peculiar quality of this ſtream maintains four populous towns: the principal trade of which is bleaching. The valley is about two leagues long; and the high hills, on each ſide, are covered with the beech and the aſh, and ſkirted with corn fields, meadows, paſtures, and gardens, in various and rich fertility.

The four towns, which the Wupper waters, are Rittershauſen, Wupperfelde, Gemark (or Barmen), and Elberfelde: which laſt is the moſt diſtant. Barmen is a colony of Elberfelde: of which it is the rival, both in induſtry and proſperity. Theſe properties are conſpicuous, in the handſome houſes and gardens, and in the countenances of the natives; who are remarkable for the cheerfulneſs and rectitude of their manners.

The whole appearance of this valley delights the eye, and makes a deep and laſting impreſſion upon the heart. Its various buildings, its ſwarming inhabitants, its meandering ſtream, now deep and ſilent, now rapid and ſhallow, its bold projecting rocks, hollow beneath, and loaded above with thick woods that ſhade the horizon, the honeſt, proſperous, and happy appearance of its people, ſome dwelling in neat

towns, others in ſcattered houſes that ornament the vicinity, theſe objects, individually and collectively, give unſpeakable pleaſure. They reminded me of the environs of Erzgebürg: with its lofty mountains, crowned with pines and watered with numerous rivulets: with this difference, that, at Erzgebürg, the traveller was aſtoniſhed at the induſtry of art, which at laſt afforded the inhabitants only a ſcanty ſubſiſtence; while here abundance every where reigns.

The following day, we ſaw, in a narrow valley, one of the grand ſpectacles of nature. On our return from Elberfelde, we went to Metman; a town which is four leagues diſtant from Pempelfort. Paſſing through corn fields that had been reaped, we entered a Beech wood, and ſuddenly beheld an uncommonly wild maſs of rocks, that fixed our attention. Proceeding through a wide opening, we went into a cavern; into which light had two entrances, that were unperceived by us. We ſuddenly came to a deep precipice, with high rocks in our front; and they, like the cavity in which we ſtood, were loaded with trees, their ſides adorned with ſhrubs and ivy, and at their feet the rapid Düſſel flowed.

This cavern is called the Leuchtenburg.

We returned through a narrow paſſage, which brought us to a projecting cliff; where, that we might the better look into the abyſs beneath, we laid ourſelves down, and each held the other in turn. This cliff, which is called Rabenſtein, or Ravenſtone, appeared to me not leſs beautiful than Roſtrappe, at Harz, in our own dear country. From this, we paſſed into a ſmall grotto; called the Engelskammer, or Angel's chamber; and ſaw a black gulph, on the other ſide, which people have named the Teufelskammer; or Devil's chamber.

Half a league from this, there is a Monaſtery, of the rigorous order of La Trappe; of which there was only one in Germany, one in France, and one in Italy, founded. The monks of this order renounce the uſe of ſpeech: the prelate only, under certain reſtrictions, is allowed to infringe this rule. Some years ago, a Princeſs viſited this monaſtery; and,

and, after many entreaties, prevailed on the prelate to indulge two of the monks, for a moment, in the uſe of ſpeech: but they both gave her to underſtand, by ſigns, that they did not think themſelves authorized to break their eternal ſilence.

Jacobi, one evening, took me and Nicolovius to this monaſtery. The door keeper, a lay brother, left us in the garden; telling us that the monks had retired to reſt: however, we met one of them; who, by the motion of his lips, was muttering his prayers. At laſt, the prelate appeared: but he ſhewed no inclination to admit us into the monaſtery. The government has appointed a ſpiritual commiſſion, to reform the rules of the monaſtery. The veil of ſecrecy guards their proceedings. It is not, however, probable that they will raze the monaſtery: they would not for ſuch a purpoſe have appointed a ſpiritual commiſſion.

I have yet ſaid nothing of Pempelfort; which is ſeparated, by a ſpacious Electoral garden, from the town of Düſſeldorf. Jacobi's houſe is roomy, and well contrived: built for the convenience of a ſage, who wiſhes neither to be incommoded by want of ſpace, nor incumbered by magnificence. He has laid out his beautiful garden in the Engliſh manner; but with a degree of taſte peculiar to himſelf. Trees, ſome ſingle, others in cluſters, ornament the green lawn; through which the Düſſel meanders, and forms a caſcade. High palm trees, a row of elms, a lake encircled with the weeping willow, many of the exotics which can endure our climate, and a charming orange grove, exhaling its ſweets under the windows of the houſe, give this garden a delightful variety.

Here, in ſocial friendſhip, the heart of the deep thinking owner expands. Here he meditated, here, under trees of his own planting, he occaſionally wrote, his Woldemar, and his Allwill; obedient to the friendly dictates of the muſe. Here he lived happy with his Eliza; and here he wept her loſs. Her pure her heavenly ſpirit (Oh! who can doubt it?) hovers round him; and inſpires his charming ſiſters, whoſe hearts and underſtandings are a ſource of conſolation to him; and whoſe

ſociety

ſociety he finds ſo delightful, ſo indiſpenſible. Here too his brother, breathing the inſpirations of the feeling muſe, wrote ſome of his moſt excellent poems.

Tomorrow we depart from a place, where, inſtead of a week, as we had intended, we have remained nineteen days. But we ſhall not leave all the inhabitants of Pempelfort behind us: at our entreaty, Jacobi permits his ſon to accompany us; and the pleaſure of our journey will not be leſſened by his ſociety.

LETTER V.

Frankfort on the Main, Auguſt 7th 1791.

WE had only a ſhort half day's journey from Pempelfort to Cologne; our road lying through a fruitful and well cultivated diſtrict. The Duchy of Berg appears to me to owe its proſperity to the conſtitution it enjoys, under the government of the Elector of Bavaria, and to the induſtry of its inhabitants, more than even to the goodneſs of its ſoil; which, from excellent cultivation, is ſo productive. That land muſt be light, which one horſe can plough. The horſes and cattle in this country are large and well fed.

Near Mühlheim, on the Rhine, we viſited the grave of the worthy Thomas Wiggenmann. He died young, in the arms of his dear friends; and Jacobi has written a beautiful epitaph to his memory, which memory will remain ſacred as long as his excellent work, on the goſpel of Saint Matthew, ſhall be read; a work calculated to calm the doubts of many worthy ſceptics. Death prevented him from completing his labour. His abſtract of the philoſophy of Mendelſohn and Jacobi has characterized him, as a clear and deep thinker.

At

At Mühlheim, we croſſed the Rhine; and ſoon arrived at Cologne. This ancient and free imperial city is built in the old ſtyle; with high houſes, and narrow ſtreets.

The Gothic Cathedral is beautiful, in its kind; and would have been one of the largeſt in Europe, had the immenſe work, which was interrupted before finiſhed, been completed. Its grandeur is ſtill conſiderable; and the unfiniſhed part gives a pictureſque appearance of Gothic ruins.

We ſaw a noble picture, by Rubens, of Peter on the croſs, in Saint Peter's Church; which the painter preſented to his native city.

You know the ſtory of this apoſtle wiſhing, from humility, to be crucified with his head downward. This gave the great painter an opportunity of diſplaying his genius in what may be called the terribly beautiful. The blood, hurried toward the head, diſtends the veins; and, as the body is not outſtretched, it is bent, and foreſhortened; in the executing of which Rubens has diſplayed his whole power. The mouth of the ſufferer opens in ſuch agony, and with ſo much truth, that it has a wonderful appearance of reality. Various executioners are employed around him: one of whom, with a fiend-like ferocity, is driving a nail through his foot; while a Roman ſoldier holds him faſt, with a placid diligence. The ſoldier's countenance would beſpeak our favour, were it not for the calm manner with which he attends to his horrible office. None but a Roman ſoldier could have hardened his countenance to ſuch an iron ſerenity. We ſeem to me to miſs that animated participation, and heavenly dignity, which ſhould have characterized the hovering angel that holds the palm over the evangelical martyr.

We ſaw a beautiful picture, by Le Brun, in the houſe of the Patrician Jebbach. It repreſents one of his anceſtors, ſurrounded by his family. Attached to each other as they mutually were, the painter left this beautiful mark of his friendſhip. A chamber is ſet apart for the picture; to which ſtrangers are always admitted. A noble ſimplicity

dignifies

dignifies the figures. Le Brun painted with affection; and gave an expreſſion of gentleneſs and family concord to the whole.

Is it true that our anceſtors were leſs diſſipated than we are? Did they poſſeſs a more profound and capacious calm? Or were the painters of thoſe ages ſuperior to other men? From whom did they learn the art of depicting ſo much greatneſs of mind? Their very portraits breathe pure ſerenity. Each painter appears to me to have formed to himſelf ideal beings: for who can be ignorant that theſe very ſilent ſerious and mild characters are animated by the nobleſt paſſions? Do we not find, in the Greek artiſts, the very extremes of depth of thought and ardour of ſoul?

It is the ſame with the ancient poets. The dialogue of the old tragic writers will frequently appear cold, becauſe of its ſimplicity: yet with what real, with what ardent, paſſion do they glow! What a pervading tranquillity! what a benevolent ſimplicity! yet what a ſtreaming fervour, breathe through Homer and Oſſian!

From Cologne to Bonn the road is delightful; but, after we had paſſed the latter, nature aſſumed her higheſt charms.

We now plainly ſaw the ſeven hills; the ſummits of which, on the other ſide of Düſſeldorf, had gradually ſeemed to approach. The fertile plains, through which we paſſed, abound with rich vineyards, and beautiful orchards. Mountains were towering on every ſide. Again our road brought us to the high banks of the noble Rhine; beyond which were ſtill more lofty heights, terminating in the rocky ſummits of the ſeven hills. Now the Rhine was ſhut up between the mountains; and now the valley through which it rolled its waters widened, adorned with corn fields and various fruits; the apple, the pear, the walnut, and the ſpreading vine. The hills on the left ſhores of the Rhine were now clothed with vineyards, and now ſhaded by the beech, the aſh, and the oak. On the oppoſite banks the ripe grape, and the ſportive ivy, variegate the foot of the ſeven hills; the latter winding up their rocky ſides. On ſome of the heights, the ruins of old caſtles are ſeen:

in other parts, the daring hand of nature projects the overhanging fearful cliff, that ſeems to brave the ſhock of time. The laſt of the ſeven hills, which is called the *Drachenſtein* (Dragonſtone), appears to be the largeſt.

As we approached the Rhine, it ſeemed to have become conſiderably narrower. We ſuppoſed it to flow over a deep bed of rock; but we ſoon perceived that the trees, on the other ſide of this leſſer current, belonged to an iſland; behind which a ſecond iſland roſe out of the water: ſo that the mighty river, divided into three ſtreams, watered and fructified ſix ſhores.

There was a Cloiſter of Nuns, called Nonenwerth, ſituated in the ſecond iſland; in a kind of Elyſian grove. Add to all theſe beauties the pictureſque effect of light and ſhade; that here glimmered, and there ſhed thick night among the valleys: while the hills were illumined by the full glare of day. Add, too, the cheerful aſpect of the inhabitants: young men chaunting their provincial ſongs; and maidens bringing us fruits and flowers, in their clean wicker baſkets: here a habitation reſounding with dancing, and mirth; and there a wooden legged village muſician, thrumming his mandoline, and charming himſelf, and his hearers, with a flouriſhing ſymphony at the concluſion of each ſtanza.

As we approached the ſmall town of Rheinmagen, we met, on a high narrow ſhore at the foot of a ſtill higher hill, a ſolemn proceſſion; in honour of Saint Apollinarius. The prieſt and the holy red banner were followed by the crowd, ſinging: boats glided along the ſtream, each bearing its own enſign, and reſounding with the ſame chorus.

We ſmiled, when we were told that theſe good people were on a pilgrimage to the remains of the Saint; interred, as they ſuppoſed, on a neighbouring hill; for, a fortnight before, we had met theſe very remains in a like ſolemn proceſſion at Düſſeldorf. No wonder that theſe two communities ſhould diſpute the honour of poſſeſſing the

Saint; when ſo lately two municipalities, in France, would have made ferocious war on each other, for the remains of Voltaire; had not one taken his body, and the other his heart.

The heart of Voltaire!——Oh you who laugh at the ſimplicity of the peaſants of the Rhine, who devoutly chaunt their hymns to the memory of a worthy man! You who ſtrain at a gnat, and ſwallow a camel! You who cannot forgive the fanaticiſm of implicit faith! What ſay you to an aſſembly of legiſlators, that decrees a niche in the new temple of the Gods to the man who, while he lived, wandered from country to country, reſpecting neither the religion nor the manners of any of them! who, in his Candide, ridiculed the providence of God, and to whom virtue was a jeſt*?

Between Rheinmagen and Andernach, we beheld the majeſtic courſe of the meandering Rhine; till the ſight was loſt, in the impenetrable ſhadows of the valleys that lie between the ſevén hills. Beſide us the clear light of the Sun beamed on large iſlands; bearing corn, orchards, and vineyards. Before us lay the ancient town of Andernach; with its gothic walls, and towers. We might have arrived at Coblentz before dark, had we not wiſhed to travel at our eaſe.

Oh Rhine! He that with precipitate haſte can empty the teeming goblet of nature, is unworthy the wealth of thy ſtream, the fertility of thy ſhores, and the tranſports that thy vineyards afford! Such of old were the Thracians. Barbarians! that knew not to honour gifts like thine; nor to taſte the calm and full dignity of ſuch joys.

As we determined to remain all night at Andernach, we approached

* Men of the beſt hearts and underſtandings are liable to be miſtaken. The author himſelf is here an example. He imagined, while writing the above apoſtrophe, that he wrote in the ſpirit of truth and benevolence. How could a man of ſo much thought be ſo unjuſt to the intentions, or to the virtue, of Voltaire? who, whatever the prejudices of the preſent times may affirm, was one of the moſt devoted, perſevering, and ineſtimable, friends of the human race. T.

the

the ſhore, took a boat, and were rowed between high hills that were clothed with hanging vineyards. The heat had been great; and the air on the water was refreſhing.

"The hot foot of the hill waſhed by the cooling wave*."

We ſaw white inſects in ſwarms, fluttering in the evening air; and in ſwarms ſaw them end their ſhort lives in the ſtream. We paſſed Neuwied, ſailing between rows of tall poplar. As the wind was againſt us, we were obliged to traverſe the river, from ſhore to ſhore, till we came to Andernach; the proſpect changing every moment, and every moment being enriched by new and innumerable beauties.

In the morning we continued our journey upon the Rhine, about as far as we had ſailed the evening before. We then left it, proceeding along ſpacious roads; and ſhould have regretted its enlivening ſcenery, had we not known that we ſhould ſoon again behold it, in variegated majeſty.

Half a league from Coblentz, we paſſed the palace of Schönbornluſt; where the fugitive brothers of the King of France then reſided. What is the deſtiny that awaits this good King? who, with the pureſt intentions, and with the general voice, has acquired the moſt honourable title that ever was given to Monarch! that of the reſtorer of freedom!

Coblentz is at preſent full of French emigrants: or rather appears to be full of them; for they crowd the ſtreets in parties, and hurry to and fro; ſome in carriages, ſome on horſeback, and ſome on foot; ſo that their numbers ſeem endleſs. The croſs of Saint Louis is at every button hole. They have bought horſes, practiſe equeſtrian exerciſes, and certainly encourage the expectations of each other with indefatigable induſtry; having formed high hopes of their enterpriſe againſt the National Aſſembly. It is not in the character of the French, as preſent circumſtances demonſtrate, to wait the change of fortune which

* Klopſtock's Odes.

time might bring. Though light as the cork, they would rather ſtem the ungovernable ſtream than ſtay for the ebbing tide; which might bring them ſafely to ſhore.

When the intolerable heat of the day abated, we took a boat; and rowed on the Rhine, to view the town and the Electoral palaces, beautifully built in the Ionic order, on the banks of the river. The delightful capacious Moſelle here empties itſelf, into the more delightful more capacious Rhine. On a rock, on the oppoſite ſide, the old caſtle of Ehrenbreitſtein towers: while higher hills crown the diſtant ſhores, and mountains that ſeem to melt away in the horizon.

We continued our journey by the ſide of a ſteep hill; and, looking behind us, contemplated the paradiſe we had paſſed! We beheld the courſe of the Rhine, winding between its high banks. Over theſe heights, we ſaw heights ſtill greater; with fruitful intervening valleys, and thick foreſts. Between the ſhadows which the mountains caſt, we perceived plains that were more ſpacious; and the extent of which increaſed, as they were followed by the eye. They were enlightened by the rays of the evening Sun, and contraſted with the gloom of the narrow valleys, and the ſhady ſide of the mountains.

The ſmall town of Ems, famous for its mineral waters, lies in a deep narrow vale, that is watered by the Lahn, in the road between Coblentz and Naſſau.

On that ſide of Ems that is next to Coblentz is a fruitful valley, ſhaded by hills and woods; and on the other ſide of it, more lofty trees form a ſpacious walk, on the banks of the Lahn, for the recreation of thoſe who come to take the waters.

Along this river, and between the mountains, lies the road to Naſſau; which is ſituated in a fertile valley, and ſurrounded by rocks. On one of the hills ſtand the very ancient and venerable ruins of the caſtle of Naſſau; from whence that famous houſe derived its title.

On the ſame hill, but lower, are the remains of another caſtle; from

from which the family of Stein took its name. Theſe old cavaliers, whoſe deſcendants ſtill hold their poſſeſſions, muſt have had a good underſtanding with their mighty neighbour; or muſt have been very alert, and by alliances have ſecured themſelves againſt his power. It is probable that the noble art of plundering was common to them both: but who can ſecure to himſelf a fair diviſion of the booty, in treaties where the tiger hunts in company with the lion?

Schwalbach, and Wiſbaden, both celebrated for their mineral waters, are ſeated among theſe mountains; which are interſperſed with fruitful plains. There is a very beautiful proſpect, about a league from Wiſbaden; from which a long courſe of the Rhine, the entire city of Mentz, and the pleaſant iſlands that ſurround it, are ſeen. Mentz is two full leagues from Wiſbaden; and this extenſive view, where we beheld vineyards, corn fields, and large orchards with their branches weighed to the earth with fruit, afforded us great and unfeigned pleaſure.

We entered the ancient and beautiful city of Mentz over a wide bridge of boats. Though ſo much nearer to its ſource, the Rhine is more ſpacious here than at Düſſeldorf. I counted my ſteps over the bridge; and they amounted to ſeven hundred and forty. The palace called *La Favorite*, belonging to the Elector, with its vaſt garden, ſtands on the ſhore where once the old Carthuſian monaſtery ſtood; as well as two nunneries, which have been demoliſhed. The revenues of theſe foundations are paid to the univerſity; and are dedicated to the uſe of the baniſhed monks and nuns. The Elector purchaſed the deſerted monaſtery from the univerſity; which poſſeſſes about four million of florins; and laid out an ample Engliſh garden: which, from its ſituation between the Rhine and the Main, is poſſeſſed of beauties that none but the hand of nature can beſtow. When the Carthuſians received orders to quit their monaſtery, an old monk died of grief. Theſe orders were given by the firſt Archbiſhop of the German Empire.

At Mentz, we became acquainted with Count Von Stadion: a young canon, who certainly has verified the early expectations that were formed of his talents.

A Chapter that has choſen Dalberg for coadjutor, and which has long been accuſtomed courageouſly to withſtand the influence of the firſt powers of Germany, merits our eſteem; and, as good Patriots, we are led to believe we ſhall not be miſtaken in the hopes to which it has given birth.

One fine evening, we were rowed to the Ingelheimer-Au; which iſland I viſited becauſe of the agreeable hours I had there ſpent, ſixteen years ago, in company with my brother, Göthen, Haugwitzen, and Klinger.

Not ſo far from the town, and oppoſite to the caſtle Biberich, lies another iſland; the Kurfürſten-Au; which, being thickly planted with trees, appeared, as we rowed paſt, to be the moſt beautiful.

We then rowed to the farther end of the Rheinallee; which not long ſince was planted beſide the ſtream. This alley conſiſts of two rows of the linden tree, within; and two rows of poplar, without. Very large trees had been brought hither; which muſt have been tranſplanted with great art; for their beautiful forms ſhewed that the axe had never lopped their branches. The largeſt trees are neareſt to the town.

At the farther end of this alley, which is about half a league long, ſeveral canons have, with great expence and induſtry, cultivated a light ſandy ſoil, and turned it into paſture-land: while they have paſſed by and neglected much better ground. Theſe expences however will be well repaid them, in the ſequel*.

All the parts round Mentz, which abound in corn, fruit, and wine, probably are more indebted for theſe productions to the induſtry of the inhabitants, than to the goodneſs of the ſoil; which is light and ſandy.

* About the end of the year 1792, the French in multitudes overran our frontiers, took Mentz, and laid waſte theſe beautiful ſituations.

The parts round Frankfort appear to me to be in the ſame predicament. They are embelliſhed and fructified by the Main, to the beneficent waters of which they are wholly indebted.

A part of Frankfort is well built; eſpecially the principal ſtreet, which is called the Zeile.

The Jews, who are numerous, are confined to live in one ſtreet; which is very long, narrow, and irregular. Their houſes are ſeparated, in back and front, from the reſt of the citizens by a high wall, built far above the firſt floor. Every evening, about ten or eleven o'clock, both ends of this ſtreet are ſhut up; and no Jew, without particular permiſſion, is ſuffered to quit this priſon, during the time of divine ſervice among the Chriſtians.

In former times, theſe perſecuted people endured intolerable hardſhips; which would now be aboliſhed, did not the rich Jews find the aſſiſtance of their poor brethren highly uſeful to them in their trade, and therefore make preſſing remonſtrances againſt any change, which would be ſo beneficial even to themſelves.

The Catholics enjoy the free exerciſe of their religion. The Lutheran magiſtracy, ſome years ago, by application to the Emperor Joſeph, eſtabliſhed places of worſhip for thoſe of the reformed church *; two of which have been built, for the German and French communities. Before this, they were obliged to perform divine ſervice half a mile out of town.

It was truly afflicting that an imperial city, not poſſeſſed of chimerical but of real order, freedom, and equality of juſtice, ſhould be ſubject to the reproach of that degree of intolerance which limited the manner in which its kind and good citizens ſhould be permitted to exerciſe their religion.

* Diſſenters from the Lutherans; or Calviniſts. T.

LETTER VI.

Karlſruch, Auguſt 11th 1791.

THE ſandineſs of the road, between Frankfort and Darmſtadt, made the heat of the day inſufferable: but we refreſhed ourſelves, on the way, with wine of this year's vintage. Before it is meliorated by time, it is very acid: but this acidity has the good quality of quenching thirſt, more effectually than older and better wine. The growth of the beſt Rheniſh wine is limited to a circle of about four or five miles round Mentz: that noble wine which Klopſtock ſo poetically praiſes.

"Of happy German temperament art thou:
"Warm, but not inflaming; potent, but yet
"Not drowſy; and ſparkling, yet free from froth."

Other kinds of Rheniſh are occaſionally pleaſant, and good: but none of them are equal to this, in the mild and vinous glow which it communicates.

At Darmſtadt, we went, about twilight, to viſit the beautiful Engliſh garden; which particularly pleaſed us, by the number of its large trees: eſpecially the poplar.

You have heard of the vaſt Guard-houſe, which is here. We wiſhed to ſee it; but it was ſhut. The builder's art, in erecting the roof without ſupports, has been much praiſed. In the time of the late Landgrave, who was of a chilly habit, this houſe was warmed by ſixteen ſtoves; which were moſt of them near the centre. The ſoldiers, ſtanding round them, have frequently fallen down in a ſwoon. The preſent Landgrave has had them removed.

On

On the 8th, we paſſed the celebrated Bergſtraſſe *; that extends from Darmſtadt to Heidelberg; which is one of the moſt pleaſant and remarkable roads in Germany. It is ſeven miles long; and we thought it progreſſively beautiful, as we approached Heidelberg. To our left lay the lofty uninterrupted chain of mountains. Oppoſite to theſe, the Melibokus rears its head; on the top of which the late Landgrave built a white watch-tower. We had ſeen this tower, ſome miles before we came to Mentz. It may be ſeen from Pirmacenz, on the frontiers of Lorrain; where this Prince often reſides.

The ruins of old caſtles, built in the feudal ages, are ſeen on the other mountains; and the moſt lofty of them are adorned with foreſts, and vineyards, to the very top. Between the mountains lie plains of various extent: the productions of which maintain many towns, and villages; built at the feet, or on the ſides, of the hills.

The valleys on the right ſide are equally fertile; and the proſpect is at one time broken by diſtant blue hills, with bold and projecting foreſts, and at others diverſified by plains, that ſtretch themſelves out to a vaſt extent. Theſe plains, like thoſe at the foot of the chain of mountains, have numerous large walnut, apple, pear, and plum orchards: the height and beauty of which are by no means equalled in the gardens of the north of Germany. The cheſnut and the almond are ſeldom ſeen here: but the apricot grows to a great height. In this mild climate, and under the friendly ſhade of foliage thus diverſified, the fertility is great and various. We did not ſee the country in all its beauty; for the harveſt was over, and the fields were ploughed to receive the next year's ſeed.

Beſide the common kinds of grain, the farmers here cultivate ſpelt, and dünkel; one of which is a good kind of rye, the other a variety of wheat. Between the rows of vine plants, aſparagus, lettuce, and

* A noble chain of mountains, ſo called. T.

other vegetables are reared. Every kind of vegetable grows in common here with various grains; with trefoil, lucerne, hemp, poppy, tobacco, plantations of mulberry trees, and maiſe, which we call Turkiſh but which the Palatines call Italian wheat. The poor uſe this inſtead of oats: though its chief conſumption is to feed the pigs and the poultry. The ears of millet, that fall uninjured to the ground, are given to the horned cattle; which are generally ſtall fed: though ſtall feeding is not ſo univerſal but that large droves of them are ſeen, in an evening, with herdſmen driving them home.

The ſmalleſt furrows in the fields, and the graſs found in the lanes, as in Saxony, afford them paſture. The roſy laſſes come in the evening, with their ſickles, and cut this graſs: for the uſe of the ſickle is common. I have ſeen oats, the ſtalk of which was not ſtronger than ours, cut with difficulty: though it might have been mowed with much greater eaſe, in much leſs time, and with leſs loſs.

The wine of theſe parts is called Bergſträſsler *. It is cooling; and reſembles the ſmall kind of Rheniſh, or the beſt wine of Saxony.

The heat was very great; and we put up at an inn, between Weinheim and Heidelberg. It was a holiday, and the people were dancing. The feſtivity of the ſcene, and the muſic of a ſalt box and a village fiddler, enraptured our poſtillion as much as if Oberon had been ſounding his horn. Hot as he was, from the ſides of his dripping horſe, he choſe his girl, and, in a circular dance, ſwung her round with might and main.

I have ſeldom enjoyed a glaſs of country wine, and a ſlice from a holiday loaf, ſo heartily as I did among theſe cheerful happy people.

Heidelberg lies behind a hill, round which we travelled, and on a ſudden had a view of the beautiful Neckar, with the town built on its banks. Beyond, mountains are ſeen: Heidelberg being ſituated in a

* Franconian. T.

ſmall

ſmall valley, and part of it built on the declivity of a hill, with the old caſtle much above it, though far from the top.

I recollected the beautiful proſpect from the caſtle, which I had ſeen ſixteen years ago, with great pleaſure. We climbed the hill, in deſpite of the heat; and viſited the grand and beautiful ruins.

The old Counts Palatine and Electors cut in ſtone, after the ancient German manner, are placed in deep niches between the windows. The ſtatue of a female, with two young children in her arms, repreſenting chriſtian love, and executed in a much ſuperior ſtyle, is placed in a niche on the principal façade. The countenance of the woman is highly characterized by dignity and beauty.

A deep moat, planted with trees, ſurrounds the caſtle. A large part of one of the vaſt round towers is fallen; and lies in pictureſque ruins on the ſide of the moat.

There is a garden on the caſtle hill, through which various trees, in wild yet pleaſing neglect, are ſcattered; among others a large Seven-baum *.

There is a terrace in the garden, built on the ſteepeſt part of the hill, from which is one of the moſt captivating views in all Germany. Here, ſkirted by the foreſt clothed hills, we ſee the Neckar wind, bathing the town, loſing itſelf among the foliage of the plains, again appearing, and again concealed. On theſe plains, we here and there diſcovered lofty trees; and here and there majeſtic woods, and diſtant mountains, mingling with the horizon, and concealing the ſun; which, while we were there, was ſetting among the clouds. We loſt the pleaſure of ſeeing it deſcend; but not that of contemplating the glowing welkin. Streaming through the dark maſs, the rays fell on the diſtant hills, gilding them with their golden tints; while theſe were admirably relieved and heightened, by the deep blue of ſtill more diſtant mountains.

We remained on the terrace, hoping that the ſun might again be

* Juniperus Sabina.

ſeen, between the hills; but twilight approached, thunder was heard afar off, the lightning played upon the oppoſite heights, and the gathering clouds began to obſcure the heavens.

We lingered here ſo long that we were too late to ſee the famous tun of Heidelberg; concerning which my little Erneſt has ſo often queſtioned me. The people who uſually ſhew it were gone home.

We ſaw a ſtone image of the Virgin Mary, with the child Jeſus in her arms. On one ſide was a truly catholic Latin inſcription: on the other we diſcovered a no leſs remarkable German diſtich *.

Noch ſtein, noch bild, noch ſäulen hier,
Das kind und mutter ehren wir *.

We continued our journey on the following morning through Bruchſal, and Durlach; and arrived here in the afternoon. The appellation Bergſtraſſe † very properly ceaſes at Heidelberg; where the uninterrupted chain of mountains ends; yet this road is characterized by the ſame features. Smaller heights, moſt of them planted with vineyards, lie to the left. Both ſides are remarkably fruitful. On the right, the valley often expands; and is ſometimes interſperſed, and at others appears wholly covered, with foreſts of the oak and the beech. Beyond theſe foreſts, the diſtant mountains of Lorrain are occaſionally ſeen.

Bruchſal is a well built town. The Biſhop of Spires reſides here, in a beautiful palace. There is a large ſalt work at this place.

About a league from Durlach, a ſmall brook, ruſhing from the top of a hill, divides the circle of the Rhine from the circle of Swabia.

The manners and the countenances of the people of Swabia are here alike diſtinct.

About a league of the road, between Durlach and Karlſruh, is decorated

* Neither ſtone, nor image, nor pillars, but
the child and the mother we honour.

† Street, or chain of mountains.

with

with a charming row of Lombardy poplars. We found theſe rare trees beginning to be frequent at Düſſeldorf; and the farther we proceeded, ſouthward, the better they became.

LETTER VII.

Karlſruh, 15th Auguſt 1791.

THE very day we came here, we hurried to the houſe of Schloſſer. About ſixteen years ago, when he was High Bailiff in Emmedingen, which belongs to Baden, I ſaw him for a ſhort time. The benevolence of his writings had long excited an ardent wiſh in me to meet him once again. The more original the more animated a man's works are, the more clear and the more profound are his thoughts; and the more ſtrong and flowing his ſenſations, the more certain we may be that the man is more excellent than his writings. Whoever is of a ſecondary order, either in poetry or philoſophy, exhauſts himſelf on paper. The works of a compiler are always ſuperior to their author; with whom I have no wiſh to be acquainted, even though he ſhould collect ſomething valuable for my amuſement. We cannot long ſtand to admire an artificial fountain, where the water iſſues through the mouths and breaſts of dolphins and mermaids; though we repoſe with delight at the bubbling ſource, and under the cool ſhade of the dripping rocks where the ſtream firſt takes its riſe. Oh Klopſtock! Thou mighty river of our age and country, how often have I been ſtrengthened, refreſhed, and inſpired with new life, by thy ſtream: which, flowing, full, and exhauſtleſs, directs its bold courſe to the ocean of immortality!

You will eaſily imagine the joy I have felt, at meeting both Schloſſer and

and the poet Jacobi; with whom I have earneſtly longed to be acquainted for theſe twenty years. Schloſſer is profeſſor at Freiburg, in Briſgau; and comes here during the vacation. Alike as theſe men are, in their ardent love of the true and the beautiful, yet in their purſuits they are very different. The liberal diſpaſſionate philoſopher, who with the torch of truth expels the darkneſs of the ſophiſt; who finds him in his moſt hidden receſſes, drags him to light, and with attic irony expoſes his abſurdities; the undaunted man, who dares perform the duties of a citizen, and cut the gordian knot which the added ignorance of ages has rendered all but impenetrable; this man and the feeling the tender poet, who, from early youth, has wooed the muſe, free, friendly, and ſportive, in her inſpirations, can neither of them be known without creating the moſt lively and the moſt ardent emotions of ſympathy, of reverence, and of love. It is a general and a ſacred law of nature, which binds the ſtrong to the weak; the daring to the lovely. Is it not this law to which the human race is indebted for its ſocial ties, and beſt enjoyments? I conſider the friendſhip of men like theſe as the moſt blooming of the flowers with which the hand of God, and not ſcantily, has interwoven the garland of life.

The Margrave is abſent, on a viſit to the uplands of his principality. He is univerſally ranked among the beſt of the princes of Germany.

Counſellor Böckmann has very kindly ſhewn us his inſtruments, for the promoting of mechanical and experimental diſcoveries; and explained their uſes. He poſſeſſes a large aſtronomical clock, conſtructed by the reverend paſtor Hahn; which not only contains the common diviſions of time, but has likewiſe diviſions of ten, of a hundred, and of a thouſand years. The ſpectator contemplates with pleaſure the contraſted quick motion of the ſecond hand, and the thouſand year hand; which turns on a ſmall dial plate, not larger than that of a Pariſian watch. The progreſs of the latter in fifty years is very ſmall; ſo that its motion is imperceptible. The ten, hundred, and thouſand,

year

year hands are not a mere diſplay of the art of the maker: they are of great uſe; for, on the large dial plate, which contains all the leſſer, the globes are deſcribed, and the progreſs of the ſtars denoted: ſo that the hands, by their combining motions, diſplay the variations, poſitions, and appearances, of the earth and the heavenly bodies.

We ſaw a watch made by Mr. Auch, of Stutgard; a ſcholar of the miniſter, Hahn. He is only ſix-and-twenty; yet, in the opinion of ſome, he already ſurpaſſes his maſter. This watch contains the diviſions of time, from a ſecond to a century. On the oppoſite ſide, on a clouded azure ground, is ſeen the courſe of the ſun and the moon, with its nodes and eclipſes. The artiſt means to improve this watch, and deſcribe the courſe of Venus; as a morning and an evening ſtar. The price of the watch is only three hundred rix dollars; which is but about half the ſum paid for an Engliſh time-keeper; and which does not deſcribe the courſe of the heavenly bodies.

This artiſt has likewiſe conſtructed an arithmetical machine, that works the moſt difficult queſtions, with incredible expedition, by the aid of a comprehenſive table: in about five hours he worked all the ſums from eleven times eleven to one hundred and ſixteen times a hundred and ſixteen; while an expeditious writer could ſcarcely copy the products faſt enough *.

" Mr. Auch is now (1790) five-and-twenty years old; and is the ſon " of a peaſant of Würtemberg. When a child, about the age of four " or five, he often roſe with the ſun; and diligently employed himſelf " in mechanical purſuits. He conducted water through tubes of elder; " dug wells; made conduits of quills; and, about his ſixth year, made " a pendulum clock, from ſhingles, with a kind of Engliſh cogs; which " would go tolerably for a quarter of an hour. In his tenth year, he

* The above particulars, and what follows, of his life, are to be found in an eſſay by Profeſſor Böckmann, inſerted in the firſt part of the ſecond volume of the *Journal der Phyſik*, publiſhed by Dr. Gren profeſſor at Halle 1790.

" wiſhed his ſchool-maſter to teach him arithmetic: in which requeſt " he was not indulged. At eleven, he was permitted to ſtand in a " corner, while the teacher heard the other ſcholars their leſſons; all " of whom he ſoon excelled, and was often cited, by the maſter, as " an example; and as capable of working ſums too difficult for the " other pupils. His father wiſhed to bind him apprentice to a barber: " but for this the boy had no inclination.

" At laſt, he was brought acquainted, by his own paſtor, with the " Reverend Mr. Hahn; at Kornweſtheim, near Ludwigſburg; who " found in him a ſcholar as apt to learn as he was thankful for inſtruc- " tion. He afterwards quitted his teacher, and reſided at Vaiſingen; a " ſmall town in the province of Würtemberg; where he married, and " lived highly reſpected for his talents and his morals. He employed " his leiſure hours in reading; much to the improvement of his heart, " and underſtanding. Aſtronomical knowledge was that which he " moſt eagerly endeavoured to acquire. He conſtructed a meridian " line for himſelf, with other neceſſary aſtronomical inſtruments; and " began, with great ardour, to obſerve the motions of the heavenly bo- " dies: proceeding to draw ingenious plans, to ſimplify aſtronomical " watches, and the whole ſyſtem of the univerſe."

I have the leſs difficulty in ſending you theſe anecdotes of a living artiſt, becauſe I think it highly probable that this young man, who has already diſplayed ſo much genius, will hereafter make very valuable diſcoveries.

Mr. Böckmann ſhewed us, among other valuable inſtruments, a Wedgewood Pyrometer. It conſiſts of two ſtraight pieces of braſs, fixed nearly parallel to each other upon a flat ſcale of the ſame metal. There is a ſpace between theſe braſs pieces about one Engliſh line wider at one end than at the other; and, the whole length being divided into one hundred and twenty parts, the inſtrument becomes a gage for meaſuring to the hundred and twentieth part of a line: the line being the twelfth part of an inch. In the uſe of the Pyrometer, a cylinder of

porcelain

porcelain clay is expoſed, together with the ſubject of experiment, to the ſame heat of a furnace; and the gage, by admeaſurement of the greater or leſs contraction produced in the cylinder, ſhews the degree of temperature with great exactneſs, to the utmoſt power of a melting furnace. Theſe cylinders have accordingly been applied to the practical meaſurement of the heat of furnaces for glaſs making, or the fuſion of metals: a diſcovery the utility of which is as great as it is ſelf-evident.

We viſited Mr. Kölreuter, the famous Botaniſt; who, by artificial vegetation, has ſucceeded in producing new ſpecies of plants. His mode is neither that of ſowing ſeed nor of tranſplanting: but by planting of ſhoots. It is remarkable that the growth of this new kind of vegetation ſhould be greater than that which we have ſuppoſed to be the natural growth: perhaps it is becauſe that, by this method, the expence of ſap is leſſened. By repeated experiments, he has no leſs ſucceſsfully reduced theſe varieties to their original form, and genus. He has again conducted them through their different gradations, and again and again fully reſtored them to all their original powers, and properties: bringing back ſome of them to the male kind, and others to the female.

Tireſias was ſtruck blind, when he daringly endeavoured to unfold the ſecrets of Venus. May we not expect that another Nemeſis ſhall purſue the man who, with wonderful wiſdom and paſſionate ardour, has drawn aſide the veil of Nature?

This bold and diſcreet obſerver, who watched the Bees at their employment, and who, by placing glaſs tubes in the ambroſial cups of flowers, robbed them of their ſweets and brought forth honey, this remarkable man has not a foot of land, that he can call his own. Not one of the great men of Germany has conferred on himſelf the honour, or the delight, of beſtowing a garden on this ſage: whoſe ſcience is as pleaſant as it is abundantly beneficial.

The palace garden at this place is large, agreeable, and rich in exotics; ſome of which would in vain be ſought for in the Linnæan

ſyſtem: and theſe are pointed out, by aſteriſms, in a printed catalogue.

Karlſruh is regularly built. The town contains about a third part of a large circle; the centre of which is the palace. The ſtreets are at equal diſtances; and terminate in the right line walks that lead to the garden, and the wood; forming, with theſe walks, the half of a circle; and having the appearance of a ſpider's web.

LETTER VIII.

Ulm, Auguſt 19th 1791.

WE left Karlſruh on the 16th. Our road led us back to Durlach; and afterward, through delightful meadows, to Pforzheim. The people were buſy about their ſecond hay harveſt. In theſe fruitful parts, the graſs is three times mowed each ſeaſon. Their paſtures muſt not only be very fruitful, but the hay very excellent; for its odour was much ſtronger than that of the north of Germany. It reminded me of the hay harveſt in Switzerland.

Pforzheim lies on the Ens, in a very pleaſant valley. In the territory of Baden, the fertility of the earth and the induſtry of the inhabitants ſeem to vie with each other.

Würtemberg does not appear to me to be ſo fruitful by far, though equally well cultivated: neither are the roads there ſo charming, as in Baden. We paſſed the caſtle of Hohenaſperg; in which the Duke has kept poor Schubart impriſoned for theſe ten years, no man knows why: although he was enticed to quit Ulm, in which free imperial city he was ſettled; and although he was born a Burgher of the imperial city Aalen.

We

We viſited the military academy in Stutgard. The Emperor Joſeph the Second inveſted it with the privileges of a univerſity. In the upper claſs, the ſciences that appertain to the four faculties are taught. The number of tutors is a hundred and forty-three. Inſtruction is amply communicated; and few ſeminaries equal this, either in ſcholaſtic or military ſcience.

Whether a dignified ſpirit inſpires the whole? Whether true humanity finds its way into the halls, and chambers of the ſtudents? And whether a military education be promoted in the beſt manner? are queſtions which all who viſit this univerſity muſt aſk. The cuſtom of giving each ſtudent a cartel of the faults he has committed, which he is to ſhew the Duke when he viſits the academy, who dictates whatever puniſhment he thinks proper, appears to me to be very pernicious. And the more ſo as the youth keeps this memorandum for weeks; till the ſum of his offences brings upon him a ſevere puniſhment. May not this tend to embitter his temper? Or make him cowardly; perhaps melancholy; perhaps ſhameleſs?

We ſaw two hundred and ſeventy-five boys and youths eat in a ſpacious hall. Why is there a ſeparation made, at the table, between the ſon of the citizen and of the noble? It is not wiſe to oblige youth to remark the inequality of rank, before they have learned to diſtinguiſh the harmony which this inequality produces. By theſe means, youth eaſily adopt the pernicious opinion that, being better born than others, they are better men.

Four young princes eat at a ſeparate table. Eight ſcholars, in reward of their good conduct and aſſiduity, eat and ſit without diſtinction of rank at another table. Does not this regulation itſelf likewiſe tend to nouriſh the pride of birth? Is not that averſion which the citizen is ſo apt to conceive againſt the noble, and which is no leſs injurious than the arrogance of high birth itſelf, thus increaſed? The marks of diſtinction too, called orders, which theſe eight youths wear? Woe to

that education which excites a deſire of that which true philoſophy, and dignity, teach us to deſpiſe!

Day ſcholars included, the number of ſtudents is about five hundred. Nearly three hundred board in the houſe; and almoſt one half of them at the Duke's expence. The pay for the others is ſmall: two hundred florins for boys of eight years old; five hundred for thoſe of fifteen and upward; and the intervening ages in proportion.

They are well maintained, well fed, and well clothed. Their uniform is blue, with black trimmings. They are daily obliged to bathe in the garden, which is large and ſhady, in ſummer; and, in winter, in a capacious houſe bath. Each ſcholar has a ſmall plat of ground to himſelf. The collection in natural hiſtory is a good one; and, if the ſtudents deſire it, they have able maſters to inſtruct them not only in the ſciences but in the arts: and ſeveral good painters and engravers have been educated here.

We viſited the Solitude; a country ſeat built by the Duke. The way is pleaſant: it lies up a ſteep hill, leaving the town below in the valley, ſurrounded by vineyards, and orchards; and then leads through a beautiful foreſt, where the tame but proud ſtag is ſeen grazing.

The palace and the garden are ſituated in a place which was formerly a wilderneſs. Travellers are not admitted into the palace; though, as they paſs, the glaſs doors of the ground floor are open. An old tapeſtry, about an ell broad, is thrown over croſs laths, within the door, to prevent entrance; and the traveller is left with that curioſity excited which the guide refuſes to gratify. You may well ſuppoſe we proceeded no farther than the firſt door.

There is a large terrace in the front of the palace; from which the view is extenſive. Some ſay that ſixty-eight, others that eighty-two, towns and villages may be ſeen from it, through a teleſcope. This proſpect is deficient in water.

The garden is very large; but, in the laying of it out, art rather than good

good taſte has been conſulted. The trees have been left to their own growth: the ſhrubs are cut in ſtraight walks in all directions; and are overgrown by high hedges, as if it were to conceal their miſerable condition.

The orangery conſiſts of about fifteen hundred trees, moſt of them very large. Without doubt, were they planted in a valley, with a ſouthern aſpect, they would be more beautiful. The genius of conſtraint is every where perceptible. Their branches are forced and bound in all directions: ſo that the appearance of each tree is that of a round ball, on the top of a high pole.

We were ſhewn, with great triumph, a large pine tree; round which netting was thrown, to a conſiderable height, as a cage for the birds. They might have procured themſelves this pleaſure with an aviary formed of leſs trees: but this pine muſt be brought hither, at great expence; the earth entirely round its root, and drawn in a waggon by eighteen pair of oxen; which waggon, when the tree was tranſplanted, was buried under the root. I own I ſhould have left this place in a very ill humour, had not I perceived, behind a high clipped hedge, ſome lofty oaks; to which we repaired.

This place is called the Five Oaks: but of one there are now no remains; and of another little more than the root. Such monuments of antiquity deſerve to have their legends; and there is ſomething unuſual in the hiſtory of this latter tree.

During the autumn of the year 1755, when the earthquake happened at Liſbon, the ſtorm that accompanied it, which was felt over all Europe, blew one of the oaks down; though its roots were entangled with the others. The three that remain are the fineſt trees I ever ſaw: two of them bear deep and honourable marks of the lightning on their bark; though it did them no farther harm. All the three are flouriſhing; and may well have defied a thouſand autumnal ſtorms. At the time when the garden was laid out, a ſcaffold for dancing was built from the topmoſt arms of theſe trees. But this is falling to decay.

cay. How quickly have theſe giants of the foreſt, which ſtorms and tempeſts could not conquer, overcome this petty mockery!

For ſome years, this place has been neglected. The Duke's attention was ſoon drawn from it, by his new plans for Hohenheim. However, it has coſt large ſums; and will coſt ſtill more. Hohenheim is not ſhewn to ſtrangers: at leaſt not when, as at preſent, the Duke is abſent. Neither foreigners nor natives muſt ſee it, without a ſpecial permiſſion.

We left Stutgard early; and in the evening reached Ulm. The roads of Würtemberg are excellent. This day's journey was very pleaſant. We travelled all morning beſide the Neckar; through diſtricts as fertile as they were delightful.

The ſmall imperial town of Eſslingen lies on this river; which waters a beautiful valley that abounds in green paſtures, tall fruit trees, and fruitful fields. The Neckar wine of theſe parts is very good. Woody hills ſurround the vale; and, at a diſtance, the ſummits of that chain of mountains which is called Rauhe Alp,* and which is a part of the Swabian Alps, are ſeen. We afterward ſaw theſe hills approaching to the right; and other ſeparate mountains on the left: while the light played on the churches, and the ruins, which we perceived on the latter.

Among theſe hills, Hohenſtaufen riſes, in circular beauty, to the eye: reminding the German patriot of its noble antiquity. This was the cradle of our Kings and Emperors, from the Swabian line: a line equally renowned in hiſtory for its genius, its courage, and its misfortunes. Near Giſslingen, we travelled two leagues over theſe hills; which we long ſaw behind us: but, our road lying through a deep rocky valley, we loſt ſight of them.

From this valley, the road conſtantly aſcends; till we arrive at Ulm. How much higher muſt the ſource of the Danube be than that of the Rhine! How many provinces muſt it water, before it arrives at the ſea!

* The rugged Alps. T.

When

When we were a few leagues from Ulm, we perceived the Glaciers of Switzerland; which can frequently be ſeen to the diſtance of forty leagues: but the ſky in that direction was cloudy.

We ſpent a day at Ulm, in company with my friend Miller; with whom I had lived a year at Göttingen, and whom ſixteen years ago I had viſited here with my brother. After ages will admire and love the noble ſimplicity of his poems; and, in them, the excellent heart of the poet. My grandchildren ſhall tell their playfellows they were written by the man I had the happineſs to call my friend. He ſhewed us the Danube, with its fertile and lofty ſhores, from the ramparts.

From this place, eighteen years ago, I turned a wiſtful look to the ſunny glaciers of Switzerland; which I had juſt left. I now once more ſaw them from the ramparts; and likewiſe from the tower of the cathedral.

This cathedral, as well for its ſize as for the height of its gothic towers, is one of the largeſt in Germany. From theſe towers the courſe of the Danube may be traced, to a great diſtance. This river, though ſo far from the ocean, has a character of greatneſs; which ſhews it to be the firſt river in Europe.

LETTER IX.

Lindau, on the Lake of Conſtance, Auguſt 21ſt 1791.

WE left Ulm early yeſterday; proceeding at firſt along the Danube, till we ſaw its junction with the Iller. During the whole day's journey, the lofty Puſberg was in view; and we paſſed through parts that were generally fruitful, but not remarkable for their beauty.

Right before the imperial town of Biderach, a lovely valley drew our attention.

Some leagues from the ſmall imperial town of Ravenſburg, we yeſterday evening ſaw, in the faint and dark ſhades of the diſtant horizon, the high tops of the mountains of Switzerland.

We early left the vineyard heights, that ſurround the beautiful valley which lies to the right of Ravenſburg; and, on the other ſide of the lake of Conſtance, ſaw the hills of Bregenz: beyond which lay the much higher ſummits of the diſtant glaciers. The proſpect aſtoniſhed me. It is true I had before ſeen the higheſt mountains of Switzerland; and yet the ſurpriſe was ſo great that I ſeveral times doubted whether I did not miſtake clouds for mountains. How deep is the impreſſion which theſe ſublime beauties of nature leave behind them!

We changed horſes at Tetnang; an Auſtrian diſtrict, which was worthily for ſome time the reſidence of Angelica Kaufmann. This excellent artiſt is a native of a ſmall town in the foreſt of Bregenz; which, while it enjoys great freedom, is under the protection of Auſtria.

Travelling from Tetnang through foreſts and meadows, the proſpect ſuddenly became more extenſive. We beheld the lake of Conſtance approaching, and ſaw the mountains of Bregenz, and likewiſe thoſe of Tyrol, Appenzel, and Glaris, crowned with eternal ſnow. We travelled amid continual vineyards and orchards: perceiving before us, and on our right, a proſpect of fertility that inſpired the moſt heartfelt ſatisfaction. This proſpect was wonderfully heightened by the beams of the morning ſun; caſt, in different directions, like tranſparent veils; of which no perſon can form any idea who has not ſeen the large lakes of Switzerland, with their ſurrounding mountains. The clearneſs of the water, on which the ſun ſhone, the ſnowy heights, and the white welkin, were contraſted with the midnight ſhadows of the deep valleys and cliffs. We continually approached the charming lake till we came to the long beautiful bridge, which is three hundred and fifty paces over,

and

and which unites the well built ſmall imperial town of Lindau with Terra firma.

In the afternoon, we went upon the lake of Conſtance: the largeſt in Germany, and indubitably one of the moſt beautiful in Europe. Our landlord took us to the houſe of a Burgomaſter of this little republic; from the windows of which we had a view of the whole lake. Hence we perceived the riſing ſummits of the mountains of Tyrol, Appenzel, and Glaris; the proſpect extending to the rocky fortreſs of Hohentwiel in Würtemberg. Lord Baltimore, after he had travelled over a great part of the earth, lived ſome months in this houſe. He kept a ſailing boat; and perhaps found here more of the ſublime and beautiful, and with them more true-enjoyment, than he had ever before met with in all his travels.

In the duſk of the evening, we walked upon the bridge; delighted with the charming habitation of our friend, and with our own ſenſations; and determined, if the wind ſhould favour us on the morrow, to ſail to Conſtance.

We ſhall remain there ſome days: for, as I lately ſang, in the beauteous vale of the Neckar, near Eſslingen——

Where'er my pilgrim feet would ſtray,
I while the lingering hours away.
My former pleaſures back I bring,
On Memory's ſwift and boundleſs wing:
She builds me temples; where, full well,
The frolic Muſes love to dwell:
(Rapacious while the fons of care
Tormented hurry, here and there)
Enrapt I lie, bound by their magic ſpell.

Oh, welcome be my happy doom!
The flowers of youth ſtill round me bloom;
While the maturing mid-day ſun,
Glowing and bright, is coming on.

With teeming fruits he ſpreads my board:
Let me enjoy the precious hoard!
Give my unbridled Fancy room
For preſent joys, and joys to come;
By genius gather'd, and by wiſdom ſtor'd!

But fleeting pleaſure will not ſtay!
Then be my life an April day;
Skirted with clouds, of hope and fear:
And now a ſmile, and now a tear:
This mild; that melting; full, yet bright;
Such as the flowing heart delight!
With purple ting'd, and edg'd with gold,
So ſhall theſe clouds their wealth, untold,
Pour on my head, and bleſs me in their ſligh

The Gods behind their azure ſkreen
Are hidden, now; and now are ſeen!
What time the jocund Hours advance,
And round them throng, in myſtic dance.
For dancing ſtill the Hours ſhall come;
On me ſhall ſmile; on me ſhall bloom!
They and the tiptoe Sports are mine;
The Pleaſures; and the Muſe divine!
The lovely Muſe, that makes my cot her home!

Free, yet domeſtic, as a Dove;
Now cradled, like an infant Love;
And now on earth; and now in air;
She flutters here, and flutters there!
Lo how the jocund Miſchief ſmiles!
But mark her pranks, her whims, and wiles
In wanton warfare, playful ſtrife,
She ſpins the golden thread of life,
And with eternal antics every care beguiles!

LET-

LETTER X.

Conſtance or Koſtnitz, 24th Auguſt 1791.

THE day before yeſterday, we were informed, at Lindau, that the wind was unfavourable. We journeyed by land to Mörſburg, which is ſituated beſide the lake ten leagues from Lindau. Here the waters of the Arge, which empties itſelf into the lake, were out; ſo that we were obliged to go round, frequently loſing ſight of the lake, and as often ſurpriſed by its re-appearance. Whenever we looked toward Switzerland, we ſaw the mountains. Our road continually lay through large orchards; and among foreſts of pines. On every height, we ſaw the valley and the lake below covered with the vine, with the apple, and the walnut tree. The barberrybuſh*, with its red berries, and the beautiful lily-coloured crocus, which with us only grow in gardens, are here found wild; as likewiſe is the poiſonous nightſhade.

You know I am no botaniſt, but I paſſionately love plants; and it gives me great pleaſure, when I diſcover ſome of them growing wild which, with us in the northern provinces of Germany, are obliged to be carefully reared. On our journey between Münſter and Pempelfort, we ſaw the tall red *digitalis*, or Fox glove, which in our province only grows in gardens.

In the ſmall imperial town of Buchhorn, we changed horſes; and proceeded by the ſide of the lake to Mörſburg, the ſeat of the Biſhop of Conſtance.

At Mörſburg, we were rowed over the lake to Conſtance; and, as the wind was unfavourable, we were three very pleaſant hours on our paſſage. Oh that I could communicate to you ſome ſmall idea of the beau-

* Barbaritzen büſche——I ſuppoſe it to be barberry buſh; though this buſh grows wild in the hedges of England. T.

ties of the lake! It is about ſeventeen leagues long; and from three to five broad: and the clear green tranſparency of its waters, with the changeable aſpect of its ſhores, give a combination of charms to its proſpects which are ſeldom ſeen. The mild, fertile, and gently riſing ſhores of Swabia are adorned with three imperial towns; Lindau, Buchhorn, and Ueberlingen: beſide the little town of Mörſburg, with various villages, hamlets, abbeys, and monaſteries.

The Tyrol mountains lie in a circle to the ſouth eaſt, in the form of a half moon; ſcarcely leaving room, on a ſmall ſlip of land, for the little town of Bregenz: on both ſides of which their feet advance far into the lake, and their ſummits riſe to the clouds.

The populous ſhores of Switzerland are more ſteep and grand, than thoſe of Swabia. Behind them tower three ſucceſſive rows of mountains; oppoſite to each other, as if in order of battle; and, by their various directions, divide the Cantons of Switzerland and the county of Tyrol from each other. The artillery of heaven repoſes, with awful threats, upon their cloudy ſummits. Between them lies the Rheinthal*, through which the moſt beautiful river in Germany takes its courſe, and pours its waters into the lake; whence more voluminous they again purſue their way. The Alpſtein, a rocky mountain of the canton of Appenzel, riſes in all its terrors; here and there covered with ſnow, and often emerging from among the vagrant clouds, but ſeldom entirely viſible. More diſtant, and ſtill more lofty, more daring, and more ſteep, are the mountains of the canton of Glaris. If, while the Alpſtein delights yet terrifies the imagination, you would here repoſe, ſuperior promontories again attract your attention; and theſe do but conceal the ſtill higher glaciers, which cannot be ſeen from the lake.

For my own part, I am half inclined to prefer this lake to all the lakes of Switzerland.

* Rhine valley. T.

I ſay

I ſay to them all: for, ſixteen years ago, I, my brother, and Haugwiz, travelled on foot over the thirteen cantons, the country of the Griſons, the Italian ſtates, the Valais, Neufchatel, and (Little Mühlhauſen excepted, which is ſurrounded by Alſatia) all the provinces on the confines of Switzerland; viſiting all the principal lakes of this noble country to the number of four-and-twenty.

The north weſt ſide of the lake of Conſtance is divided into two parts, by a broad ſlip of land. They are called the lakes of Zell, and of Ueberlingen; after the little town of Ratolfszell, or Zell, and Ueberlingen: though they are a part of the principal lake; except that the lake of Zell communicates only with the lake of Conſtance by the courſe of the Rhine. Each of theſe ſmall lakes is adorned with an iſland.

Yeſterday in the afternoon, we went to the Switzerland ſhore; which is only half a quarter of a league from Thor: then proceeded two leagues on the lake of Zell, and landed on the ſmall iſland called Reichenau; which appertains to Swabia. Here is a rich benedictine abbey; under the government of the Biſhop of Conſtance. It vaunts of its antiquity, of the honour of poſſeſſing the body of Charles the Fat, of numerous relics, and of an emerald which is an ell long, about half as broad, and of nine-and-twenty pounds weight. The monks ſay it was a preſent from Charlemagne. Whether this pretended emerald be a piece of green glaſs, of vitrification, or of ſpar, I leave the naturaliſt to determine. I would as willingly believe in their relics as in their emerald.

Although the monk who conducted us did not appear quite ſo certain of the laſt as of the firſt, he ſtill ſpoke of the precious ſtone, as well as of the relics, with awful amazement. He diſcovered ſome doubts of the nobility of the emerald; yet was ſo ignorant as to make conjectures concerning the ſhell fiſh, by which in his ſuppoſition it was engendered. The precious jewel was valued by him at three millions. He did not forget to detail the poverty of the monaſtery. We willingly left him, and paſſed through orchards and vineyards over a hill,

from

from which we had a fine proſpect. The wine of Reichenau is thought to be the beſt produced in the neighbourhood of this lake.

We paſſed over from the iſland to Arenenberg, on the Switzerland ſide, in the diſtrict of Thurgau; which belongs to the eight old cantons. This hill is not high, but pleaſant from its beech woods, its rivulet, which ſprings from a rock, and its charming proſpect. The ſun was ſetting, and we had a view of the lake of Zell and Reichenau.

Had not the fortreſs of Hohentwiel, two Auſtrian hills, and the vineyards of the iſland, undeceived us, we might have imagined ourſelves near the lake of Plöner in Holſtein.

The owner of the hill, and of the houſe on its ſummit, is a Major in the imperial ſervice; who ſerved in the ſeven years war, and has now retired to Switzerland, there peaceably to enjoy himſelf in freedom. He was not at home. The friendly manner in which his ſervants invited us to enter, took us to the window, ſhewed us the proſpect, pointed out the winding rivulet, and ſerved us with fruit, were good proofs of the hoſpitality of Major von Streng, the owner.

In the morning, we went to viſit the Council-houſe; where we were ſhewn the arm chair, in which the Emperor Sigiſmund and Pope Martin the Fifth, of the family of Colonna, ſat*. We then viſited the place where, in 1415, John Huſs, and two years afterward his friend Jerome of Prague, who was at firſt more timid but who became no leſs courageous, were burnt; having firſt well defended the cauſe for which they ſuffered, in the preſence of the aſſembled prieſts and princes. We ſaw, in a houſe, as we came back, the effigies of John Huſs, carved in ſtone, with the date of the year, 1415. Perhaps he lived in this houſe, when the Emperor granted him a paſſport to conduct him ſafely to Conſtance.

It is a noble figure: wiſdom and love beam in the heaven directed

* Cox, in his Swiſſerland, ſays John the XXIIId. It might be either, or both: for John was depoſed and Martin elected, by the Council of Conſtance, in 1417; where they both then were. T.

eye.

eye. The countenance denotes no arrogance, but on the contrary that benevolent fortitude with which, as Huſs approached the ſtake, he told his lordly perſecutors he would perſevere in the truth to death. The lines of the face are expreſſive of the ſilent affliction he felt, at the decline of the church. The form of the lips ſeems to denote that ſerenity of mind which he poſſeſſed at the ſtake, when, to the old woman who took up a firebrand that ſhe might have ſome part in the execution of a heretic, he ſmiling exclaimed, *Oh ſancta ſimplicitas!*

Conſtance, or Koſtnitz, is one of the oldeſt cities in Germany. It was a free imperial city, was in alliance with the Dukes of Auſtria, was often obliged to take part with the Confederates, and was again brought back to its former alliances under the Emperor Maximilian. John Huſs and Jerome of Prague were burned here; although, a hundred years afterward, it was one of the firſt to declare in favour of the doctrines of Luther. The reformed religion was certainly taught here in 1519; two years after Luther had begun to preach againſt indulgences. Under the pretext that it had oppoſed the *Interim*, it was put under the ban of the Empire; and became the ſeat of war in the year 1546. In the year 1548 it went over to the Archduke Ferdinand, the brother of Charles V: reſigning itſelf, but with reſerve of its rights and privileges, to the Archhouſe of Auſtria. Accordingly it was relieved from the ban of the Empire; and flattered itſelf that the reconciliation was ſincere: but, the year following, Ferdinand took poſſeſſion of it, in his brother's name, and compelled the citizens to do homage.

The Empire exerted itſelf, in behalf of this city; and the ſtates of Swabia loudly proteſted againſt the Emperor's conduct: but, after many deceitful proceedings, the Emperor obliged the aſſembly of the ſtates, at the Diet of Augſburg in the year 1559, to leave him in poſſeſſion of the place. The Proteſtants continued to fly; and, after the time of the four year council, during which the city was at great ex-

expence, it strade was neglected, and it was much aggrieved, it loſt its freedom and has gradually declined.

In the afternoon, we went to the iſland of Meinau; which is a full league from this place, lying between the lake of Conſtance proper and the lake of Ueberling. It is ſix hundred paces from the ſhore; and is ſtill more pleaſant than the iſland of Reichenau. It ſeems to riſe like a little hill out of the water; and is covered with trees, vineyards, and corn fields. A great part of the lake of Conſtance is overlooked here; and when, by its winding, it eſcapes the eye, the heights on its ſhores are ſeen. Over theſe the ſteep Alpenſtein here, as in Lindau, upright appears to tower.

A gentle breeze ſprung up; and, at a diſtance, the lake ſeemed white and reſplendent like a mirror; its green waves waſhing the ſhores. This ſmall iſland contains all that man could wiſh. The deſire of living here, apart from the world and its turmoils, was excited in a very lively degree.

——Illic vivere vellem,
Oblitus ſtultorum, obliviſcendus et illis!

Forgetting all that fools can give,
By fools forgotten, let me live.

The *oblitus meorum* of Horace (forgotten by my friends) does not coincide with my feelings; and I am perſuaded that the amiable poet, who only in a moment of miſanthropy could have ſaid this, would have approved of my reading.

On our return over the long wooden bridge from the iſland, we ſaw the ſun go down, concealed by the woody ſhores of the lake of Ueberling; while we occaſionally caſt a look at the large lake behind us. The Alpenſtein glowed with the beams of evening; the mountains of Glaris were gilded with pure gold; and the hills of Tyrol, ſhaded with dark grey, ſhed deep night over the plains beneath. The leſſer hills gradually

 diſappeared;

diſappeared; while the more lofty ſeemed to hover in the air, like ſo many gigantic phantoms.

We took our leave of the lake, and of the ſurrounding mountains, where we had remained four days. I am convinced that ſenſations of mild regret are beneficial to the heart. The young fledged birds beat their wings, and flutter in the neſt, before they take flight. We mortals are but in the neſt: but the empyrium is in view, and we flutter and clap our anxious wings.

Oh Pſyche! How, impriſon'd, doſt thou pant!
How ſtrike thy pennons! How, 'mid hopes, and doubts,
And ſmiles, and tears, doſt thou perceive the darkneſs
Of thy knowledge, the languor of thy joys!

LETTER XI.

Zürich, 26th Auguſt 1791.

THE day before yeſterday, with the riſing ſun, we left Conſtance; and paſſed over the bridge of the Rhine. The fartheſt mountains roſe more viſible than on the foregoing days. The people of Swabia and Switzerland ſay that, when mountains are thus ſeen, they expect ſtorms, or rain. Proceeding to the lake of Zell, we had a view of all the mountains that overlook the lake of Conſtance. Before us, at the diſtance of ſome leagues, lay the three ſeparate mountains, Hohentwiel, Hohnkreg, and Hohenſtoffel; and beyond all of Tyrol. We likewiſe very clearly ſaw a chain of the Glaciers; which, we were told, were in Italy; but, by their direction, they appeared to me to lie beyond the lakes of the four Waldſtädte, in the canton of Lucerne, or in the canton of Uri. The high fortreſs of Würtemberg, Hohent-

wiel, was at a ſmall diſtance from the road, as we went to Schaffhauſen. Priſoners are kept in this fortreſs, as in that of Hohenaſperg.

About a league before we came to Schaffhauſen, we ſaw the Rhine in the valley, among woody ſhores, ſtrongly courſing its clear waves of emerald green, after having refreſhed itſelf in the lake of Conſtance. The top of a hill, in the foreſt over this ſtream, divides the German Empire (there no longer German) from Switzerland half a league before we come to Schaffhauſen. No longer German!

No!—By the ſacred waves of the Rhine, which riſes among the mountains of our more free allies; and which, watering the plains of the Batavians, lovers of liberty, empties itſelf in the ſea; No: our brethren of theſe hills, and our brethren of thoſe plains, are no longer German; becauſe they would no longer endure the yoke of tyranny. We contemplate them with reſpect: yet may they never forget their origin! We caſt a retroſpective look of admiration over their dark valleys, with a hope that the time may come when the clouds that envelop our own hills ſhall diſappear. Here and there, where and when it ſhall be neceſſary, may the mountains be viſible! If they portend ſtorms, they likewiſe portend fertility. But oh, never may Germany, like France, miſtake the brand of exterminating diſcord for the fire of heaven! With ſuch a deluge may her parched plains never be fertilized!

The Rhine near Schaffhauſen is very beautiful, and flows over beds of rocks. In former times, there certainly were warehouſes here, for merchandize brought down the ſtream; from Bunden, Lindau, Conſtance, and other parts. The goods were unloaded here, becauſe of its vicinity to the fall of the Rhine. From theſe the town took its name. In the Switzerland, Swabian, and Auſtrian, dialects, the word Schaffen ſignifies to buy and ſell.

In the afternoon, we viſited the fall of the Rhine. Oh that I could give you an idea of this ſpectacle! But deſcription, imagery, recol-

lection itſelf, all ſink under the taſk. I ſaw it three times; and my aſtoniſhment at the laſt time was as great as at the firſt. It amazed me now, when a man, as much as it had done when I was a youth.

I appear to have ſaid ſomething, and yet I have ſaid nothing, when I relate that the broad ſtream, among bold cliffs, overgrown with trees, collects its waters in a prodigious maſs; which, though diſturbed, here and there riſes in circles of tranſlucent green; and, with thundering din and raging impetuoſity, dividing itſelf into three unequal cataracts, daſhes headlong againſt the rock below: that daringly reſiſts the ungovernable fury of the torrent! Daring, and dignified; yet not unchaſtized: as the deep cavities in its bed, and its perforated ſides, too plainly ſhew.

On the loweſt of theſe high ſhores, to the right of the waterfall, in the territory of Schaffhauſen, ſtands a thread mill. Oppoſite to this, in the diſtrict of the canton of Zürich, and on a very high rock, the caſtle of Laufen is built.

A ſtranger is firſt taken beſide the thread mill, where he is ſuddenly ſurpriſed; and his aſtoniſhment pleaſingly yet terribly excited. He is then led, by a ſmall winding path round the foot of the hill, to a circular baſon of the ſtream; and, being there placed oppoſite to the waterfall, he learns that the cataract, at which he has been amazed, is formed only by the ſhores and a rock that projects out of the ſtream, which conſtitutes about a fifth part of the waterfall.

Here he perceives the whole ſtream compreſſed between its rocky ſhores and three inſulated cliffs. He is then taken into a ſmall boat, paſſes the cataract on the dancing waves, and is landed on the ſide of Zürich. Here, below the caſtle of Laufen, is a ſcaffolding built over the waterfall. You are obliged to wait ſome ſhort time, till a ſmall door is opened; the key of which is kept in the caſtle; ſtanding immediately over the ſtream, and liſtening to its thunder. You then look down upon the terrific gulph. The imagination, overpowered, is

dreadfully perſuaded that it ſhall be hurried into the deep. No poſſible idea can be formed of the force of the water; or of the reſiſtleſs violence with which it ruſhes. The poet Lenz, ſtanding here, ſtruck his thigh, and exclaimed, Hier iſt eine Waſſerhölle *!

After a fall thus rapid, the water is projected back to a great height; forming a cloud, white and denſe as the ſmoke of a forge, which conceals all beyond it. Every buſh on the rocky ſhores is dripping: when the ſun ſhines, the colours of the rainbow play in the froth and the riſing vapours.

No ſpectacle of nature ever ſo fixed and ſeized upon my mind as this. My Sophia trembled, and turned pale. My young ſon gazed, in ſilent admiration, at the ſtream; for, the clouds of ſpray concealing all around, it was the only viſible object. We ſtood motionleſs; in a fearful yet holy trance. I ſeemed as if I intimately felt the *præſens numen:* the divinity, preſent and active. While recollecting the manifeſt omnipotence of God, I was overpowered with the ſenſation of his all merciful love. It appeared as if the glory of the Lord paſſed before me; and I ſcarcely could forbear falling on my face and exclaiming —Oh Lord God, how gracious and benevolent art thou!

We had proceeded a conſiderable way on our return before we broke ſilence. It was not till our ſtrong feelings began to cool that we had a tranſient recollection of the philoſopher, who, while beholding the fall of the Rhine, aſked, with cold apathy, "Of what utility is this?" A philoſopher will anſwer, when a ſage will be ſilent: a philoſopher may likewiſe queſtion, when a ſage will be ſilent †. Man, my good

* Literally: Here is a water hell.

† Our traveller ſpeaks from the fullneſs of his heart; and, as before, his intention is certainly excellent: but he forgets that diſtinctions like theſe, where there is no real difference, have a tendency to irritate men, who are already too much diſpoſed to be angry. Till lately the word philoſopher ſignified, not indeed a perfect, but a wiſe and a virtuous, man: a ſincere and undaunted inquirer after truth. Why ſtigmatiſe him now, as the reverſe of the ſage? Is the ſage perfect? Has the ſage leſs fortitude, leſs ſincerity, than the philoſopher?

good ſir, lives not on bread alone. He has more dignified wants. While with trembling rapture he glances at nature in all her greatneſs, he can connect the utility of a thread mill with the ſublimity of a cataract.

We yeſterday morning left Schaffhauſen. This town was firſt admitted into the league of the confederates in 1501 : before this, it was an imperial town, whoſe burghers had ever been bold and ardent in the cauſe of freedom. Its conſtitution is a mixture of ariſtocracy and democracy. John Müller, the great hiſtorian of the confederates, who to dignity of feeling and a clear underſtanding added unuſual ſtrength of ſtyle, was born a citizen of Schaffhauſen. Sparing in words, original in the turn of his phraſe, and full of his ſubject, he richly rewards the reader; who can follow his compreſſed though occaſionally heavy periods. Were I condemned for my ſins of authorſhip to criticiſe a work of ſo much worth, the pen would drop from my hand.

Trippel, the celebrated ſculptor at Rome, is likewiſe a burgher of Schaffhauſen.

Once more, before we began our journey in the morning, we viſited the fall of the Rhine; and were once more amazed at the grandeur of the ſpectacle. It is really of that nature that the oftener it is ſeen the ſtronger is the impreſſion it makes.

About noon we arrived at Egliſſau. This municipal town of the canton of Zürich is ſituated in a ſmall valley, on both ſides of the Rhine; which, winding firſt among narrow rocks, purſues its rapid courſe in a right line, rolling its green waves among leafy hills, till it again takes a curve, and again concealed by the rocks is loſt to the eye.

The little town of Egliſſau is uncommonly pleaſant; its houſes denote the active benevolence of freedom. The whole taxation of the citizens, an inconſiderable rent excepted, conſiſts in the tythes of their

philoſopher? The author did not mean this: yet ſurely this is what he inſinuates. He is himſelf a philoſopher, or a ſage: but, like other philoſophers, or ſages, he is now and then ſubject to miſtake. T.

corn

corn and wine. Theſe tythes effectually amount to the tenth of the produce; and are collected in kind; for the maintenance of the clergy, and the municipal officers. They originated in the church tythes, which were aboliſhed at the Reformation; when the magiſtracy took upon itſelf the ſupport of the ſchools and clergy.

The ſame beneficent marks of proſperity which diſtinguiſh the town are viſible in the country. The people, well fed, well clothed, laborious, and cheerful, live in roomy, clean, and airy houſes. Their fields have the appearance of gardens; by which they are the more ſtrikingly contraſted with the wild beauties of ſurrounding nature.

As we travelled through them, we ſuddenly perceived the pleaſant town of Zürich, built in a fruitful valley; and likewiſe the river Limmat and the lake. From the window of our inn, we ſaw the Limmat iſſue from the lake: on the other ſide of which, beyond a double row of mountains, ſtill higher mountains roſe.

LETTER XII.

Zürich, 2d September 1791.

WE have now been here eight days: of which eight days, oh, how much have I to ſay! After an abſence of ſixteen years, I have again ſeen our friends; Lavater, Heſs, and Pfenninger. Are they entirely what they were? No: not entirely. The river at its mouth grows larger, and more mighty. Wine every year becomes more potent, and mild: the goodneſs of good men every year increaſes. Time, meditation, and ſenſibility, have traced their furrows on the face of Lavater: it betrays an alteration of more than ſixteen years: but his ſoul, his heart, his benevolence, his cheerfulneſs, his ſerenity, flouriſh in

in eternal youth. The taunts of his adverſaries have not conquered him; have not weakened in him that firm and lively belief in the excellence of human nature, which was ever his chief characteriſtic.

I need not tell you that we viſit our friends as often as convenient. We will ſpeak more of them when we meet. Their names will not then be forgotten. Many an evening, as we ſit by our own fireſides, will they again and again be repeated *.

Lavater took us, the day after our arrival, to a public walk; which, ſome years ago, was laid out on the ſouth eaſt ſide of the town. There are high terraces among theſe walks. Theſe and their various proſpects, ſome gently riſing toward the hills, ſome to the lake, diſcovering the ſituation of Zürich, the lake beſide which it is built, the Limmat and the water ſluice, make this a charming place. Thoſe liberal expences, which characterize a free people, are incurred here as well for the profit as the pleaſure of the burghers. The ingenious author, whoſe acute and juſt remarks have from the lines of the face pointed out the propenſities of the man, maintains that the police of a town may be known from its pavement. It is natural that free citizens ſhould equally conſult their convenience and their advantage; and, where the government is in one, or in many, it would be equally advantageous to the one, or the many, were the enjoyments as well as the neceſſities of the whole their undeviating rule of action. A ſtanding army, a brilliant court, a thouſand expences of never ſatisfied caprice, and a vain and ruinous luxury, exhauſt in many kingdoms the riches of their impoveriſhed lands; but do not give happineſs to their inhabitants. The fountain, which ſhould water the fields of the farmer,

* The Reverend Mr. Pfenninger is now entering his four-and-fortieth year. Perhaps, in his writings, he may ſhew a want of the conſiſtency and conſideration neceſſary to an author: but his ſermons are ſuperior to his other works; and his ſpiritual conduct is ſuperior to his ſermons. When young, I honoured his earneſt zeal; and cannot now enough admire his youthful ſerenity, his cheerful temper, the noble ſimplicity of his candour, and the pure benevolence of his heart.

is made to ruſh through the brazen throat of a dragon; or the marble breaſt of a mermaid: and is the token of a royal garden, the gates of which are ſhut upon the citizen, by whoſe labour and at whoſe expence it has been conſtructed.

In theſe Cantons, where the expence is ſo trifling, the ſtate is rich. The walks I have deſcribed coſt above a hundred thouſand florins. A wiſe government eſtimates the advantage which poor day labourers derive from works like theſe. Zürich is wealthy by the wiſdom of its œconomy. It expends great ſums for the benefit of the country. Its buildings and public inſtitutions are becoming the dignity of a free town. Patriotic ſimplicity ornaments the regulated welfare of the happy burgher.

In theory, the government of the town is that which the antients called ariſtocratic; but which the moderns continually confound with democracy. Each burgher has equal rights; and the officers of adminiſtration are choſen by their fellow citizens, among ſuch as are ſuppoſed to be the moſt capable. The government of the canton is an oligarchy; which government the moderns unjuſtly call ariſtocracy: for the country people are excluded from all ſhare in the adminiſtration. The municipality conſiſts of thirteen companies, only one of which is noble. Twelve men are choſen from each company; and conſtitute the great council: theſe again chooſe the little council, which is compoſed of fifty men; who are added to and complete the great council. The ſmall council is moſt reſpected; and may be conſidered as a more ſelect body. To the half of the ſmall council the adminiſtration of affairs is committed; and in ſix months the other half comes into office: ſo that in half a year the firſt burgomaſter yields to the ſecond. The election is annual: but the cuſtom is to re-elect the ſame members. The commiſſion of ſome crime only can exclude a member of the great council: but each member of the great council has a right, when any one of the little council has been guilty of a miſdemeanor, to propoſe another. The propoſition having been made,

the

the votes are collected; and he who has a majority is chosen. Such is the confidence which these people place in their great council, and on which the calm of the city depends: for, as they trust all the administration to the little council, it was wise to subject the powerful members thus annually to the superintendance of the great.

Alliances, war, and peace, depend upon the collective voice of the citizens: but they cannot assemble without first having been summoned by the burgomaster. People that are truly free do not feel the irritating necessity to interfere upon all occasions. They know that the mind of the mechanic is deficient in the knowledge necessary for the administration of public affairs. This discretion, confirmed by the happy experience of undisturbed felicity, originates in the custom which continues the members of the great council in office for life: though, for form's sake, they are annually chosen. This annual choice is no more than a solemn ratification. Nothing disturbs the tranquillity of a state more than frequent elections; as the sagacious Burke, one of the greatest statesmen of our times, in his excellent pamphlet against the French revolution, has so clearly shewn.

Actions for debt are determined by the municipal court. The ecclesiastical court consists of laymen and divines. Every other kind of suit, between burgher and burgher, comes before the little council: with an appeal however lying to the great.

In dignity, Zürich is the first canton; though Berne is much more powerful. To Zürich, as to the canton that has the right of convoking, all foreign affairs first come. It annually issues mandates to assemble the deputies from the other cantons at Frauenfeld; which is the chief town of the bailiwick of Thurgau. They meet in the middle of July; and continue to sit six weeks. The aristocratical cantons (I here employ the usual term) send a treasurer, a secretary, and the burgomaster out of office; the democratical the Landammann * out of

* The provincial chief; or high bailiff. T.

office. The burgomaſter of Zürich has the precedence; and opens the aſſembly. With this right, Zürich has likewiſe the right and the duty, on urgent occaſions, of convoking an extraordinary aſſembly; which is called the *Tagſatzung:* but this has ſeldom happened; ſo long is it ſince the freedom of Switzerland has ſuffered any diſturbance*.

This venerable aſſembly, which may be compared to the council of Amphictyons in Greece, decide on all the important affairs of the thirteen confederate cantons. Here all internal differences are aſſiduouſly appeaſed. Here all complaints againſt the high bailiffs, or governors, are heard and determined. Foreigners likewiſe have the right to appeal to this aſſembly: yet it is very difficult, and almoſt impoſſible, for a foreigner to become a burgher of any canton. At Zürich, the firſt year of every century is a foreigner made a burgher: but his deſcendants cannot be of the council till the century following. The preſent members of the council are all branches of families that have enjoyed theſe privileges theſe three hundred years. Moſt of the burghers of Zürich can boaſt of this honour: ſo few have the admiſſions of foreigners been.

The country is governed by high bailiffs; who live in houſes that are the property of the public, and on the produce of certain appropriated lands. The council always keep an open ear to the complaints of the peaſant againſt his high bailiff. The firmneſs with which Lavater, when a youth, the painter Fuſeli, and the miniſter Felix Heſs, proſecuted a high bailiff, who, by his oppreſſions, had excited the indignation of the people, is well known. The bailiff was the ſon-in-law of the chief burgomaſter: but he could afford him no protection. Any

* I wrote this in the year 1791. In the following year, the *Tagſatzung* was three times aſſembled: not from any internal diſturbance; but to conſider how the Swiſs regiments in France might be protected: as the French had baſely and treacherouſly diſarmed the Ernſt regiment of Berne; and, in Auguſt, had cut the Swiſs guards to pieces in Paris. Finding remonſtrance ineffectual, they menaced to invade France with ſixty thouſand men; and the French ſuffered the Swiſs to retire.

example of offences like theſe, committed by the high bailiffs of Zürich, has not ſince occurred.

The church tythes, which conſiſt of the tenth of the actual produce of the harveſt and the vintage, conſtitute the only tax which is levied on the farmer. The ſtate collects theſe tythes, and maintains the clergy. It likewiſe often aſſiſts thoſe communities that erect churches; though communities are expected to erect and maintain them at their own expence. Ten thouſand florins were very lately paid to a community from the treaſury of the republic.

The obligation which the country people are under, to ſell their wrought manufactures to the burghers of Zürich, is more oppreſſive than this inconſiderable tax. This reſtraint affects the wholeſale more than the retail trader: for the latter could only furniſh the ſhops at home; but the others might ſupply foreign dealers.

The ſtate poſſeſſes certain domains; the farming of which increaſes its revenue. The burghers are obliged to pay five per cent. for all goods manufactured in the town: an eaſy tax, and which likewiſe generally falls upon ſtrangers, who trade with the place. Theſe trifling revenues are more than ſufficient, in a country where the public officers receive no ſalaries; where no ſoldiers are maintained; and where, notwithſtanding, forty thouſand men, trained and armed, can, in four-and-twenty hours, be brought into the field; which is about a fifth part of the army of the whole confederacy.

The youth are trained to arms. All the males are exerciſed every Sunday in the afternoon; and no one dare marry till he can produce accoutrements and arms that have been proved. Thoſe who ſerve in foreign countries are ſo many experienced warriors for Switzerland. In the democratic cantons, beſide the pay of the ſoldier, each father of a family receives a crown a year from France: this is not paid to the ariſtocratic cantons.

Some years ago, the aſſembly of the canton of Schweitz, in a menacing manner, wiſhed to raiſe their pay with France. Jüzt, a ſage high

bailiff, remonſtrated againſt their proceedings ; and the enraged community accuſed him of corruption. He was condemned either to pay a hundred thouſand florins within eight days, which florins were to be divided among them, or to forfeit his life. He had property, but not ſufficient ; though he was willing to ſacrifice it all. On the appointed day, he appeared. On his right hand thirty thouſand florins were placed ; on his left, promiſſory notes for ſeventy thouſand more. I am ready, ſaid he, to pay each citizen his dividend, who ſhall come to my houſe in perſon and make the demand. Moſt of them bluſhed, few appeared, and Jüzt only paid a third part of the penalty.

The canton ſent threateningly to its citizens to return from France ; and, France juſtly holding itſelf no longer bound by its former engagements, the people of this canton found themſelves glad to ſend their youth to France again on leſs advantageous terms. Jüzt now lives reſpected by his fellow citizens ; who acknowledge the injuſtice of which they were guilty.

Such deſpotic proceedings are every where poſſible, where the legiſlative and executive authority are united. This combination is not the leſs dangerous for being in the people. It is combining the moral and the phyſical power. A tyrant muſt tremble at a dagger ; a ſenate at rebellion. But whom does the people fear? All thoſe, whether lawgivers of France or fiſhwives of Paris (for often have theſe furies ſhared the ſovereign authority, and in fact with equal right)—all thoſe who do not know that the ſafety of the community depends on yielding up the phyſical power, as ſubject to the moral, underſtand but little of politics. It is quite ſufficient that the phyſical power may be rouſed from its ſlumbers. An army of mercenaries forge their own fetters.

In the ariſtocratic as well as in the democratic cantons of Switzerland, far from an army of mercenaries, they have no ſtanding army ; and where, as in the democratic cantons, each citizen is armed, there the rights of the people are ſufficiently ſecured againſt the innovations of government. This ſlumbering power of the people would be dangerous

gerous to each individual, but for that ſimplicity of manners which characterizes the mild and upright yet warlike Swiſs. To this ſimplicity of manners, this reſpect for all that is ſacred, and not to their government, which is extremely defective, are the little democratic cantons indebted for their happineſs and tranquillity.

In their military arrangements with France, the Swiſs have ſtipulated that their regiments ſhall neither croſs the Rhine, to invade Germany, nor be tranſported to parts beyond ſea. The Prince de Soubiſe, during the ſeven years war, required the Swiſs to croſs the Rhine with the French army; and was oppoſed by Lochmann, the General of the Swiſs and a native of Zürich. Soubiſe angrily aſked, Of what uſe then are you? Lochmann drily replied, We will cover your retreat. Soubiſe however ſurrounded the Swiſs with French regiments, and obliged them to croſs the Rhine.

At Roſbach, the Swiſs ſtood long after the French had fled; and did not retreat till a great part of the combined army and two thirds of Lochmann's regiment lay dead on the plain. That the Swiſs ſhould not have been more bold in their remonſtrances to the French for this violence, and ſhould have ſuffered their fellow citizens to be ſent to Corſica, is not to the honour of this otherwiſe noble people. The jägers, or light horſe, are thought to be the beſt of the troops of Zürich.

LETTER XIII.

Zürich, 3d September 1791.

ON the 31ſt of Auguſt, we ſailed on the lake in company with a friend to Kilchberg, which is built on a hill, on the weſt ſide of

of the lake, a league from Zürich. When we were near Kilchberg we ſaw Lavater, following us on foot; and, having taken him into the boat, we ſoon arrived at the foot of the hill.

An accident had ſeparated me a few paces from the company. As I was walking, I perceived an old countryman; who, having fallen and broken his bald head, had covered it with vine leaves. He drew my attention. He looked at me, ſaw I was a ſtranger, and laughing ſaid, "Well, good ſir, is not Switzerland a fine country?" "Yes," I replied, in the fullneſs of my heart; "it is indeed." "God be with you," ſir," exclaimed he; and ſhook with pleaſure the ſilver locks that adorned his temples.

At Kilchberg, we viſited Mr. Würtz and his wife: a worthy pair. Lavater was in that free, gay, and original, humour which diſtinguiſhes him; and heightened our feſtivity. We enjoyed a charming proſpect from the hill; and then took a walk in a pleaſant beech-wood, on the banks of the lake.

Much ſnow had fallen the night before on the diſtant mountains: eſpecially on the towering Tödi, in the canton of Glaris. On our return, we beheld an uncommonly beautiful ſunſet: its beams deſcended on the white ſummit of the Tödi; and ſhed their pure gold on the neareſt chain of hills, mixed with variegated ſhades of purple, while the decline of day produced continual novelty in the changeable horizon.

The day before yeſterday, I, my wife, and ſon, with the good Lavater, and his youngeſt daughter, went to Richterſweil. It ſtands four long leagues from the town, to the weſt of the lake; which is kept in view all the way. The road generally lies high above the ſhore; among vineyards, and large fruit and walnut trees; and ſometimes under the foliage of pines, evergreens, and groves.

The oppoſite ſhore is no leſs pleaſant; and both are incredibly populous. The territories extend on both ſides of the lake about four leagues and a half. Houſe after houſe, village after village, continually

ally meet the eye. The population of the ſhores of the lake, not including Zürich, is eſtimated at twenty-two thouſand.

As well here, on the lake, as in the interior part of the country, the culture of their fields, gardens and vineyards is attended to with extraordinary care; though moſt of the inhabitants round the lake are manufacturers. The beauty of their churches, their neat and roomy houſes, the good condition of their cattle; and, more than all, their own cheerful and friendly countenances, denote their happineſs. Some of them live by fiſhing; which, as well as hunting, is free throughout Switzerland; but thoſe who reſide near the lake depend moſt on their trade with Zürich, and with their neighbours in the canton of Schweitz; which ſupplies the canton of Zürich with corn that is purchaſed in Swabia.

The grain of Zürich is inſufficient for its own conſumption: its population, the mountains excepted, being eſtimated at between four and five thouſand ſouls to the geographical ſquare mile.

A league from Zürich we ſaw the town of Küſnacht: which you muſt not confound with Küſnacht, ſo famous in hiſtory, that is in the canton of Schweitz on the lake of the four Waldſtädte *. A rivulet runs through this Küſnacht; which is ſituated on the oppoſite ſide of the lake of Zürich, where the lake is not a league in breadth. This rivulet, which deſcends from the hills, about twelve years ago roſe to a fearful height; waſhed away eight-and-twenty houſes, and ſixty-three of the inhabitants, and overflowed the firſt ſtories of thoſe houſes that were ſtrong enough to withſtand its fury. A new married pair were found in a chamber, who had endeavoured to ſave themſelves on high place behind an oven, locked in each other's arms: happy alike in love and in death.

Travellers to Richterſweil do not willingly paſs Talwyl, without alighting and enjoying the proſpect from the high church yard over the lake.

* This term is explained in a note to Letter XVI. T.

We

We left the peninſula called Au, which at high water is an iſland, on our left. Klopſtock mentions it, in his beautiful ode on the lake of Zürich.

> " In thoſe cool groves that bleſs thy happy ſhores
> " We ſeek the ſhade."—

This iſland is high on all ſides; and is ſhaded with the beech tree.

At Wädenſchweil, which is half a mile on this ſide of Richterſweil, we viſited the high bailiff Orell; who inhabits a lofty caſtle, from the balcony of which there is a proſpect that may well excite amazement.

I was glad once more to meet the ſon of Lavater, who is a phyſician at Richterſweil. The laſt time I had ſeen him, he was about eight years old; and I well remember the joy he teſtified at going, with other boys, to learn the uſe of arms. In theſe cantons, mothers do not tremble, when their ſons load and diſcharge a muſket.

In the afternoon, we went upon the lake; though it was rather tempeſtuous. The greateſt part of our company were ſet on ſhore: Sophia, Erneſt, young Lavater, and I, ventured to accompany the boatmen; and to be danced aloft, by the green and foaming wave. They ſpread their ſails, and, in a quarter of an hour, we arrived at the little iſland of Uffenau; which is a league from Richterſweil. It belongs to the abbey of Marieinſiedel, which, as well as the iſland, is ſituated in and protected by the canton of Schweitz. Zürich alſo lays claim to this right; becauſe the iſland lies on the Zürich ſide of the bridge of Rapperſchweil. There is an old church in the iſland of Uffenau, in which are the remains of Ulrich von Hutten; the worthy Franconian nobleman, a brave knight, the friend of Luther and Melancthon, a zealous patriot, a lover of the muſes, the companion of the great and the learned, and a fugitive to this place.

Here, likewiſe, is ſhewn the grave of Saint Adelrich; who lived in the tenth century. The legend relates of him that he walked over the lake,

lake, from Pfeffiken to this iſland. He was a prince of the Swabian race, and endowed this little church with moſt of the tythes of the eaſt ſhore of the lake.

The abbey of Marieinſiedel, which carefully maintained the church of Uffenau before it fell to decay, continues to this day to collect theſe tythes. The ſtate of Zürich ſupports the clergy of theſe communities from the public treaſury; and has lately granted the ſum of one hundred and fifty thouſand florins to increaſe their ſtipend.

There is likewiſe a little chapel on this iſland; in which the capuchins of Rapperſchweil read maſs. Here lies the abbot of Marieinſiedel; for whom, in quality of a prince of the German empire, a maſs is annually ſaid. The little town of Rapperſchweil lies oppoſite to the iſland. It was formerly governed by its own Counts; who were frequently moleſted by Zürich. It is now under the protection of the cantons of Zürich, Berne, and Glaris; to which it muſt do homage every ſix years. It may juſtly be eſteemed ſomething between a highly privileged municipal town, and an independent free ſtate.

The building of this town was undertaken in an extraordinary manner. Count Rudolphus of Rapperſchweil, who lived toward the end of the eleventh century, was very deſirous of being happy with his beautiful wife; whoſe virtue was neither unſuſpected by him, nor blameleſs. As he one day returned from the war, his ſteward met him, with a thoughtful mien, before he entered the caſtle; and informed him that he wiſhed to ſpeak to him on a very important affair.

An old chronicle, though later than that age, puts the following words into the mouth of the Count.

"Say what thou wilt, dear ſteward, only ſay nothing againſt my "wife; for, wherever I am, when I bethink me of her beauty, my ſoul "is delighted; and, whatever cares, or misfortunes, befall me, when I "remember the lovelineſs of my wife, I forget all my ſorrows, and "am moſt glad to find myſelf once again at home."

The ſteward, well perceiving that the uxorious warrior would have

puniſhed him for his accuſation, gave a ready turn to his diſcourſe; and told the Count that, during his abſence, he had obſerved a place in which a fortified town might very conveniently be built; and pointed out this ſpot, on which, in the year 1091, Count Rudolphus built Rapperſchweil.

It pays no tythes, nor any kind of tax, has a free trade, and its burghers are exempt from military ſervice; unleſs it be for the defence of their town. They may appeal for protection againſt their magiſtrates to the Cantons. They were granted this independence after the war of the year 1712, having then obtained it of the canton of Schweitz.

There is a bridge at Rapperſchweil over the lake, which is more than eighteen hundred paces in length. This is the narroweſt part of the lake; and, together with a cape, divides it into the upper lake and the proper lake of Zürich. Albert, the ſecond Archduke of Auſtria, firſt built this bridge. In old times, this was the boundary between the cantons of Zürich and Schweitz; but, after the war of Zürich, which this canton waged againſt the confederates from the year 1436 to the year 1446, when peace was made, Zürich ceded a ſmall corner of land on this ſide of the bridge; which, ſince that period, has belonged to Schweitz. The lake was not mentioned in the treaty. The people of Zürich inſiſted on an excluſive right to the navigation on this ſide of the bridge; which the people of Schweitz diſputed. The great freightage of corn, with which the former ſupplied the latter, and the frequent pilgrimages that were made to Marieinſiedel, gave conſequence to the diſpute. The animoſity between theſe cantons continued, was ſtrengthened by the ſhort war of 1712, and has not yet entirely ſubſided.

That this quarrel will not come to an open rupture may be reaſonably hoped, from the moderation and wiſdom of the canton of Zürich. The Schweitz perhaps may be the moſt ready to engage in ſuch a contention; notwithſtanding that their numbers are but as one to five: for they are the moſt warlike people of Switzerland. All the cantons are indeed warlike; none but this canton however delights in war. It diſregards

regards numbers, forgets to eſtimate conſequences, is blind to all compariſon of power, and remembers only ſtrength of arm, and valour of heart. In fact, where ſuch are the feelings of each individual, political proportions are inſignificant. This was proved by the three memorable heroes, Walter Fürſt, of Uri, Wetner von Staufacher, of Schweitz, and Arnold von Melchthal, of Unterwald; when, in the year 1307, theſe founders of freedom combined to reſiſt deſpotiſm. It was proved again eight years afterward, when a few freemen vanquiſhed the powers of Duke Leopold at Morgarten; and when, on the ſame day, a part only of the victors drove Count von Straſberg out of Unterwald. It was once more proved by Rudolphus von Erlach, a chief of Berne; who told his ſoldiers that, having fought in ſix battles, he had always ſeen the ſmaller number victorious; and who then gave the enemy battle, and with only five thouſand put thirty thouſand of them to flight. What ſhall I ſay of the battle of Sembach? where, in the year 1386, one thouſand three hundred confederates defied the flower of the Auſtrian army; and where Winkelried, oppoſing their moſt fearful phalanx, ſacrificed himſelf, and by death opened the road to victory. What of the battle of Nöffells? where a few of the men of Glaris, led by Matthias von Bürlen, fought five long hours, eleven times beat back the attacking Auſtrians, and, at laſt, gained the victory. What of the people of Baſle? who, in the year 1444, reſiſted the numerous forces of France in the church yard of St. James; where the heaps of ſlain obliged the Dauphin to confeſs that ſuch another victory would be his ruin. What of the victory of the confederates at Granſon, and at Mürten, over Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy? And what of their victories in the war of Swabia, toward the end of the 15th century?

It will not be ſaid that the Swiſs owe their victories to their mountainous ſituation: ſome of them were gained in the open plains. They are much rather indebted to their ſimplicity of manners, courage, and love of freedom; which frequently diſtinguiſh the inhabitants of moun-

tains from thoſe of flat countries. The love of liberty is a ray from heaven; penetrating the heart of the ſimple ſhepherds of the Alps, and invigorating their arm. It is that which has imparted courage to them, and will ſtill impart; which has maintained their conſtitution theſe five hundred years, and will ſtill maintain. It is that which has inſpired them with the ſpirit of concord, which for ſo many centuries has united ſuch a number of independent ſtates: a concord which but ſeldom, and for a ſhort time, has been interrupted. If in warlike courage the Greeks and Romans were their equals, they riſe ſuperior in generoſity, in mild humanity toward their foes, in concord, and in purity of manners. The paſſions of men every where take root; and ſo will continue to take. Their wild ſeeds every where flouriſh; but here they are moſt ſubdued. The excellence of their morals is the ſupport of the laws; and the ſupport of their morals is the love of their country and religion. Will the names of their noble patriots be leſs famous in hiſtory than the names of the greateſt of the Greeks and Romans? They will yield nothing to them in grandeur of ſoul; though, happily for their country, they will in a ſanguinary thirſt of glory, and in ſeeking for occaſions to appeaſe this thirſt. No artful Pericles, in Switzerland, will be able to kindle a Peloponneſian war. No Virginius will be obliged to ſtrike the dagger to the heart of his daughter; for no Appius will be found daring enough to attempt her chaſtity!

Certain virtues only receive their poliſh by being contraſted with certain vices. Should ever Switzerland produce a Timophanes, or a Cæſar, deliverers of their country would riſe equal to Timoleon and Brutus. Had the Greeks maintained their freedom by concord, Philip of Macedon would have been as inſignificant to them as an abbot of St. Gall to the Swiſs.

From Uffenau we ſailed to Pfeffiken, in the canton of Schweitz; where we joined our company, who had been put on ſhore. I went with young Lavater, the high bailiff Orell, and Erneſt, on foot, to Richterſchweil; and ſaw on our way an uncommonly beautiful waterfall.

It is in the canton of Schweitz, on the borders of Zürich. Three impetuous ſtreams, each above the other, ruſh among the bending branches of the trees, from a high cavity of a rock, into the valley. On the height where you ſtand to ſee the cataract, you likewiſe have a full view of the lake of Zürich.

LETTER XIV.

Zürich, 5th September 1791.

DURING my ſtay here, the monument, which the friends and admirers of Solomon Geſſner, the poet, aſſociated to erect to his memory, arrived from Rome. It is the work of Trippel, the famous ſculptor of Schaffhauſen; and is an excellent performance, worthy of the great poet of Zürich, and his fellow citizens.

It conſiſts of a white marble ſlab, about five feet high and four broad: where the two ſhepherds of Geſſner, Daphnis and Micon, are cut in alto relievo; at the inſtant when Micon makes a libation to the memory of the father of his friend. Perhaps you do not recollect this beautiful idyl of Geſſner.

The goat of Daphnis and Micon has ſtrayed from the flock, and waded into a marſh. The ſhepherds endeavour to relieve it; and Micon diſcovers a fallen arch, and learns from Daphnis that it is a ſepulchre. Micon ſees an urn, lying in the hollow; and is terrified at the figures carved round it, which, as he ſays, appear to him to be riſing from its ſides——"A dreadful warrior and a furious ſteed! Behold how his hoofs trample on the wounded and the fallen! This man could never have been a ſhepherd."

Daphnis,

Daphnis replies, "He was a monſter; who laid waſte the fruitful fields, and made freemen ſlaves —— The hoofs of his war horſes have trodden down the corn; and he ſtrewed the barren fields with the bodies of our forefathers. As the ravenous wolf devours the flock, ſo did his warriors deſtroy the innocent; who did him no wrong."

Micon wonders at the wickedneſs and folly of the inhuman wretch; and remarks that now reptiles ſwarm in the urn and its bed ——

"Who but muſt ſmile to ſee the toad crawling in the helmet of the furious hero; and the blind worm ſeated on his threatening ſword?"

The ſhepherds then converſe awhile on this warrior; and Micon exclaims —— "No, rather than be guilty of ſuch odious crimes, though it were to gain a world, I would live the maſter only of two goats, and a pure heart; deteſting ſuch wickedneſs. One of theſe I would willingly ſacrifice to the gods; with thanks, for making me thus happy. Give the wicked the riches of the whole earth, ſtill they are not happy."

"Let us begone;" anſwered Daphnis. "Let us leave a place, which excites only melancholy and bitterneſs. Follow me, I will ſhew thee a different monument, erected by my father, a man of an upright heart."

Daphnis left the herd to Alexis, and led his friend, through meadows, by the grove of Terminus, hung with the cluſtering hop. ——They continued their way. On the right of the narrow path, the graſs reached their knees. On the left, the corn grew; the ears waving above their ſhoulders. They came to the calm ſhades of fruitful trees; among which a neat cottage ſtood. In this cool and pleaſant place, Daphnis ſpread a ſmall table; and brought a baſket of fruit, and a refreſhing jug of wine.

"Tell me," ſaid Micon, "where is the monument thy father built; that the firſt cup may be emptied to the memory of ſo worthy a man?"

"Here, friend," anſwered Daphnis. "This peaceful abode, what thou now beholdeſt, is the monument of his fame. This was once a barren place; his induſtry made it fruitful; his hand planted theſe orchards;

to

to him our thanks, we, who are his children, and all our deſcendants, for all our enjoyments, for all the good we give and receive, for theſe to him our thanks are due. The bleſſing of the virtuous man reſts upon us; and fructifies theſe fields, theſe meadows, and theſe ſilent groves."

"Here is to thy memory, then, Oh noble ſhade!" ſaid Micon, and emptied his cup. "Oh worthy monument, conducive to the proſperity of virtuous deſcendants, the founder of which though dead is ſtill beneficent!"

It ſeems to me that a better paſſage could not have been ſelected from the works of the poet, for the monument erected to his memory: nor could it have been truſted to a more maſterly hand than that of Trippel; who, recollecting that his labours were for the honour of a countryman, muſt have found his faculties rouſed; and it is evident that he executed his taſk *con amore:*

At preſent this monument is placed under a large awning, on the great walk; and it is intended to be erected in a circular grove on this very walk; which is beautiful and much frequented, particularly every Sunday after dinner. In the afternoon on a Thurſday, the youth of Zürich are accuſtomed to aſſemble here. It is a ſpacious place, adorned with the linden, poplar, wild aſh, and other trees; and lies between the Siehl and the Limmat; which at the end of the walk fall into each other. The miniſter Bodmer delighted in this walk. I remember having ſeen him here, ſurrounded and reſpected by the young and the old.

LET-

LETTER XV.

Zürich, 7th September 1791.

YESTERDAY afternoon, I and ſome friends took a turn on the lake, and viſited Lavater, who was gone to his country houſe, which is built upon a vine hill, and from which there is a good proſpect toward the lake.

From this, with Sophia and Erneſt, I went to ſee the worthy Jochen Berly; a farmer, in whoſe houſe I and my brother and Haugwitz, ſixteen years ago, ſpent ſeveral cheerful weeks. He was in his fields; and one of his ſons went for him, without informing him who the ſtranger was that waited for him. He knew me, leapt for joy when he ſaw me, preſſed me, my wife, and ſon, by the hand with Swiſs cordiality, and affectionately queſtioned me concerning the companions of my former travels, and my ſiſter; who had viſited him ſeven years ago. He then took me to the banks of the Siehl; for he well recollected my favourite ſpot. I remembered many places, where, in the days of ardent youth, I had wandered ſometimes alone, ſometimes with friends. I even recognized a ſtone, hanging over the bank of the river, on which, ſhaded by young trees that were now full grown, I had read many of the books of Homer.

On the other ſide of the river ſtands the Jütlyberg; which Klopſtock named the Uto. It joins the Albis; and is ſhaded with woods and fig trees.

Had I been a Greek, I ſhould have made libations of mild country wine and Switzerland milk to the Naiades, the Dryades, and the Oreades.

The kind man took us back to his dwelling. His wife and children accompanied us a little way, when we departed; and the good houſewife wept heartily, as ſhe preſſed the hand of her old gueſt, at taking leave.

In

In my former letters, I have mentioned to you the public inſtitutions and buildings of this place: but it may not be unpleaſant to add a few more particulars.

The orphan-houſe is a large and noble building. It ſtands in the fineſt quarter of the town, open on all ſides, and on high ground near the Limmat. The children live in roomy and lofty chambers; and conſiſt both of orphans and the children of poor old perſons ſtill living. The number is not fixed, but varies according to circumſtances: none but the children of burghers are accepted. They are inſtructed in the chriſtian religion, reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, geography, and the hiſtory of their own country.

Health blooms on their cheeks, good humour and ſatisfaction beam in their eyes. It was delightful to ſee the joy with which they met our guide, Mr. Deacon Geſſner, a worthy and benevolent man, the familiarity with which they ſurrounded the governor and governeſs, and the charming freedom with which they took us ſtrangers by the hand. Twice a day, when the weather permits, they are ſuffered to play a conſiderable while in the garden. So much care is taken of their health, and ſo entirely are theſe children of a free town under the immediate inſpection of the burghers, that, though they admit children of a year old, and though life at this period is ſo precarious, only two children have died in four years. The preſent number of the children is ninety-two; and the numbers of the girls and boys are nearly equal. Our kind Heſs took us to a public female ſchool which is called the Töchterſchule*. In a well regulated ſtate every citizen beholds the ſons and daughters of each other as the ſons and daughters of their country.

There are forty girls, divided into two claſſes, according to their attainments, and inſtructed at the expence of the ſtate in religion, reading, writing, arithmetic, and all the female duties. They read in our preſence ſeveral ſtanzas from the poems of Gellert; and it was evident

* Daughters' ſchool.

that they had caught the meaning and the paſſion of the poet. Their miſtreſs then put a few queſtions concerning what they had read; to which the girls returned ſenſible anſwers.

The miniſter Bodmer, whoſe patriotiſm was as pure as his love of knowledge was ardent, has beſtowed ten thouſand florins on this inſtitution.

The cathedral of Zurich was built by Charlemagne; whoſe effigy, well cut in ſtone, is placed over the door. Zuingle and Billinger belonged to this church; which is the mother of many proteſtant daughters, particularly in England.

The arſenal is well ſtored with a hundred pieces of artillery, and complete new ſtands of arms for thirty thouſand men. I, and Erneſt, viſited the old armoury; purpoſely to ſee the ancient armour, and eſpecially the croſs bow of William Tell, which is ſhewn here as a ſacred relic.

There is a ſociety in Zürich, called the Böcke, which has made itſelf memorable in hiſtory. Its origin is loſt, in the darkneſs of the middle ages: but it became famous during the war of Zürich, in the fifteenth century.

Sixteen burghers, who gave themſelves this title with the permiſſion of the republic, ſeparated themſelves from the general ſervice of the war; that, as free archers, they might more effectually annoy the enemy. They mutually pledged themſelves to diſregard life; and, making incurſions, they plundered, burned, and cut off the enemy's convoys. In the year 1446, this ſociety was excluded from the peace of the confederates: but they learned that Frieſen, the high bailiff of Uri, who had vainly given himſelf much trouble to have them included in the peace, had ſaid that, if they could get any perſon of conſequence in their power, they would then gain what they deſired. Not long after, as this chief was paſſing on the lake of Zürich, the Böcke boarded his veſſel, adviſed his attendants not to make a uſeleſs reſiſtance, as they intended him no harm, took him on ſhore, brought him to the high town

town of Hohenkraien, which lies in Upper Auſtria between Hohentwiel and Stoffelberge, and which then belonged to them, treated him as a diſtinguiſhed friend, and, as ſoon as the confederates had granted what they had demanded for his freedom, ſuffered him to depart.

This ſociety continued ſome ages in ſocial connection; and, in the beginning of this century, having increaſed to the number of ſixty-four, appeared dangerous to their fellow citizens by their ambition: for, thus combined, they knew how to play the chief offices of the ſtate into the hands of their confederates. They have ſince been reſtrained; and, though the number of their members continues the ſame, they have no political influence; and would probably no longer exiſt, were not their duration continued by an annual feſtival in memory of their paſt deeds.

Another ſociety of ſome years ſtanding, called the Moral Society, is no leſs patriotic and more peaceable. Its members are young men, who take a noble pleaſure in contributing to the paſtimes of children; and invent a variety of ſports and warlike games for them. They likewiſe read entertaining books to them, and write works for their inſtruction. Their purpoſe is the improvement of the heart and underſtanding; and, both in their readings and writings, they are highly attentive to prevent the tediouſneſs of time.

We have here become acquainted with Peſtalozzi; the author of the excellent popular work, called Leonard and Gertrude. He is a burgher of Zürich, but inhabits a farm in the canton of Berne; the produce of which he has for many years increaſed by the ſweat of his brow, till he has brought it into excellent condition. This remarkable man has diſplayed great ſimplicity, power, and knowledge of the human mind; and, in the ſchool of experience, has ſtudied new modes of forming the heart. Nicolovius has viſited him; and, from all that he has heard and ſeen, is more fully convinced than ever that labour and misfortune are beſt calculated to form man, for the noble taſk of being the inſtructor and benefactor of the human race.

The people of Zürich have an old cuſtom, which they have probably derived from the wiſdom of their anceſtors. If married people, in ſpite of remonſtrance, perſiſt in a deſire to ſeparate, they are confined for ſome weeks in a chamber of the council houſe; in which there is nothing but a ſmall bed, a ſtool, and a table. Their food is ſerved on one diſh; with one plate, one knife, one fork, and one ſpoon. Change of place, privation, and the ſociality that ariſes from the neceſſity of mutually aiding each other, have frequently, before the time of probation has expired, ſo reconciled them to each other that they have renounced all thoughts of parting, and have lived peaceably together till death.

Roman antiquities, which are found in a high part of the town, beſide the Limmat, are proofs that Cæſar had a camp at Zürich*. From the linden trees which are there, it is called the Linden hof. It commands a beautiful proſpect of the Limmat, the lake, and the mountains. A fountain ornaments one ſide; and a ſtone ſtatue of William Tell the other. His little ſon ſtands beſide him. The father is in a noble attitude, with his croſs bow; which appears rather to reſt upon his arm than upon his ſhoulder.

LETTER XVI.

Lucerne, 12th September 1791.

WE left Zürich on the 9th, by day break. Orion and Sirius were ſtill twinkling. Thick miſts hovered over the lake, ſubſided, and foretold a fine day. The lake was on our left; on our right

* Cæſar fought with the Tigurini; an antient tribe, of whom the anceſtors of the people of Zürich were a part; but he did not enter the territories of Zürich.

the

the foreſt of Siehl, and the Jütlyberg; till we turned and proceeded, by a tolerably ſteep road, to the Albis, which joins the Jütly. On this hill, drivers uſually ſtop to give their horſes breath: we took advantage of this, and mounted to the place called the high watch; which ſtands on the top. This is one of the heights from which fire ſignals are given: a practice common in Switzerland, on any extraordinary occaſion; by which the confederates are warned. As ſoon as one fire is ſeen, the next is lighted; and, in a few hours, all the watch heights in Switzerland are in a blaze: ſo that, within four-and-twenty hours, all the levies of the confederates are under arms. Diligent and peaceful as bees, who extract the honey from ſcattered flowers, theſe noble people live among their mountains: but, no leſs watchful than the bee, their ſting for thoſe who diſturb their neſt is to be feared. Whoever have attacked them, have repented of their temerity.

As we went up this hill, we had a proſpect of the left ſide of the lake of Zürich; with its charming ſhores, from Zürich to Uffenau. The lake and the diſtant Reuſs were covered with miſts; which thickened into white clouds more denſe than any I had ever ſeen. On the ſhore of the lake, they were rarefied; and, being illumined by the morning ſun, they reminded me of the miſts of Oſſian; which that great ſongſter of nature compares to the floating locks of his beautiful Comala. Half way over the lake, a white downy bed of clouds floated, as thick and ſhining as I have ſeen the ſwelling and white clouds of the ſky, to which imagination attributes fantaſtic forms: now triumphant arches; now lions with outſtretched jaws.

From the height on which we ſtood, the deſcent from the Albis was ſudden and ſteep; and formed, with the oppoſite hill, which was covered with pine trees, a beautiful but narrow valley. We viſibly ſaw, though at the diſtance of five or ſix leagues, the Rigi; which is the firſt hill of the neareſt Alps, or the Alps proper, lying near Küſnacht in the canton of Schweitz. In the antient and generally received phraſeology of Europe, thoſe mountains which are eternally covered with

with ſnow are called the Alps: but not ſo in the dialect of Switzerland; where every hill has that appellation, on the top of which flocks and herds may feed. I ſhall continue to uſe this word in the latter ſenſe, in all my letters from Switzerland.

In my youth, I ſaw, from the ſummit of the Rigi, the ſetting of the ſun over fourteen lakes.

The mountain Pilatus, much higher than the Rigi, appeared to us almoſt as near. His forked rocky back forms one of the moſt conſpicuous mountains in Switzerland. I never recollect to have ſeen it free from clouds. Sometimes its head is enveloped with them: at others, the ſunbeams play upon its ſummit; while a ſingle or double cloudy ſcarf envelops its breaſt and ſhoulders. Its top is generally cloudy; from whence it derives its name *Pileatus* from the Latin word *pileus*, the hat. Its new and corrupt name has given riſe to legends and fables.

On this hill is a little lake; whoſe waters, as it is ſaid, are ſo light as to make ſwimming in them impoſſible. A thing that may ſo naturally be accounted for has been aſcribed to the ghoſt of Pilate; who, ſay they, having drowned himſelf here, took pleaſure in ſeizing the ſwimmers by the feet. The truth is, as I have been informed by General Pfyffer, he found the water only a foot deep; and did not believe it was any where deeper.

It lies at leaſt eleven leagues from the Albis. The glaciers beamed at a great diſtance; which we, miſled by our conductors, ſuppoſed to be the mountains of Neufchatel: but General Pfyffer has told me, who perhaps is better acquainted with theſe heights than any man in Switzerland, that they are the glaciers of Savoy, neareſt to Geneva. Not Mont Blanc, the ſummit of which, though the higheſt in Europe, is concealed by nearer hills.

We paſſed through a variegated country, among orchards and over plains, till we came to Zug. Kappel, a ſmall place, lay in our way; where a battle was fought, in the year 1531, between the people of

Zürich and Schweitz; in which Zuingle, a zealous patriot and mild reformer, was ſlain.

The ſmall town of Zug gives its name to the ſeventh and leaſt of the cantons. It is diſtinguiſhed from the other democratic cantons, by having a town: for the inhabitants of the others, from their love of freedom, and after the manner of the antient Germans, do not chooſe to live in towns ſurrounded by walls. The people of Schweitz, Uri, Unterwald, Glaris, and Appenzel, have no towns.

The adminiſtration of public affairs, in the canton of Zug, is partial. There is a general aſſembly of the town; and likewiſe the individual general aſſembly of the three villages, Baar, Egeri, and Mentzing. In theſe four general aſſemblies, which are democratic, all foreign affairs of war, peace, and alliance, are determined. Thoſe reſolutions in which the villages are agreed are likewiſe binding to the town. Should the aſſemblies divide, two and two, the opinion in favour of which the town declares prevails.

The Ammann, who is not here, as in the other ſmall cantons, called Landammann, is choſen in the town; not by the aſſembly, but by forty counſellors. To this council the town ſends thirteen deputies; and each of the three villages nine. It is a ſtanding rule that the Ammann muſt be a native of the town, or of one of the villages. If of the town, he holds his office three years; if from a village, only two years. The council of forty likewiſe appoint the high bailiffs; who govern thoſe villages that have no ſhare in the public adminiſtration of affairs. The ſubjects of the ſtate, except ſome ſmall taxes to the high bailiff, pay only the church tythes: like the *Angehörigen* * of Berne and Zürich. I ſay the Angehörigen: for the citizens of Berne and Zürich begin to reject the odious name of *Unterthanen* †, and aſſume the milder appellation *Angehörigen*. That the Angehörigen of the ariſtocratical cantons, eſpecially of Zürich and Berne, enjoy a more calm freedom

* Belonging to. † Subjects.

and

and a better adminiſtration of juſtice than the Unterthanen of the democratic cantons is an undoubted truth. This is clearly manifeſted in the bailiwicks which belong to the eight old cantons; or to all the twelve in common: for as to the thirteenth canton, Appenzel, it has no Unterthanen. The general bailiwicks are governed by high bailiffs; who continue in office ſix years, and who are alternately choſen by the cantons. Complaints are ſeldom made againſt the bailiffs of the ariſtocratic cantons, though frequently againſt the democratic, at the general aſſembly of Frauenfeld.

The people of Zug are held to be the moſt reſtleſs of Switzerland. Their general aſſemblies are often tempeſtuous, though ſeldom ſtained with the blood of their citizens.

This town is built under a mountain, and on the north eaſt ſide of a lake; both bearing the ſame name. The lake is four leagues long, and one broad. Its ſituation, between the Alps and other high mountains, is inexpreſſibly beautiful. The Rigi and the Pilatus appear to lie on its very ſhore. The country is rich in paſturage; and the meadows are as beautiful as any in Switzerland. On one ſide of the lake, there is a grove of fine cheſnut trees. The people of Zug, and moſt of the inhabitants of the ſmall cantons, when the harveſt among the mountains fails, generally uſe fern in winter inſtead of ſtraw. I have heard experienced farmers of the canton of Berne maintain that the manure of fern is better than that of ſtraw. If this aſſertion be true, it may ſo happen either from the nature of the ſoil or of the fern of theſe parts. With us, fern is only uſed in caſes of neceſſity.

The wine of the canton of Zug is very acid; while that of Zürich is both mild and powerful.

The cantons of Zug and Lucerne have plenty of various kinds of ſtone fruit, as well as walnuts, and cheſnuts. The fine growth of the cheſnut tree, which delights in a mild climate, verifies the cooling influence which is aſcribed to the neighbouring mountains, and to their ſituation beſide the lake. The canton of Lucerne is uncommonly fertile.

tile. The meadows and woods, in which I ſaw the beech as high and flexible as in Holſtein and the ſouth eaſt ſide of the duchy of Sleſwick, are now as green and freſh as in ſpring. The fertility of the ſoil, the mildneſs of the climate, the gentle breezes from the hills, and the frequent morning miſts, maintain this freſhneſs longer here than in the north of Germany; and among our ſtill more northern neighbours; where ſometimes the night froſts, and at others the extreme heat of the long ſummer's day, together with unfriendly ſtorms, impart a more dark and leſs lovely verdure. We every where beheld fruitful valleys, clothed with luxuriant herbage, and various flowers. Before us ſtood the Rigi, and the Pilatus; the delightful Reuſs flowed on our right. How different is it here, where its broad waters roll through pleaſant vales, to that boiſterous impetuous Reuſs which precipitates its thundering ſtream from the Gothard, beneath the Devil's bridge!

We have often laughed, you know, at French travellers; who give their readers a deſcription of every meal they make: but you will ſcarcely accuſe me of this fault, though I ſhould tell you that we made a halt on the verdant banks of the Reuſs; and, ſitting under the ſhade of overhanging orchards, with the lofty Pilatus in view, ate milk, brought by kind and beautiful girls. The people of Zug and Lucerne are very handſome, both in face and form. What our old poet, Walter, has ſaid of Germans in general is particularly applicable to our brothers of moſt of the cantons among the Alps.

Der deutſche mann iſt wohlgezôgen,
Und wohlgethan das deutſche weib *!

Freedom and openneſs of manners characterize this noble and beautiful people; who, among their mountains, friendly, dignified, and unaffected, exerciſe that virtue, which the Romans and Greeks ſuppoſed was only to be found in cities; and which they called urbanity: αστειοτης.

* The German man is well-limbed; (well built;) and well formed the German woman.

and *urbanitas:* and which we, having apiſhly imitated, have from courts called courteſy*. The unenſlaved ſhepherds are free in their advances; becauſe they cannot ſuſpect, where there is nothing to fear. They approach with a grace; for, as they want for nothing, they aſk for nothing. They love, and are beloved by, ſtrangers. Perhaps they love them becauſe they have a feeling of their own ſuperiority, and are flattered by the frequent viſits of travellers; who come among them that they may contemplate the grandeur of nature, and the freemen of Switzerland. That landlords and guides, who live by ſtrangers, ſhould covet the money of ſtrangers is a thing to be expected: but he who accuſes the inhabitants of Switzerland of this vice has had no intercourſe with the people of the towns or the country. He has not eaten in the cabins of the ſimple ſhepherds of the Alps, nor ſlept under the flat roofs of their huts, on the fragrant hay, more ſoundly than on beds of down. Such travellers have forborne to bluſh, with the dignity of feeling, when their friendly hoſt has refuſed to accept money for his hoſpitality; or, at the utmoſt, would receive nothing from a ſtranger, except a roll of tobacco. This hoſpitality I ſhall never forget. I experienced it in my firſt journey among the Swiſs, and the Griſons; and know where again to look for that humanity, which originates in a delicate ſenſe of what is noble and what is ignoble.

The countries through which we continued our journey were delightful; and we arrived at Lucerne as the night was ſetting in.

On the morning of the 10th, we went upon the great bridge over the Reuſs; which is near its junction with the lake. It is covered at the top, after the manner of the country, but open at its ſides. Here are numerous proſpects, ſupremely beautiful. In my opinion, no town in Switzerland is ſo charmingly ſituated as Lucerne. Lovely hills,

* A note is omitted relative to the German and French uſe of the words *Stadtlichkeit* and *Courtoiſie* becauſe it would be unintereſting and not very intelligible to an Engliſh reader. T.

mingled with groves of pine, and other trees, overlook the town, and the neighbouring ſhore of the lake of the four Walſtädte. Behind theſe hills, the Alps are ſeen; and beyond them more diſtant and higher mountains, riſing to the clouds. The Reuſs pours its waters into the lake, with its accuſtomed impetuoſity. It is navigable; and, by means of the Aar, maintains a trade between Baden and Switzerland; ſo paſſing to the Rhine; and might open a more valuable intercourſe with Holland. Beſide, the neareſt road to Italy is over the Gothard; the foot of which ſtretches almoſt as far as Altorf, in the canton of Uri, on the ſouth ſhore of the lake. But the canton of Lucerne, like moſt of the catholic cantons, is deficient in induſtry. From its ſituation, which is much more convenient than that of Zürich, and from thoſe advantages which are denied Geneva by its jealous neighbours, Lucerne might be the firſt commercial town of Switzerland. Yet what compariſon is there between the inconſiderable trade of Lucerne and that of Zürich or Geneva?

Its product, in corn, is more than ſufficient for its own conſumption: but, at the peace of 1712, when it had required aid from Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwald, againſt the proteſtant cantons, it bound itſelf ever afterward to ſell corn to the burghers of theſe cantons at the price paid by its own citizens. This convention is in itſelf good: and in the true ſpirit of the confederacy. Brothers ought not to depend on the caprice of brothers, for that which is neceſſary for their exiſtence. But it was weak of theſe people, at the ſame time, to be induced by threats to promiſe never to fortify their town. It is excellent for a free people, like thoſe of antient Sparta and of theſe ſmall cantons, to diſdain the ſafeguard of walls; for a rule ſo daring, and ſo dignified, gives life and ſecurity to freedom: but, when a town forbears to build walls becauſe it is menaced, it will appear that it has need of them.

This ſtipulation was made in an unlucky hour, perhaps by an unenlightened government; and it may be aſked whether any promiſe can

be binding on a people, the evident tendency of which is their political injury?

Perhaps it was this, though degrading, yet, honourable obſervance of old engagements, which ſo long held the people of Lucerne dependant on Auſtria. They waged, in behalf of their oppreſſors, and without receiving any aid from them, a ruinous war againſt the cantons of Schweitz, Uri, and Unterwald; which war not only deſtroyed their trade but involved them in inſupportable expences. Of old and often has the houſe of Auſtria incurred the reproach of forfeiting its engagements, when they were moſt indiſpenſible. Lucerne, juſtly offended, renounced an ally that, though very expenſive, afforded no aid; and, in the year 1352, united itſelf with the other confederates; and, by its courage and love of freedom, ſhewed itſelf worthy of that noble alliance which virtuous nations form with each other.

The deeds of their anceſtors are painted on the great bridge; and, poor as the pictures are, they gave me pleaſure. They muſt not be conſidered as works of art; but, as records of memorable acts, are highly honourable; for they nurture a glowing love of freedom. I might reply to any unſeaſonable critic in the words of Shakſpeare; when the courtiers, in the Midſummer Night's Dream, were deſpiſing the rude dialogue of Moonſhine and Wall; and when Theſeus made them this remarkable anſwer — "The beſt of this kind are but ſhadows; and the worſt of them are not worſe, if imagination amend them."

On a leſs bridge, over the Reuſs, which lies at a greater diſtance, are paintings that bear ſome reſemblance to Holbein's Dance of Death; as it may be ſeen in Baſle, and Lubeck. It was the old German cuſtom to mingle the moſt ſerious ſubjects and the moſt ludicrous vagaries.

From this place we went to viſit General Pfyffer; a lieutenant-general in the French ſervice, and a native of Lucerne; who has employed twenty years upon a model of Switzerland. He has worked from his own town as from a centre; for it is nearly in the centre of the

the country. He undertook his work with intelligence; and has continued it with admirable dexterity, and fortitude. This model, the ſize of which is vaſt, contains two hundred and twenty ſquare leagues. Hills and valleys keep their due place, and proportion; and we are amazed to find that the Albis, which we had ſuppoſed ſo large a mountain, compared to the Rigi was quite inſigniſicant: that this again is trifling to the Pilatus; and that the Pilatus itſelf is much inferior to the ridge of Glaciers, which with their lofty heads ſtretch from the Kriſpalt, where the Rhine takes its riſe, and extend to the mountains of Savoy. Theſe laſt are not in the model; but the Kriſpalt is; and a part of the Gothard, which is by no means ſo lofty. Each high road, each foot path that leads over the mountains, each waterfall, river, and bridge, each town and village, nay every houſe has its place in the model. The difference between pine foreſts and other woods is even diſtinguiſhable.

The difficulties he has encountered may eaſily be imagined, where every hill and valley is accurately laid down, and where a ſingle rock, or a hedge, will often take him as much time as a mountain; or a foreſt. Theſe difficulties were increaſed by the jealouſy of the little cantons, in behalf of their freedom: for they often interrupted and prevented him, from the fear that his plans might be uſeful to an enemy. Many of them therefore were taken by moonlight. Valleys and mountains, which had been ſuppoſed impaſſable, were viſited by this indefatigable man; who was above fifty years old when he began the work. His induſtry and art are alike conſpicuous. His material is maſtic, to which he gives the natural colours of objects. I ſuppoſed that his pines were made out of *ſcoria*: he ſmiled, went into his cabinet, and came back with a cotton nightcap on his head that was rough and downy. "With down like this," ſaid he, "which I coat with maſtic, I make the foreſts of pine that you perceive."

On that ſide where he has placed his ſouthern mountains, he has erected a ſmall ſcaffold, at a diſtance; which he aſcends by ſteps. From this,

this, a view of the whole work may beſt be taken. Here I beheld, in miniature, what I had formerly ſeen from the Hochwang: (a mountain in the country of the Griſons:) the mountains of Tyrol on the right, the Gothard on the left, and between them numberleſs mountain tops that filled up the ſpacious interval.

He likewiſe ſhewed us a picture of Henry IV of France, on horſeback, painted on canvas; which had been found in the Reuſs, in which river it had probably long been buried. During eight days that it was drying, an almoſt inſupportable ſtench exhaled from it; yet the colours are not wholly gone. The date marked on it is 1601. Henry is painted with the armour which he preſented to the people of Soleure, and which they ſtill keep in their armoury.

General Pfyffer is a pleaſant, animated, old man; nearly eighty years of age. He informed us of the nature of the Rigi; which appears to conſiſt wholly of little flints. Theſe, it is ſuppoſed, have been waſhed by ſome great floods, probably the deluge, from ſuperior mountains; and may have formed the Rigi. Petrified muſcles are found on the Pilatus; as they are upon ſo many other mountains; where we likewiſe often find the forms and impreſſions of various fiſh in ſtone.

In the afternoon, we made a trip on the lake to Stansſtadt; in the canton of Unterwald. From the ſhore we ſaw the Alps proper. Moſt of them were loaded above with pines; and below with various green trees. The herdſmen feed their cattle on the tops of theſe mountains; during June, July, and Auguſt. In ſpring, and autumn, they graze on leſſer heights; or in valleys. Their cabins upon the Alps are called Sennhütten; and a herdſman with his family, flock, and hut, a Sennerrey. Here they make their cheeſe, and butter; which, at the end of the week, they bring to ſell among the villages.

Trees of walnut and various fruits are planted on the ſhores of the lake. On the ſides of the hills, ſmall beech trees grow among the ſteep ſaliant rocks; and, from the cliffs of theſe, tall pines riſe, or hanging woods: while country ſeats, and houſes diſperſed, give the foreground a variety

a variety the pleaſure of which is greatly heightened by the towering preſence of the Alps. On theſe mountains, the dun verdure of pine foreſts is intermingled with plats of emerald green; which, by the mild reflection of the morning and evening horizon, produce a peculiar effect on the eye. The Pilatus, the Rigi, and the Bürgenberg, riſe one above the other; and beyond them lofty mountains ſtill more gigantic.

We landed at Stansſtadt, a ſmall village of Unterwald, half a league from Stanz; which is the chief place of the canton. Men, women, and children, came round us; and handed us on ſhore, as if we had been known and expected gueſts.

Unterwald is divided into two communities; which are called Oberwald, and Unterwald. Each has its landammann, its council, and its general aſſembly; but, in the general affairs of the thirteen cantons, they form only one canton.

Of all the people of Switzerland, thoſe of Unterwald are perhaps moſt honoured and loved by the other cantons: for, to the courage and zeal for liberty diſplayed by Arnold von Melchtahl, they join the amiable concord and ſimplicity of their no leſs great countryman Nicholas von der Flüe.

This worthy man had lived twenty years a hermit, ſerving God in calm retirement, when, toward the end of the fifteenth century, the people of Freiburg and Soleure were accepted as part of the confederate cantons. This was very agreeable to the ariſtocratic cantons; but not to the democratic: who, dreading the increaſe of power of the former, had nearly involved the whole in a dangerous conteſt. An aſſembly of the deputies of the confederates was held at Stanz; and was very tempeſtuous. A clergyman of Stanz went to Nicholas von der Flüe (that is of the rocks) and entreated him to come and appeaſe their violence. He came, reminded them of their common victories, which ſacred concord only had obtained for them, moved them by his eloquence, quieted the apprehenſions of the democrats, perſuaded them to accept Freiburg and Soleure among the confederate cantons,

cantons, and, having ſeen them all mingle and embrace as brothers, he returned to his hermitage; bleſſing God, and bleſſed by the people he had ſerved. His memory is revered in Unterwald. They regard him as their ſaint; and every child can relate ſomething of brother Klaus: for that is the name by which he is familiarly known.

Beyond Stansſtadt, lies a fruitful vale of meadows, ſurrounded by hills, which, after the manner of the country, is planted with walnut trees; the largeſt I have ever ſeen. The vicinity of a rocky hill, covered with leafy trees, enticed us to its ſhade; where my ſon diſcovered a waterfall, to which we went. Down this overhanging moſſy rock the water, in various ſtreams, hurries; and, falling upon a jutting ſtone, rolls afterward foaming among the flints into a deep valley.

On this part of the hill is a rocky cavity, hung round with bruſhwood. We climbed up the rock, till we could touch the water as it was deſcending through the air. Here we diſcovered a cliff, which ſeemed to have been formed by nature for a moſt delightful hermitage. The entrance, which is ſufficiently large, is overhung with buſhes: and, when within, the waterfall, the whole of the mountain Pilatus, and through a ſmall opening ſideway the horizon, may be ſeen. If man would enjoy the earth, he muſt be able to look up to heaven. This cave is wild, and bold. Here and there, the linden tree finds a place among niches and cliffs; while its bending branches hang much lower than its roots. I never remember to have ſeen a place that I contemplated with more pleaſure, or left with more regret.

On our return, we occaſionally met a man or a woman; who accoſted us as they came up, and converſed in the moſt unaffected friendly manner.

We returned to our veſſel; and had not proceeded far before the twilight of the diſtant hills began to brighten; and, above the dark pines of the Bürgenberg of Unterwald, the moon was ſeen riſing. You are acquainted with the tender effect produced, on land and water, by her light; but you muſt have ſeen her among mountains like theſe, where, even

even during her abſence, the varieties of ſhadow among the hills and valleys produce an ever variable ſcene, to have had a full conception of her power. The ſky, and the mountain Pilatus, were cloudleſs, and the moon gradually reproduced the diſtant mountains and the lake, which had diſappeared at the cloſe of day. The bells, round the necks of cattle, were heard from the Alps: ſounds that give peculiar pleaſure to their inhabitants. They are the only harmleſs luxury of a people among whom luxury is unknown. Many a favourite cow bears a large bell about her neck; which often is worth twice as much as herſelf, and which often has been the ornament of the ſucceſſive herd. Theſe bells are neceſſary: for, when a ſingle cow or a whole herd ſhall have ſtrayed, by their ſound they are not only recovered by the herdſman, but they find each other.

The ſhore, between Stansſtadt and Lucerne, is variegated with ſmall beech trees, jutting little hills, and bold rocks, that catch the eye. Shrubs are ſcattered among the cliffs; and pine ſucceeds to pine, bearing their tops toward the clouds. Can you not form to yourſelf ſome faint idea of the delightful ſpectacle, which theſe objects, the moon, and the lake afforded?

We have devoted to-day and yeſterday to a ſurvey of the beautiful lake, and its ſhore. The ſame fine weather which hitherto has accompanied us on our journey was our attendant over the lake, on our viſit to the ſaint of Switzerland. As I ſhall often have occaſion to mention William Tell in theſe letters, I will give you his hiſtory in a few words.

Geſsler, the Auſtrian governor, who lived at Küſnacht in the canton of Schweitz, in order to break the independent ſpirit of the people of Uri, had hung his hat upon a lance, at Altorf; and had given orders that all who paſſed it ſhould be uncovered, in token of ſubjection. William Tell, an inhabitant of Schacherthals near Altorf, paſſed the hat, and omitted the ceremony. When Geſsler came to Altorf, to hold a court of juſtice for the canton of Uri, complaints were lodged againſt Tell for diſobedience. The accuſed boldly declared he would not bow to a hat without a head. The governor, or *Zwingherr**, for this was

* Zwing is to force: herr is lord. T.

the ſignificant title given by the people of Switzerland to the Auſtrian governor, condemned Tell to ſhoot an apple from the head of his ſon. Thus compelled, Tell brought his ſon, reſolutely took aim, hit the apple, and did not hurt the boy. Being aſked by the governor why he had brought another arrow, he at firſt alleged the uſe of arms as his reaſon; but, being preſſed, he replied: "Had I ſtruck my child, I would have buried this in your heart."

The governor put him in fetters; and took him on board his boat, to bring him to Küſnacht. A ſtorm came on, and the boatmen expected to be loſt, unleſs Tell, who was an excellent pilot, would ſteer: for the deep ſhores of theſe lakes have few landing places; and ſtorms, coming from the mountains, are ſudden and often dangerous. Tell was releaſed, and put to the helm. While ſteering, he thought of the means of eſcape. As he approached the ſhore, he perceived a projecting ſtone, on which he leapt, and with his foot puſhed the boat back to the lake; then, taking an unfrequented path, he haſtened to Küſnacht. Geſsler likewiſe came there; and mounted his horſe, to ride to his caſtle. Tell, in ambuſh, waylaid him; and ſhot him from his horſe.

We intended to paſs along the lake as far as Flüele: but we firſt viſited Küſnacht; the place where the *Zwingherr* fell.

We proceeded along a fertile, mild, riſing ſhore on the north of the lake; where many of the inhabitants of Lucerne have pleaſant country houſes. We ſaw the ruins of a hunting caſtle of the ancient Counts of Habſburg: for this is the name it bears, after its former poſſeſſors; though this family muſt not be confounded with the houſe of Auſtria. It lies near Schinznach, in the canton of Berne. Immediately afterward, we perceived, behind two ſmall inſulated rocks, one decorated with a croſs the other with a chapel, the little iſland of Altſtadt; where, near the remains of a granary, the Abbé Raynal had projected to erect an obeliſk, with a Latin inſcription, to the memory of the three great men, who firſt bound themſelves by oath to the cauſe of freedom. The place where this confederacy began is in the canton of Uri. I ſhall ſay more of it hereafter. Raynal, by the intermiſſion of the Landammann,

Minter,

Minter, in the year 1780, endeavoured to gain permiſſion of the canton to erect his monument: but the wary people of Uri ſhewed no inclination to grant his requeſt.

" It was their opinion," ſaid a Swiſs writer, " that there never will " be any occaſion for a monument of ſtone, while the confederates " ſhall think as they do at preſent; and while every Swiſs, the firſt time " he ſhall ſail paſt Grütlin, and, landing, ſhall be ſhewn the honour- " able place where the freedom of Switzerland was planned, ſhall bleſs " his anceſtors, thank his God, congratulate himſelf, and feel that he is " free. And, ſhould our deſcendants forget theſe feelings, which we " hope they never will, ſuch a monument would be as uſeleſs, to the " confederates, as, in the decline of the republic, the monuments of " Rome were to the enſlaved Romans *."

Not perceiving in the anſwer any poſitive refuſal, the Abbé perſiſted in his deſign: but, finding ſome trouble with the proprietor of the ſpot where he intended to erect his obeliſk, he fixed upon another cloſe by, called Treib. Offended at the people of Uri, he aſked and obtained permiſſion of the government of Lucerne to erect his monument on the little iſland where it ſtands. It is a ſmall inſignificant obeliſk; and its appearance is the more paltry from the neighbourhood of the granary. Such a monument, with its Latin inſcription, may indeed bear as much proportion to the event it is meant to celebrate as the Abbé himſelf to the three heroes, who laid the foundation of a government which, for five hundred years, has been a bleſſing to the people that enjoy it, and an honour to the human race†.

We landed at Küſnacht, and walked to the ſtreet which is called the Hohlengaſſe; which is the narrow way through which the governor rode. They ſhewed us the place where Tell ſtood when he ſhot him. A chapel is built over the ſpot where Geſsler fell; in which a ſolemn maſs is annually performed. Over the entrance are theſe lines:

* Schweitzer muſeum: v. J. 1783.

† The Baron is a truly liberal minded man, ſometimes: 'tis pity he is not ſo always. T.

Hier iſt Geſslers hochmut vom Tell erſchoſſen,
Und der Schwyzer edle freiheit entſproſſen;
Wie lang wird aber ſolche währen?
Noch lang wenn wir die alte wären *.

Such is the reverence for their anceſtors, ſuch the caution, ſuch the ſacred ſpirit of freedom, which characterize theſe happy people.

We viſited the ruins of the tower of the *Zwingherr;* which ſtill are ſtanding. Before we arrived, we ſaw, from a ſmall eminence, on one ſide the lake and the hill of Zug, and on the other the Rigi, and the lake of the four Walſtädte. Küſnacht is a bailiwick, ſubject to the canton of Schweitz; and is inhabited by many of the democratic peaſants of that canton.

We again took boat. The green waves of the lake were as clear as cryſtal, and we could ſee ſome fathoms deep through its emerald waters, quite to the bottom. The depth in many parts is extraordinary; and, according to the account of our boatman, frequently as much as ſix hundred fathoms, between Brunnen and Altorf. It is generally overlooked by the Alps; which are loaded with the beech, the cheſnut, the pine, and other green trees; ſome growing on the ſummit, others on the ſide. Here and there a houſe is ſeen. At one time, a narrow foot path winds beſide the lake: at another, the rocky foot of the mountains ſtretches out, and ſinks perpendicularly into the deep: the ever verdant paſtures of the mountains intermingle with the dark green of the pine. Here ſtands a herdſman's ſennerey; and there, between rocks, a hermit's ſolitary habitation. On the daring and tremendous cliff, houſes, and often churches, which ſeem to be inacceſſible, are built. The imagination ſcarceſy can conceive there is ſafety for men, on theſe bold projecting crags: nor can we but tremble, leſt children, if they ſet foot out of doors, ſhould tumble headlong into the lake. Yet continually whole villages hang, as it were, between the rocks and the lake.

* Here the arrogant Geſsler was ſhot by Tell:
And the noble freedom of Switzerland took birth.
But how long will it endure?
For ever, did we but reſemble our foreſathers.

The

The ſpires of churches, which in open countries would be ſeen to a great diſtance, regarded from the lake, appear as inſignificant as ſo many nine-pins. Flint ſtones mark the paſſage of the ſnow rivulets; which ruſh down during the ſpring, but of which natural beauty we muſt now be deprived. The monſtrous crags, down which they hurry, and on whoſe leafy tops the *Sorbus*, with its red berries, nods its head, denote their impetuoſity.

Higher mountains, with their bold round backs, riſe behind the Alps: and every where, from the middle of the lake, proſpects equally aſtoniſhing are ſeen. The eye frequently catches a glimpſe of the diſtant glaciers, though concealed by the intervening mountains.

Between two long promontories, called the Naſen, the land declines, and intrudes upon the lake; which there becomes narrowed. As we paſſed this place, we viſited the little free ſtate of Gerſau. At peace with the whole world, honoured by the confederates, its inhabitants live beſide the lake, under a ſingle Alp, which conſtitutes their whole empire: a harmleſs, united people; who have heroically combated for the freedom of themſelves and their allies.

This ſtate contains nine hundred ſouls: between two and three hundred of whom conſtitute their general aſſembly. Like the democratic cantons, they every year chooſe two Landammanne; who are at the head of the council and the executive government. The council conſiſts of nine perſons; who, like the counſellors of the confederacy, enjoy their dignity for life.

In the year 1359, Gerſau entered into alliance with the four Wäld-ſtädten *, Schweitz, Uri, Unterwald, and Lucerne. Gerſau is no canton; and, probably becauſe it is ſo ſmall, ſends no deputies to the general aſſembly; nor has any ſhare in the general government of Switzerland. In certain caſes, there is an appeal from their own council, either to Schweitz or Lucerne: the choice is in the appellant.

* Literally, Foreſt-towns: but Schweitz, Uri, and Unterwald, like Glaris and Appenzel, have no towns. *Stadt* here ſignifies not town, but free ſtate; πολις, *civitas*, *cité*. *Wald* means a woody mountain. Thus we ſay Thüringerwald, and Schwarzwald.

They

They have not condeſcended to this appeal from weakneſs; but probably from a juſt confidence in their neighbours, and becauſe they might perceive danger to property, if the firſt ſentence were deciſive. Safety and freedom might be mere names, where the deciſion of a judge, often partial and always liable to error, ſhould not be revocable by the general aſſembly. In ſhort, they ſaw that the maker of law and the judge of law could not be united in the ſame perſon, without danger of tyranny; they therefore reſerved to themſelves the power of appeal. The power of legiſlating, declaring war, making treaties, and chooſing their Landammanne, is in the people. They might wiſely have remembered (for the founders of little ſtates maturely reflect, while the founders of great too often ſport with the welfare of mankind)—I ſay, they might have remembered that, being ſo few in number, neighbourhood, kindred, and friendſhip might influence the judge; and, if they even ſhould not, might occaſion him to be ſuſpected. For this reaſon, they referred the confirmation of their own ſentence to foreign judges.

Many will laugh at me, for this long deſcription of ſo ſmall a tribe. Thoſe who eſtimate lands by their extent, and people by their numbers, will certainly overlook Gerſau; but you, I think, will not.

We next perceived the little town of Brunnen; and, beyond it, Schweitz, lying between its two great rocks called the Haken: it is the chief place of the canton of the ſame name. We continued ſailing ſome leagues, while the lake ſtill grew narrower; and were delighted by the tall beech, aſh, and pine, which hang in an inconceivable manner out of the ſteep rocks of the upright ſhore, in the cavities of which they take root. Here the land forms a cape; at the point of which there is a prodigious rock, that has fallen into the lake: where, at ſome diſtance from the land, it ſtands erect like a watch tower. Some pines grow on its top; with a large withered oak, which has decayed for want of ſoil. Two cranes were ſtanding on the rock; which took flight at our approach.

Having paſſed this crag, other ſcenes are preſent. Rocks of various figures riſe towering to the eye. The proſpect continually changes; and,

and, as you ſail on, that which appeared the neareſt gives place to that which you ſuppoſed the fartheſt off. The end of the lake is ſeen; and beyond it the hills which conceal the Gothard. Thoſe who have never viſited Switzerland, and have no other conception of the Alps than by compariſon with the hills of their own country, will certainly have a leſs juſt idea of theſe ſcenes than thoſe who, never having ſeen mountains, indulge in the adventurous flights of imagination. Nature here boldly ſtretches, far beyond her common limits, and her general prudence. Pleaſure is continually maintained, by an aſſemblage of the beautiful, the terrible, and the ſublime.

Beſide us, we ſaw the Grütlin; and, on the oppoſite coaſt, we viſited the chapel of Tell, in the canton of Uri, ſtanding on the ſpot where he ſprang out of the boat, and drove it with his foot from the ſhore. There is a ſolemn proceſſion annually made here. Maſs is read; and a ſermon is preached, on the origin of freedom. Theſe paſtoral people delight in ſuch monuments, which awaken and ſanctify in them the love of freedom. The neighbouring ſteep rocks are adorned by nature with flowers, and gaily ſpringing evergreens. Among them, fearful cavities are ſeen: while goats graze on their dreadful cliffs, and here and there a crane peeps from among the thick and inacceſſible buſhes.

We came to Flüele, at the end of the lake, ſoon enough to go to Altorf; which is half a league farther. We paſſed through a fertile valley, among numerous amphitheatres; formed by the mountains and the prodigious rocks; and reached Altorf about twilight. This is the chief place of the canton of Uri; and here the general aſſembly meet, on the firſt Sunday in May. The canton of Uri is divided into ten confederacies: or, as a German would call them, ten circles: from each of which, ſix of their burghers are choſen, as counſellors. Theſe ſixty counſellors, as in the other democratic cantons, enjoy their office for life. Once in two years, two Landammanne are elected: each of which has his year of adminiſtration. To the one in office, is added a deputy; called a Statthalter. The general aſſembly enacts, alters, and

repeals laws, forms alliances, and makes war and peace. This conſtitution is common to all the democratic cantons.

The people of Uri have two colleges *; the members of which are counſellors; and two courts of juſtice; civil, and criminal. An appeal lies to the general council: but, in this caſe, a citizen is added to each counſellor. The general aſſembly takes no cognizance of legal proceedings.

In times when through all Europe the legiſlative and executive power were either not ſufficiently ſeparated, or entirely confounded, the ſimple inhabitants of the Alps diſcovered more wiſdom than either Greece or Rome.

Each youth of Uri enjoys the right of citizenſhip at fourteen. The number of armed citizens is above three thouſand: but this is not the whole amount of men able to bear arms. The fruitful valley of Liviner, which lies beyond the Gothard, and is inhabited by Italians, is ſubject to Uri. Three other Italian diſtricts, Riviera, Pollenz, and Bellenz, are ſubject to Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwald: as likewiſe are Meynthal, Mendris, Lugano, and Locarno, to the eleven other cantons. Appenzel only has no part in theſe diſtricts; and, with the noble Perſian, Otanes, may *boaſt* that they neither govern nor are governed. From the Italian high bailiffs, who are each of them named by the canton to which the diſtricts they govern are ſubject, the people have an appeal to the general aſſembly of Locarno *. I believe, I have ſomewhere ſaid that the high bailiffs, appointed by the democratic cantons, are not always juſt in their deciſions. They often pay a great ſum for their places: for, according to an old bad cuſtom, they frequently pay the burghers of the general aſſembly for their vote; which is the origin of much evil. The virtuous are not preferred to the wealthy: nor have the good ſufficient influence; for little attention is paid to the complaints which are carried to the aſſembly of Locarno. A magiſtrate, who is ſhameleſs enough to purchaſe his dignity, will not afterward

* Political, not academical, inſtitutions. T.

† Or Logarno.

ſcruple

ſcruple to repay himſelf, by the ſale of juſtice. Were not abuſes of this kind common, the people of theſe diſtricts would be as proſperous as thoſe of Berne, Zürich, Baſle, Lucerne, and Schaffhauſen; for, like them, they pay no taxes except tythes in kind.

The democratic burghers, who are all country people, pay ſcarcely any taxes: the ſame may be ſaid of the inhabitants of the ſmall cantons; and of the country of the Griſons and Valais.

The people of the valley of Liviner, near the Gothard, from which the Reuſs runs down a precipice under the Devil's bridge, are ſo far dependant on Uri, that the inhabitants have an appeal from their own court to the canton. Yet they have their ſmall general aſſemblies; though all that relates to foreign affairs muſt be ſubject to reviſal at Uri.

Early in the morning, we went to Bürgli; which is half a league from Altorf, in the valley of Schacher. Here Tell lived: but gratitude and reverence changed his cottage into a chapel; where maſs is ſolemnly ſaid, and from which the people go in proceſſion. Like the two other chapels of Tell, it is adorned with images; from holy writ, and the hiſtory of Switzerland. Under each image is a verſe. The following lines are over the entrance:

* Allhier, auf dem platz dieſer Kapell,
Hat vormals gewohnt der Wilhelm Tell;
Der treue retter des vaterlands;
Der theure urheber des freien ſtands!
Deme zum dank, Gott aber zur ehr,
Ward dieſe Kapelle geſetzet her;
Und ſelbe dem ſchutz befohlen an
Sanct Wilhelm, Röchli, und Sebaſtian.

On each ſide likewiſe are the following:

† Sind wir gerecht, einig, und gut,
So ſteht die Freiheit ſicher gnug.

* On the place where this chapel ſtands, formerly lived William Tell; the true ſaviour of his country, the honoured author of its freedom. In thankfulneſs to him, and in honour to God, this chapel was built. It is dedicated to Saint William of Röchli, and Saint Sebaſtian.

† Let us be juſt, united, and virtuous; and our freedom will be ſecure.

* Dankbar gedenket an jene zeit
Da ihr ſeid worden gefreite leut.

In the chapel over the altar, the dial plate of a clock is painted; with a hand, which is ſignificant of concord, pointing to the hour one: under which are theſe lines:

† Die freiheit wird ſein von langer daur
Wenn allzeit Eins zeigt dieſe uhr.

Many a beautiful verſe, which has borne the ſtamp of genius, has not excited ſo much emotion in me, as the noble intention of theſe little rhymes; compoſed in all the rudeneſs of ſimplicity. How free from pretenſion, yet how full of the feeling, force, and courage, by which mighty armies were deſtroyed, are theſe inſcriptions! They ſpeak not of heroic deeds: they only excite to mild concord, and rectitude. By inducing us to exerciſe noble virtues, they would reverence their forefathers; who ſhed their blood in behalf of freedom; and thank their God, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, and from whom concord and courage, rectitude and freedom, proceed.

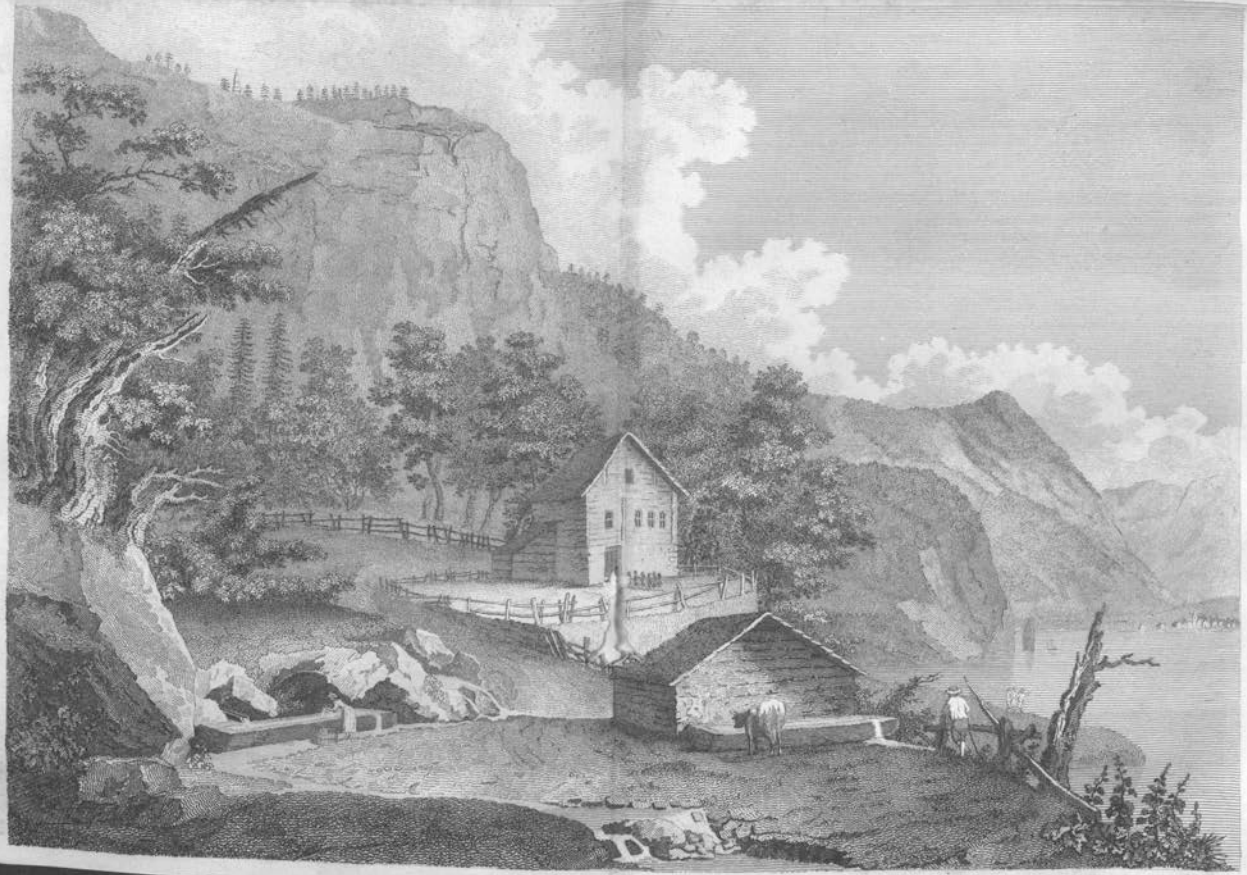
The Schacher, a charming mountain rivulet, ruſhes tempeſtuouſly through Bürgli. It overflowed its banks, ſoon after Tell had ſhot the governor; and occaſioned much damage. Tell wiſhed to have prevented this misfortune: but the ſtream overtook him; and he only lived to ſee the dawn of freedom.

With what intereſt ſhould I here read my brother's manuſcript play of William Tell! How frequently have I occaſion to regret his abſence; now that I daily hear his hero's name in the mouth of every child!

In Altorf, they ſhewed us two ſtone pillars; ſtanding at the diſtance of one hundred and thirty paces from each other; at which diſtance Tell ſhot the apple from his ſon's head.

* Thankfully, and for ever, remember the day that made you free.

† Freedom will endure as long as it ſhall be one o'clock by this dial.



We returned to our boat at Flüele; and, on our paſſage to Lucerne, viſited the Grütlin; or the Grütlin-Matte; for ſo is a ſteep place on a height beſide the lake, covered with verdure, graſs, and foliage, called. Here there is a ſpring, by the ſide of which the three great men, Werner von Staufacher from Schweitz, Walter Fürſt from Uri, and Arnold von Melchtahl from Unterwald, made a ſolemn oath to give freedom to Switzerland. This oath was taken in the year 1307; and in the new year's night of the following year, 1308, all the caſtles of the *Zwingherrn* were burnt.

At noon, we landed; in a garden, at Gerſau. Cloſe by the ſhore, we met a little boy, about ſeven years old, alone in a large boat; in which he was proceeding on the lake. The helm was faſtened in the direction which he wiſhed to go; while he ſat and rowed. We ſaw another boy, at Gerſau, about eight or nine years old, who very dexterouſly hit the mark with a croſs bow. This might well be the favourite amuſement of the day, for children, whoſe elder brothers and fathers had been ſhooting at a butt, the day before, with muſkets. We had heard their firing reverberate among the rocks. The Swiſs, from their childhood, all exerciſe themſelves in arms. The people of Schweitz, who are the moſt warlike of all, annually give four prizes, each of fifty florins, for the beſt ſhots at four different butts; with ſmaller prizes for the ſecond beſt. We likewiſe yeſterday heard the guns of the people of Lucerne; who were proving their artillery.

The conſtitution of Lucerne, relatively to the town, is more an ariſtocracy, or ratheran oligarchy, than that of Zürich; where each burgher has an equal ſhare in the government. The great council in Lucerne conſiſts of a hundred perſons. From theſe, ſix-and-thirty men, who muſt be patricians, are choſen for the little council. There is an appeal from the little council to the collective council. The members of both councils hold their places for life; and it may be ſaid, from the practice of filling up vacancies, that, in the little council, theſe places are in a certain manner hereditary. The chief magiſtrates are the two Schultheiſſe;

heiſſe; or mayors; one of whom always ſits at the helm of the ſtate. They are choſen for life; and one preſides this year, another the next. War, peace, alliance, and new taxes, cannot be incurred without the conſent of the aſſembled citizens.

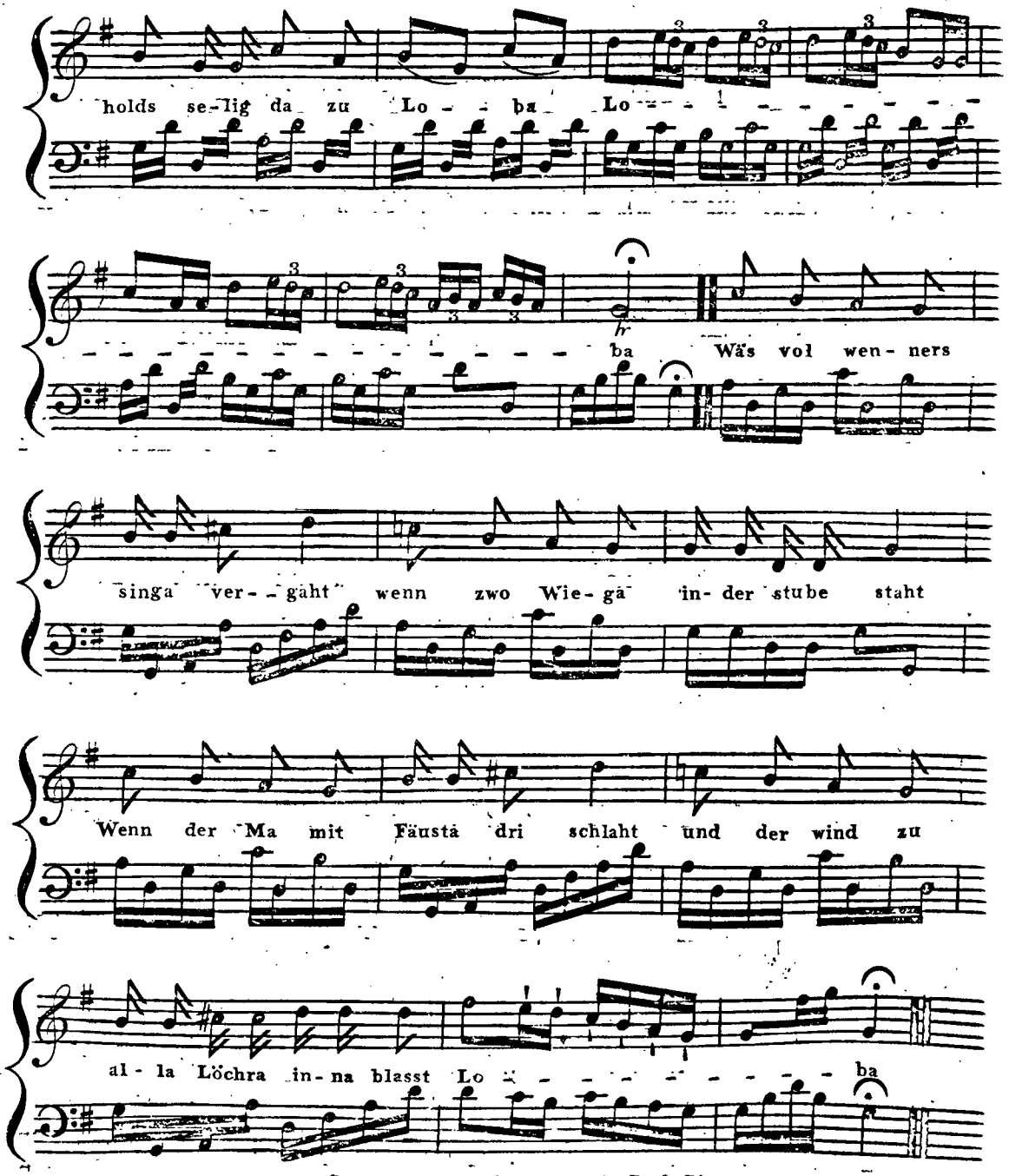
The peaſants are very happy: they pay nothing but tythes in kind, and half a florin annually, from every head of a family, to the high bailiff. The country people enjoy a free trade; and, in this reſpect, are not, like thoſe of Zürich, dependant on the town. Lawſuits are not expenſive, here; as in the canton of Berne. If however the complaints which I have heard be not groundleſs, the high bailiffs of Lucerne are not always free from the vice of peculation.

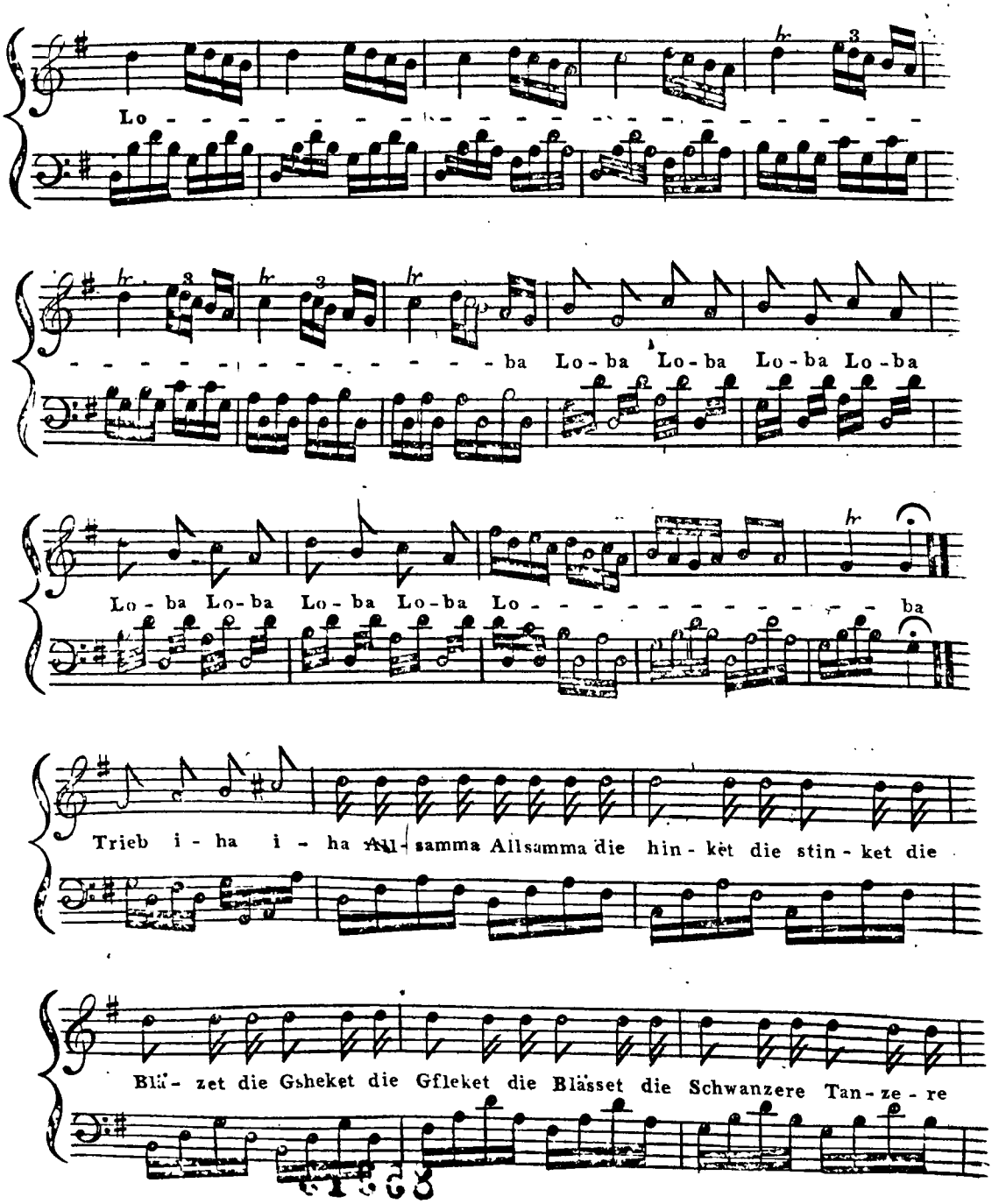
This is the moſt powerful of the catholic cantons; and can bring twenty thouſand armed men into the field. The revenue of the ſtate does not conſiſt of above ſeventy-four thouſand florins; of which there is an annual ſurplus, that is employed for the general good.

In Lucerne, as in all the catholic ſtates of the Helvetians, a regular popiſh Nuncio reſides.

I here ſend you the Kühreihen*, with its muſic. Thus the inhabitants of the Alps call the ſong which they ſing, when they drive their cattle from the valleys to the high mountains. Nothing ſo ſtrongly enkindles the deſire of returning to his native home, in a Swiſs, as the ſimple air of this ſong. This will charm the ſoldier in the pay of France to deſert, though the pains of death are the penalty.

* *Küh* is cow; *reihen* rows. The herdſman's evening ſong. T.


holds se-lig da zu Lo - - ba Lo - - -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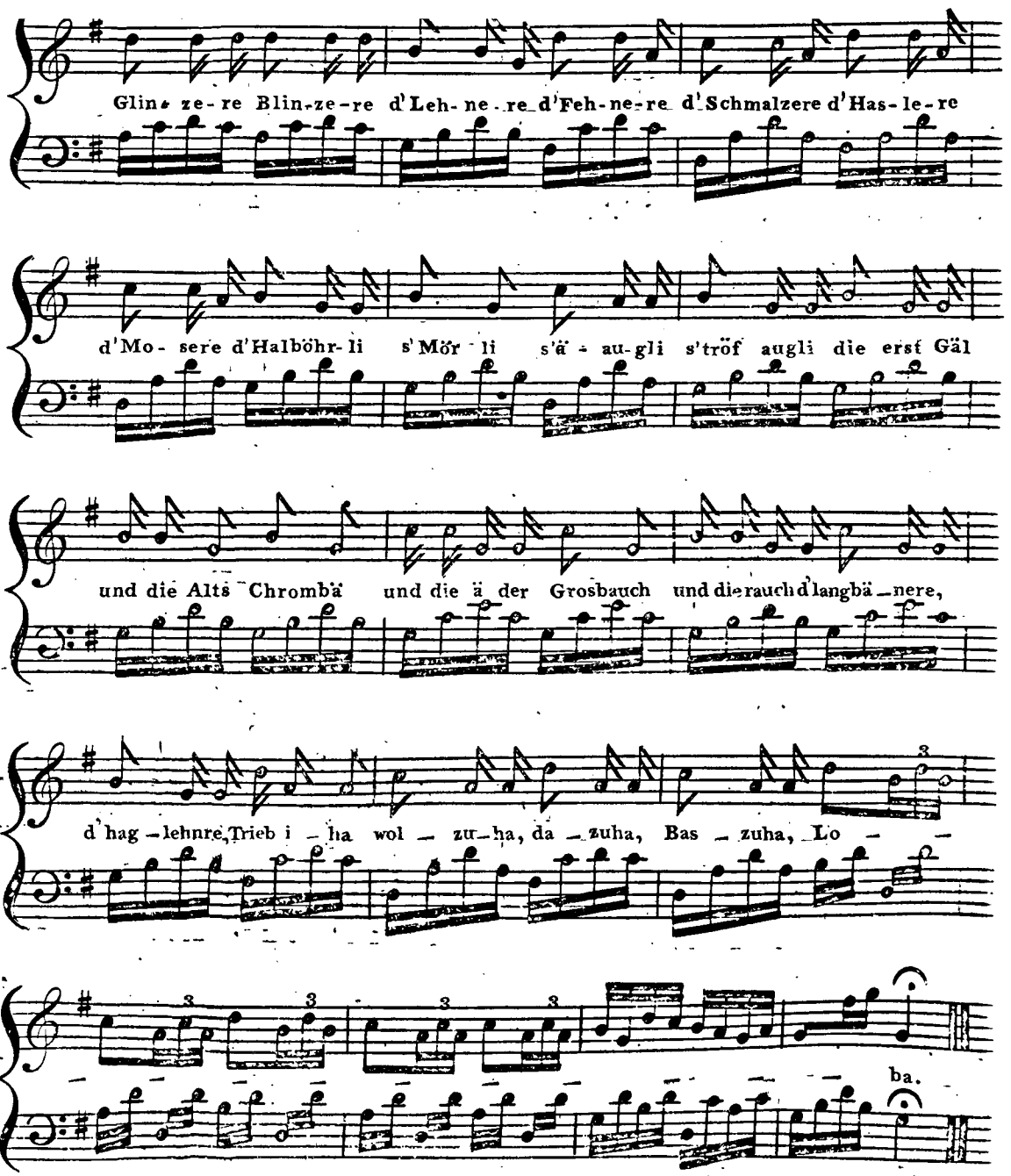
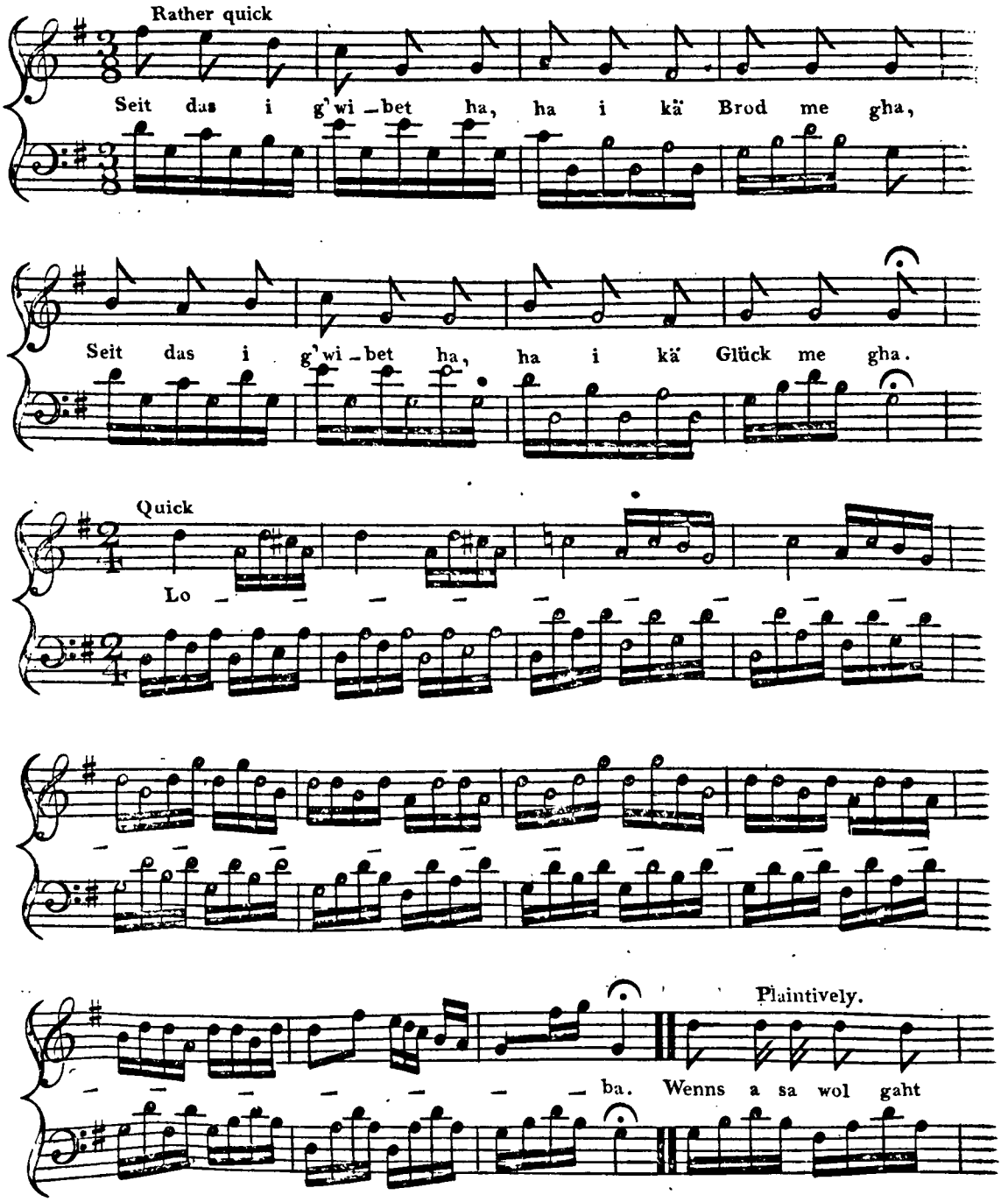
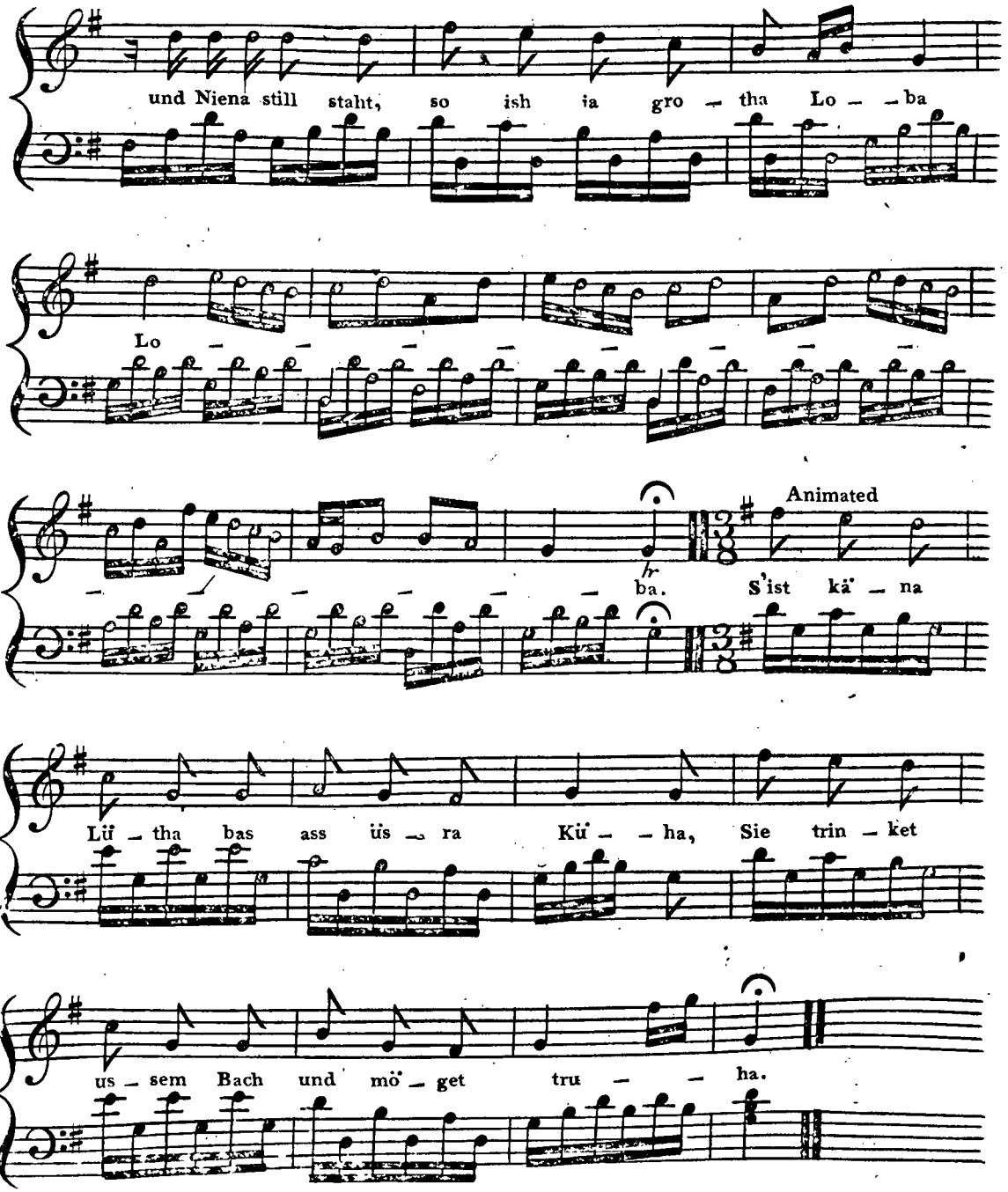

Glin- ze-re Blin-ze-re d'Leh- ne-re d'Feh-ne-re d'Schmalzere d'Has-le-re
d'Mo- sere d'Halböhr-li s'Mör li s'ä - au-gli s'tröf augli die erst Gäl
und die Alts Chromba und die ä der Grosbauch und die rauch d'langbä-nere,
d'hag-lehnre Trieb i - ha wol - zu-ha, da - zuha, Bas - zuha, Lo -
ba.


Rather quick
Seit das i g'wi-bet ha, ha i kä Brod me gha,
Seit das i g'wi-bet ha, ha i kä Glück me gha.
Quick
Lo
Plaintively.
ba. Wenns a sa wol gaht


und Niena still staht, so ish ia gro – tha Lo – – ba
Lo – –
ba.
Animated
S'ist kä – na
Lü – tha bas ass üs – ra Kü – – ha, Sie trin – ket
us – sem Bach und mö – get tru – – ha.

LETTER XVII.

Thun and Berne, September 18th 1791.

WE left Lucerne early on the thirteenth; journeying for a while along the Reuſs, that courſed between its pleaſant banks chaſing its poliſhed waters to the lake. The inhabitants of the canton of Lucerne are equally happy in the bounties of nature, of induſtry, and of freedom.

A few hours brought us to the lake of Sempach; where we ſaw, on the oppoſite ſhore, the old town of that name. Here, in the year 1386, the famous battle of Sempach was won, by three hundred confederates, againſt Leopold Duke of Auſtria and the flower of his army.

Arnold von Winkelried, of Unterwald, here broke the phalanx of the Auſtrian army; oppoſing himſelf to their ſpears, and, by ſeizing as many as he could graſp, made an opening for his troops: thus willingly devoting himſelf to death, that he might ſecure the victory to his fellow warriors.

Sempach, though dependant on Lucerne, enjoys privileges ſo great that it may well value itſelf on its freedom. In antient times, it belonged to the counts of Lenzburg; then to thoſe of Kyburg; and afterward to the counts of Habſburg. In the year 1333, it allied itſelf with Zürich, Berne, Baſle, Soleure, and Saint Gall. After the battle of Sempach, it appertained to Lucerne. It has its own magiſtrates, an extenſive juriſdiction, and conſiderable privileges. From three of its citizens, choſen by the town itſelf, the council of Lucerne elects its Schultheiſs.

The lake of Sempach is two leagues long, and half a league broad; and belongs to the canton of Lucerne. It has a conſiderable fiſhery; the revenue of which is collected, by one of the council of Lucerne, for the ſtate. But this counſellor muſt not interfere in the affairs of Sempach.

At the north end of the lake, Surſee ſtands; half a league beyond which,

which, on a height, we ſaw a chain of mountains, that, beginning with the Rigi and Pilatus, proceeds to the Gothard and Engelberg, and ends with the Schreckenhorn. We travelled eighteen leagues through the territories of Lucerne, till we came into the canton of Berne; and, leaving the fortreſs of Aarburg which belongs to this canton on our right, we paſſed through Zofingen. The great canton of Berne is here only a league broad; being limited by the cantons of Lucerne and Soleure. The country round Zofingen is famous for meadows. Never have I beheld the art of watering meadows brought to ſo much perfection as here. An acre of meadow land is frequently ſold for a thouſand ſix dollars. A good ſoil, induſtry well directed, and freedom enjoyed, under a government wiſe, mild, and limited by fixed laws, raiſe the people of Berne to a high degree of viſible proſperity.

Farmers, of moſt countries, are reproached with an obſtinate perſeverance in their old method of tillage, however bad, after a better has been diſcovered. In Switzerland, the practice is the reverſe. They examine the nature of the ſoil, and how it will be moſt productive; and, as they ſow and reap only for themſelves, and are unreſtrained and free from the vexation of taxes, which other farmers think would be equally reaſonable and natural, they can wait the reſult of any new experiment. Hence it follows that they have more underſtanding than the farmers of other countries. But does it not likewiſe follow that other farmers are miſled, by thoſe oppreſſions from which the firſt are free? Whoever would contemplate the bleſſings which reſult from the full enjoyment of the produce of the earth, muſt viſit the fertile diſtricts of Switzerland.

The houſes of the country people of Berne are remarkably roomy, and neat; and they themſelves are well clothed, well fed, cheerful and ſtrong. Their cattle are large, in good condition, and ſleek; and the men are well formed. The ſpirit of order is ſeen in the laying out, management, and hedging, of their meadows and fields. The beauty of both ſexes is remarkable. I have no where ſeen ſuch handſome girls, except in the canton of Lucerne. The men of Berne, next to

thoſe

thoſe of Schweitz and Uri, appear to me the handſomeſt in Switzerland.

The freſh verdure, which is ſeen through all Switzerland, charms the eye, and cheers the heart. In this hot ſummer, when I ſaw in the moſt fruitful parts of Germany the lands burnt up by the heat of the ſun, I find in Switzerland the trees green, and a ſhining verdure on the plains and paſtures. The clouds do not only encircle the mountains, but, evening and morning, deſcend to the plains; none of which are ſo low but that, as you approach, they look like hills. When in a morning the mountain tops beam, and the weſt ſide of the glaciers is red with the riſing ſun, while the white clouds ſink below to the miſty fields, the ſpectator ſeems to view a kind of familiar alliance between heaven and earth; which is no where elſe to be found.

In the evening, we proceeded for a while along the banks of the Aar; and, about twilight, arrived at Morgenthal. This friendly little place conſiſts of a few houſes; which are built between pleaſant hills, ſhaded with beech trees, beſide the Aar. Here travellers meet with an inn ſuperior to many that are to be found in the principal cities of Europe. We left Morgenthal on the 14th; and, paſſing through a charming country, ſtopped at Hochſtädt, becauſe we could not reach Thun. Before us, we perceived the mountains of Thun; and, on our right, the high mountains of Grindelwald.

Early on the 15th, we continued our journey; and arrived about eight o'clock at Thun, which is built at the end of the lake of Thun, at the mouth of the Aar. The ſituation of the town is charming. We conſulted with the landlord, how we might beſt go to Grindelwald, and Lauterbrunn; and I adviſe other travellers, who wiſh to make this little trip, to do the ſame; for he is an intelligent man.

He bade us make no delay, that we might reach the valley of Haſli by the evening. He furniſhed us with a good guide; and with ſtaves, with pikes at the end, the better to aſſiſt our aſcent up the ſteep paths; and ſupplied us with proviſions and a boat. The weather was fine,

and

and we gaily ſet ſail, in expectation of the pleaſure we ſhould receive upon the lake.

The lake of Thun is about five leagues long, and one broad. The left ſhore, from the neighbourhood of Thun to the other ſide of Hälfte, is adorned with vine hills. The Stockberge, the pyramidical Nieſenberg, and beyond theſe the Kienthalberge, and the Blümlialpe * to the right, and on the left the Beatuſberg, and other mountains, give theſe ſhores a noble appearance. In many places, the depth of the lake is one hundred and twenty fathoms. I think I have told you that the lake of the four Waldſtädte is, in many places, ſix hundred fathoms deep. The deeps of this country are in proportion to their heights; nature is every where ſeen in gigantic maſſes. We beheld three caſcades on the left ſhore, ſpringing from rocks: the Stampf bach, the Jungfraunbrunnen, and the Beatuſbach. This laſt riſes out of a cavern of the Beatuſberg. In this cavern, the holy Beatus, who firſt taught the goſpel in theſe parts, lived. The Breitklauenberg, on the right, and the Harderberg, on the left, limit the lake; affording only a paſſage to the Aar, which, a league from this, flows out of the lake of Brienz, courſing through both the lakes. The great Eiger, the little Eiger, and the Jungfrau riſe, covered with everlaſting ſnow; and higher ſtill the Schreckenhorn; whoſe round rocky ſummit appears continually covered, during the ſummer, with two ſhining ſnow balls. This ſummit is always inacceſſible; and, in the ſame of its height, it contends with Mont Blanc in Savoy.

The ſhores of the lake are covered with numerous villages. On the

* The Blümlialpe, or Flowery Alp, covered with ſnow, muſt formerly have been green. Its name gives an air of probability to the account of the ſhepherds. Theſe people abound in tales of the golden age; when the heavens were more mild, the earth more fruitful, and men more virtuous. In thoſe days, ſay they, the mountains which are now covered with ſnow were fruitful in variegated herbage. The valleys dropped fatneſs. The pernicious Spurge itſelf was excellent fodder for cows; its juice turning into milk.——Happy people! Your golden age is not yet paſſed away.

right ſide, the ſouthern mountains riſe, over the little village of Leiſſingen; and, for the ſpace of ſix weeks in the winter, conceal it from the ſun. We landed at Neuhaus, and walked a league, partly beſide the Aar and always among large walnut trees, through rich paſtures to Interlaken; which has derived its name from the Latin, by being ſituated between two lakes.

Here we again took boat, and paſſed over the lake of Brienz. It is three leagues long, and not quite ſo broad as the lake of Thun. Verdant mountains ſurround it on all ſides; ſome of which gently riſe, till at a certain height they become ſteep; ſome ſet their bold rocky feet in the green waves; while the ſummits of others exhibit immenſe cliffs. We ſaw many fine waterfalls; the moſt beautiful of which is the Gieſsbach. It paſſes from a cliff in the rock among pines; and, after twelve different deſcents, ruſhes headlong into the lake. The mountain of Brienz is one of the moſt charming. The fruit and walnut hedges at its foot, the friendly foliage of its middle region, and its verdant graſsplats and diſperſed cabins, contraſted with the dark pine, brought to mind the delightful mountains of Gerſau.

We landed at Brienz; which is a large village, the houſes of which, after the general manner of the uplands of the canton of Berne, are built with the trunks of pines ſtripped of their bark and laid one above the other, and roofed with ſhingles. Theſe roofs are almoſt flat; and over them, like the cabins in the Alps, ſtones are laid to prevent the wind from carrying them away. The village church is built on a ſmall ſeparate rock.

Women and children flocked round us with friendly curioſity: the men remained at a little diſtance.

Our guide, John Stoller of Thun, a young man whom I would recommend to travellers, procured us ſmall carriages; in which we were conveyed to Meyringen; or the valley of Haſli. Theſe carriages are very light, have narrow wheels, and no coach pole; but a forked ſhaft for one horſe. They may be drawn indeed by two horſes; but then

they are either harneſſed one before the other, or, if they draw abreaſt, the ſecond is faſtened by a hook. The driver ſits in the manner of thoſe carriages which the French call *char à banc*. They put only one horſe to each of our carriages; though it contained four people. Our guide ſometimes ran by our ſide, and ſometimes ſprang with great agility, and ſeated himſelf now on the horſe, and now on a kind of coach box.

It is three leagues from Brienz to the valley of Haſli; which is ſometimes called Ober Haſli *, though there is no Unter Haſli † in exiſtence. We paſſed, at a quick rate, through a narrow valley; between high rocky mountains. I never beheld ſuch fantaſtic forms as thoſe of the Ballerberge, on our left. On our right we ſaw three large caſcades: that of Olſbach; which we had before ſeen from the lake of Brienz at the diſtance of two leagues and a half; that of Wandelbach; and that of Falkenerbach; all tumbling from high rocks.

In the valley of Haſli ſtands the village of Meyringen; ſhut in by high rocks, and ſecluded as it were from the whole world. There are five outlets, or roads, between theſe rocks: one leading to Brienz, another over the mountain Brüning to Lucerne, a third over the Engelberg to Unterwald, a fourth to Valais, over the Grinſelberg, and the fifth over the Scheideck to Grindelwald.

The Aar runs through the valley of Haſli; which is about eleven leagues in length. The Grinſel, the Wetterhorn, the Schreckenhorn, the Jungfrau, and the Brüningberg, are its boundaries. According to tradition, the inhabitants originally came from Sweden. In antient times, they were under different lords. In 1333, they ſhook off the yoke of John baron of Weiſſenburg; and, with a grant of great privileges, ſubmitted to the canton of Berne. They appoint their own council; the members of which are called Gerichtsſäſſe: and from one of three burghers, choſen by themſelves, the government of Berne

* Upper Haſli. † Lower Haſli.

appoints

appoints their Landammann; who exercises the power of a high bailiff, and remains in office six years; but is obliged to give an account of his administration, twice a year, to the high bailiff of Interlaken.

Meyringen is the chief place of the valley. The meadows are extremely beautiful; and the whole valley is covered with tall fruit and walnut trees. Before I went to bed, I saw three waterfalls, by moonlight, to the north, the Alpbach, the Dorfbach, and the Mühlenbach, all tumbling their bright waters down the mountains. The following morning, I beheld, to the south, the Reichenbach, foaming against the rocks.

On the morning of the 16th, at break of day, with cheerful goodwill, we took our pikestaves, and proceeded over the Scheideck. My wife was borne on a litter by four men; who, carrying two and two, relieved each other. We had a litter for my son, but he made no use of it. I do not blush for him when I tell you that, when the evening before I appointed the men to carry his litter, the tears ran down his cheeks.

The beginnning of the road is very steep. In about an hour, we came near to Reichenbach; which is one of the most beautiful waterfalls in Switzerland. A lofty current tumbled through the rocky cliffs in broad sheets, and with a thundering din; while the green mountain, far and wide, was covered with its spray. It was nearly an hour before we reached a bridge, which is thrown over the rocky gulph. Here, from above, we beheld the Reichenbach rush, and saw it foam below on our right. On a bed of rocks not far beneath us, we beheld three enormous oaks, lying on the ground; their branches lopped, and stripped of their bark; which had been washed down by the force of the stream, during one of its inundations. Here they will continue to lie, till the water shall rise and project them headlong into the valley below.

The nether and a part of the middle region of this mountain are co-

vered with green foliage: here we find the beech, elm, linden, haſle, and the ſervice tree *: the laſt rather frequently.

The view down to the valley of Haſli is delightful. The Scheideck is a charming Alp; abundant in fine meadows. Here and there a lonely cabin is built; round which herds of cattle and goats are grazing. The inhabitants are highly proſperous, and pay no taxes; for they grow neither corn nor wine. We ſaw a young herdſman, ſtanding at his cabin door, whoſe beauty, ſtrength, and noble figure, reminded us of thoſe antient times when young heroes, the ſons of princes, did not think themſelves degraded by keeping their fathers' flocks upon Mount Ida, "abounding in ſtreams;" or the cloudy Olympus. This herdſman feeds eighteen cows, and daily makes two large cheeſes; weighing together ſixty pounds. The pound of new cheeſe is bought for twelve *kreuzer*. They likewiſe make an inferior cheeſe, from ſkimmed milk; which they call *Zieger*. The mountaineers of the canton of Glaris are the only people who know how to make this laſt kind good; and with them it is called *Schabzieger*. They have a plant peculiar to themſelves, with blue flowers, which gives their cheeſe its ſcent and colour †.

The cheeſes are kept in cabins built for that purpoſe; and, in winter, are packed upon interwoven pine branches; and tranſported as upon ſledges to the valleys. We regaled ourſelves, in a cabin, with excellent milk, bread, cheeſe, and Italian wine. The people of theſe mountains, who are often viſited by travellers, require only to be paid for the wine; and leave the payment of the milk and cheeſe to the pleaſure of the gueſts.

In the leſſer cantons, and likewiſe with the Griſons and people of Valais, you ſeldom find bread, or wine, among the mountaineers: but they hoſpitably give their milk, butter, and cheeſe; and refuſe money

* Cratægus.

† Trifolium odoratum: or, melilotum odoratum violaceum. Theſe plants likewiſe grow in gardens. I cannot ſay whether they are found wild in other parts of Switzerland; but they grow in great plenty only in Glaris.

even

even when it is offered. If you give them bread, or tobacco, though they do not aſk it, the gift is received with friendly thankfulneſs.

The foliage gradually diſappeared; and we continued our way among pine trees. We found the myrtle in great quantities; and here and there ſtrawberries: alſo a certain red berry, the taſte of which is acid but pleaſant. The large yellow gentian, or fellwort, and the Alp roſe were out of bloom: but various kinds of the blue gentian charmed us; and particularly the ſmall, which theſe people call the heavenly blue.

Erneſt found a ſtone, on which were imprinted the figures of various leaves; and brought it with great joy to my wife. He was rewarded by a pair of chamois horns, which ſhe had bought of a mountaineer. I cannot deſcribe to you the ſtrength and cheerfulneſs of the Swiſs guides. They ſang their ditties, bearing my wife up ſteep heights; which we, breathleſs and half exhauſted, could ſcarcely climb with the help of our pikeſtaves. Erneſt indeed continued unabatedly joyous. I more than once ſunk on the graſs, my heart violently beating: yet how delightful was it to repoſe on the ambroſial verdure of the Alps!

As we approached the upper region, the pines began to be few; and we came on our right to enormous rocks, which extended to the Wetterhorn; and at the foot of which ſtands the Roſenlauer glacier. Not far from us, huge pieces of ſevered ice were detached, and fell with the noiſe of thunder.

The laſt height is very difficult to climb. The road downward, to the Grindelwald, is ſteep; and not without danger: there being ſometimes precipices, ſometimes falling beds of flat ſlate, and at others ſhort ſlippery graſs. Erneſt had reſigned his pikeſtaff, at the beginning of the journey; as young David did the heavy armour of Saul. He ran and jumped like a wild goat: and I was obliged to uſe my parental authority, to induce him to be carried over the moſt dangerous places.

The proſpect down to the Grindelwald ſeemed to refreſh us: though this high valley is not ſo pleaſant as the vale of Haſli. The firſt cabin

we came to, we ſent our guides to announce us to the clergyman. The notice of the arrival of ſtrangers had ſpread through the valley; and, at ſeveral places, little girls came, with their black and red cherries, and blooming noſegays, among which were beautiful carnations; as if they had expected our arrival. In theſe mountainous diſtricts, the cherries of Grindelwald are not much larger than myrtle berries; but ſweet and palatable, eſpecially the black.

The clergyman and his wife gave us a friendly reception. After an excurſion of almoſt ten leagues, we regaled on wine and excellent honey. Imagine to yourſelf the ambroſia which the bees of the Alps ſuck, from the flowers of the Alps; and imagine that you taſte the honey of Hymettus, or of Hybla.

It was nearly five o'clock, and we were deſirous of viſiting the loweſt glacier. The clergyman was our guide. It ſtands half a league from the parſonage houſe. Sophia went with us, notwithſtanding the difficulty of the way, through a defile almoſt impaſſable, from cliffs, flints, and ſnow, which had been blown from the mountain.

Beneath us were enormous icicles. Jacobi diſcovered a ſpacious hall of ice; which I entered with him: but the clergyman entreated us to leave it, and perſiſted in departing from a place where, two days before, there had been none of the ice which we beheld.

The people of the Alps are all of them perſuaded that the glaciers continue ſeven years to increaſe, and ſeven years to diminiſh. The paſtor, who has lived here eight years, has obſerved it continually decreaſe. Sixteen years ago, I, my brother, and Haugwitz, ſtood on this very glacier on the ice; and ſtrawberries grew ſo near us that we could gather them; which now is not poſſible. The ice and ſnow have diminiſhed; but the deſolation of the deſcending ſtones has increaſed. Theſe are now a barrier between eternal winter and the verdant mountain.

The rock, which ſtands at the foot of this glacier, is called the Fiſcherhorn.

ſcherhorn. The white Lutſchina riſes out of the glacier; and the black Lutſchina from a higher glacier at Scheideck. Their waters mingle in the valley of Grindelwald.

On theſe heights, where the rocks ſurround the plains and are the boundaries of eternal winter, milk and honey flow, wheat ripens, and various fruits proſper. The inhabitants annually ſupply their neighbours with above a hundred thouſand weight of cheeſe; and are ſubject to the high bailiff of Interlaken. If I am not miſtaken, they are the only people in Switzerland who pay a tax, though an inconſiderable one, for their cattle. This was impoſed upon them as a puniſhment, for their obſtinate reſiſtance of the reformation. In my opinion, it would be worthy the wiſe government of Berne to annul this little tax; which was but an attempt to enſlave opinion.

We early left our worthy hoſt, and travelled four leagues on a deſcent to the valley of Grindelwald, and beſide the Lutſchina, into the valley of Lutſchina; from which we proceeded to the ſtill deeper vale of Lauterbrunn. Our daring guides ſeldom locked the wheel; though the carriage often rolled precipitately along. Our road continued through a narrow valley, between rocks and mountains covered with elms, pines, and other green trees; which would have ſhaded us, had not theſe rocks and mountains ſhut out the ſun. The verdant valley, through which the Lutſchina runs, is narrow and very populous. We ſaw the Staubbach at a diſtance; and, on this ſide of that celebrated waterfall, a ſmaller caſcade. This laſt, on the 7th of Auguſt of the preſent year, ſwelled by the guſh of a ſummer ſhower, poured its waters into the valley. The Lutſchina roſe, and entirely carried away the inn. We ſaw the ruins, ſcattered in the bed of the river, at a conſiderable diſtance from the place where the houſe had ſtood.

As ſoon as we came to the village of Lauterbrunn, we alighted; and went to the Staubbach. This waterfall ruſhes down a wild rocky declivity, nine hundred feet high; which is overgrown with bruſhwood.

Here

Here the full ſtream rolls tempeſtuouſly. As it falls, the pillar of water diſperſes into a fine rain; which does not deſcend perpendicularly, but yields a little to the wind. It then meets with a projecting ſcaffold of rock; and a part runs down its ſide in ſingle ſtreams, while another part daſhes below in clouds, and covers the green turf with its ſpray.

The path is ſomewhat difficult, from the water overflowing the ſtone; and from the black flints. The morning ſun formed a broad rainbow, in the nether cloud of the ſtream; and, as we came nearer, we ſaw a round and complete circle, which beamed with all the colours of the iris.

Oppoſite the Staubbach, an advancing cliff of the Jungfrau towers; which is called the Monk, and which here conceals the ſnow-covered Jungfrau, the ſummit of which we diſcovered as ſoon as we were at a little diſtance.

We returned to our carriage, and quickly came to the houſe which the inn-keeper, after the loſs of his inn, had hired to receive his gueſts. He was not at home, and we aſked the gentle and friendly hoſteſs to give us the hiſtory of their misfortune. She did not, as many would have done, exhauſt herſelf in complaining; but related the accident in few words, and added that ſhe and her huſband had intended to ſell the houſe, that they might retire to that in which we were, and which belonged to them, and live at their eaſe. Whether their loſs induced them to renounce this peaceable project I do not know: but that the tranquillity of her mind was not to be diſturbed, by loſs or gain, her cheerful, ſatisfied, and kind deportment ſufficiently ſhewed.

Baron von Block, whom I met ſome weeks ago in Zürich, has given me the following account of this ſudden misfortune.

On the 17th of Auguſt, late in the evening, he arrived at Lauterbrunn, when the people of the inn were all aſleep; and probably his arrival prevented the landlord and the landlady, with their domeſtics, from periſhing. Soon after the landlady came to his chamber, and called

called on him to ſave himſelf. He hurried out, opened the houſe door, and was met by the waves. The good people had ſcarcely time to place a ladder againſt the chimney; and, eſcaping with their gueſt over the roof, made a great leap, to which the fear of death induced them, upon an oppoſite height, before the wild torrent had ſwept away and utterly deſtroyed the houſe. On this height, they paſſed a cold, wet, and fearful night. The Baron von Block, who had eſcaped with the loſs of his clothes, and, what added to his diſtreſs, who had loſt in a moment all the notes and drawings he had made in his travels, commiſerated the good landlord; who anſwered him, with the dignity of a chriſtian ſage, "The lord has given, the lord has taken away:" he perhaps may give again.

We continued our journey back to Interlaken; and for a little way by the ſame road, till we came to a bridge over the Lutſchina.

We purſued the courſe of this pleaſant ſtream, which was always winding among woody mountains and rocks. Of theſe mountains the Sauſeberg is the moſt remarkable; from which a rivulet deſerving of its name, the Sauſebach, or roaring ſtream, rapidly flows.

From Interlaken, we went to Neuhaus, took boat, and returned yeſterday evening, before duſk, to Thun.

The ſmall diſtrict of Thun was long ſubject to its own Counts. It afterward deſcended to the Dukes of Zähringen; and from them to their heirs the Counts of Kyburg. After its maſters had pledged it more than once to Berne, they finally delivered it up to this canton, in the year 1384. The principal magiſtrate of Thun has the title of Schultheiſs.

The town of Thun enjoys great privileges, and has its own council: but the Schultheiſs ſits as preſident.

As we could not get horſes, we remained there all the morning, and aſcended the tower of the church; from which there is a fine proſpect, toward the lake and the mountains. People are often detained in Switzerland, by the want of Poſt-houſes. Some years ago, the government

of Berne appointed extra poſt-houſes; but gave up the project becauſe fodder was dear, and the ſtate was a loſer. Travellers do not ſufficiently recollect theſe circumſtances, when they make exaggerated complaints of the price paid to the guides. They forget too that the driver and his horſes, in winter, are out of employment.

In the afternoon we proceeded to Berne; over a flat but fruitful country. I ſhall give you an account of this very remarkable town in my next.

LETTER XVIII.

Berne, 20th September 1791.

BERNE was founded in the year 1191, by Berthold V Duke of Zähringen. His father, Berthold the fourth, certainly had the intention to build this town. The Dukes of Zähringen were Statthalters of the German empire, in a part of Swabia and of Switzerland. Berthold the fourth built Freiburg in Switzerland; and Berthold the third, Freiburg in Briſgau. The character of the times impelled the little nobles, and free burghers, to ſeek a ſecure refuge againſt the enterpriſes of the great nobles, and their reſtleſs fiefholders; and the policy of princes eaſily ſeized this pretext, that, by leſſening the power of the great Barons, they might increaſe their own. This town was particularly eſteemed as a place of ſafety, and of rendezvous, for the ſmall nobility. It was built on a ſpot which nature had fortified; the Aar flowing on three of its ſides. Berthold gave the new town laws, and privileges; which, in the year 1218, were confirmed by the Emperor: ſo that it was, even then, a free imperial town.

At the death of Berthold, it retained its own government; being neglected by the unſtable power of the empire.

Rudolphus of Habſburg, whoſe intention it was to leave a conſi-

derable inheritance to his deſcendants in Switzerland, appeared before Berne with an army, under the pretext of reinſtating the fugitive Jews in power: but the people ſhut their gates againſt him, and preſſing affairs called Rudolphus to another place. His ſon, Albert the firſt, inherited his father's ambition, added to his own cupidity; againſt which the wealth of the empire was as little ſecure as the inheritance of his nephew, John of Swabia. He made war upon Berne, with different ſucceſs; the people of Berne being the moſt frequently victorious; till, in the year 1308, the three old cantons, Schweitz, Uri, and Unterwald, threw off the yoke. In 1309, Albert was murdered, by his nephew John, and the other conſpirators: John having conceived a bitter hatred againſt him, becauſe of the injuſtice done him by Albert.

The territory of Berne was divided into four pariſhes. The nobles ruled the little ſtate; and, with their wealth and blood, frequently defended its poſſeſſions, freedom, and ſecurity. The burghers gradually became warlike: their ſhort wars did not prevent them from cultivating their land, and collecting its produce; though they were exerciſed in arms, and thus rendered habitually courageous. The youth of Berne, frequently, and perhaps too eaſily, provoked to the field, inflamed by their increaſing love of war, took caſtle after caſtle. Enemy after enemy was attacked; and the laws of war annexed the conquered diſtricts to the ſtate. Small communities ſought the protection of Berne; which ſtrengthened itſelf as much by its prudence as by its fortune in war: making alliances with inferior ſtates againſt the mighty fiefholders, who, in the middle ages, were the common foe of growing cities.

Soleure was always the true friend of Berne. Freiburg, although its ſiſter, was always its rival; and frequently its declared enemy. It allied itſelf againſt Berne, with the jealous Counts of Kyburg, Grüyeres, Arberg, Nidau, and Neufchatel. The allies, between twenty and thirty thouſand ſtrong, encamped before the little town of Laupen; which, with its diſtrict, Berne had purchaſed, and had firſt erected into a bailiwick.

Rudolphus of Erlach, who had ſerved the Counts of Nidau, but had deſerted them to combat for his country, was the leader of the little army of Berne; which, with the aid ſent by Schweitz, Uri, Unterwalden, and other allies, amounted only to five thouſand men. The proud Counts and their arrogant cavaliers deſpiſed the feeble foe: not perhaps ſo much becauſe of its ſmall numbers, as from that ſelf-ſufficient arrogance which the deeds of their forefathers, and in part their own acts, inſpired; and which, if they could not juſtify, ſeemed to excuſe them. But the prodigious ſpears, wielded by the nervous arms of the ſmall army, unhorſed the mailed knights. The allies againſt Berne left three thouſand ſlain on the field.

A new victory, gained over Freiburg, by which it was in imminent danger, increaſed the courage of Berne.

The citizens of Berne were in full enjoyment of their victory, when a temporary truce was made, in the year 1343, through the mediation of Agnes of Auſtria, widow of Andrew, King of Hungary. When war again broke out, the people of Berne ſuffered a great defeat, in the valley of Sieben.

In the year 1348, they were viſited by the plague; which ſpread from the Italian ports through Germany; and this viſitation was ſo fearful, in the northern kingdoms, that the Daniſh peaſants to this day occaſionally mention it, by the name of the Black Death.

Lucerne and Zürich had entered into an alliance with the three firſt cantons; and theſe allies having taken Glaris and Zug by force of arms, communicated to their inhabitants the full rights of liberty; when, in the year 1353, Berne was received into the confederacy, where it then aſſumed the ſecond rank; which it has ever ſince maintained.

In the year 1375, Enguerrend de Coucy, followed by Engliſh, French, and Brabant knights, who, according to the manners of thoſe times, were ſoldiers of fortune and had ſerved in long wars between France and England, attacked Switzerland, under the pretext of its being

being the dowry of his mother; who was of the houſe of Auſtria. Coucy was defeated by the confederates, at Lucerne; and afterward at Frauenbrunnen, by the people of Berne; and he and his fugitives were driven from the country.

While the confederates were acquiring new fame againſt Auſtria, at Sempach and Näffels, the people of Berne attacked the Counts of Kyburg, who ſided with Auſtria, in Thun and Burgdorf: both of which places were ceded to them at the peace. They likewiſe conquered the counties of Nidau and Buren. By various means, partly by the beſtowing the rights of citizenſhip, and partly by the conqueſt of feudal knights and barons, they poſſeſſed themſelves of the upland valleys of the Alps. Theſe new conqueſts increaſed the power, but exhauſted the treaſury, of Berne. The chief magiſtrates loaded the country with taxes; and, in 1384, an aſſembly of the burghers diſplaced many of the guilty, or who were ſuppoſed to be guilty, and reſtored tranquillity.

When Frederick Duke of Auſtria fell under the ban of the Empire, in the council of Conſtance, becauſe he had ſupported the unfortunate Pope John XXIII againſt Martin V, the people of Berne, according to the cuſtoms of thoſe times, and being invited to this act by the Emperor Sigiſmund, attacked Aargau; and obliged Zofingen, Aarau, Brug, and Lenzburg, with their appendages to ſurrender: and theſe now form one of the moſt fertile diſtricts in their poſſeſſion. They and their allies likewiſe conquered the county of Baden. Sigiſmund, glad to weaken his enemy, for a ſum of money confirmed them in the poſſeſſion of theſe territories.

After the death of the laſt Count of Toggenburg, a ruinous war broke out, between the cantons of Zürich and Schweitz, concerning his inheritance. Zürich demanded the aid of Auſtria; and Schweitz required the confederates to decide between it and the canton that had allied itſelf to the common foe. Zürich would not admit of the deciſion of the confederates: they therefore took part with Schweitz. This war, which was the firſt that happened among the confederates,

continued

continued from the year 1436 to the year 1444. It was in the laſt year of this war that the confederates ſuffered the honourable loſs that befel them, in the churchyard of St. James at Baſle, againſt Lewis the Dauphin of France. Not the flight but the death of the opponents gave victory, to the numerous army of France; and compelled the Dauphin to return to France, and confeſs that his powers were inſufficient for the obtaining of ſuch another battle.

The confederates ſoon after made war on Sigiſmund, Duke of Auſtria; who, being impoveriſhed, mortgaged Alſatia and another territory to Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. Audacious princes often impart their arrogance to their dependants. The *ſtatthalter*, or governor of Charles, irritated the people of Berne; and they ſent ambaſſadors to complain to the Duke, who made theſe ambaſſadors kneel in his preſence. A ſimilar kind of conduct enflamed the Alſatians; who, being immediately under the power of Hagenbach, the ſtatthalter, were moſt ſubject to his cruelty. They therefore ſeized him, and put him to death. Charles was frantic in his rage. Part of the council of Berne wiſhed for an accommodation with him, others for war. Lewis XI of France had influence over ſome of the members of the council; and to him it was partly owing that this warlike people took arms, againſt Charles. At that time, the ſecret influence of France was more dangerous than its ſword; and the queſtion was determined in favour of war.

Adrian of Bubenberg, of an antient family, which in deeds of war and peace had been famous from the earlieſt times of the republick, for certainly Berthold had been firſt induced to build the city of Berne by one of this family, Adrian of Bubenberg was in favour of peace: but young Nicholas of Dieſbach, whoſe wealth, ardour, and popular artifice had weight, which was the more dangerous becauſe he was the partiſan of Lewis, was for war; and accordingly an alliance was concluded, between the confederates and Alſatia, againſt Charles the Bold. The Duke was employed elſewhere, when his army in Alſatia was attacked, and

and defeated. The Swiſs took Orbe, and Grandſon, from the family of Chalons; which was allied with the Duke; fell on the Pays de Vaud, and laid Geneva under contribution.

In the year 1476, Charles came with a powerful army, took Grandſon by capitulation, and, contrary to his promiſe, hung the garriſon: but he was afterward defeated here, and put to flight, by eighteen thouſand Swiſs.

He then retired to Lauſanne, collected troops, and beſieged Murten; which Adrian of Bubenberg defended, with a garriſon of fifteen hundred men. The Swiſs marched againſt Charles, and attacked him; aided by Renatus, Duke of Lorrain, whom Charles had robbed of his poſſeſſions. Here they gained a celebrated victory. The cavalry of Burgundy were cut to pieces; and the flying army was purſued to the lake, in which thouſands periſhed. Charles only eſcaped by ſwimming acroſs on horſeback.

In the beginning of the winter of 1477, Charles beſieged Nancy; and the Duke of Lorrain called on the Swiſs for aid. They came, the Burgundians loſt the battle, and Charles his life. An old French hiſtorian relates, with the ſimplicity and ardour of his times, that the ſound of the great horn, which the Swiſs are accuſtomed to blow at the beginning of a battle, had put the boldeſt warrior of his age to flight, by reminding him of the battle of Murten *.

The Swiſs had now reached the ſummit of warlike fame: but ſuch ſummits are ever dangerous to nations. The warlike youth were arrogant, and diſorderly. Princes, who durſt not confide in their own troops, endeavoured, and not always in vain, to corrupt the chiefs of a nation which they could not have conquered in battle. Hence ſuſpicion, reſtleſſneſs, and contention, aroſe.

Berne had conquered Murten and Grandſon for itſelf; and Orbe in common with Freiburg. It likewiſe in common with Freiburg poſ-

* On fit ſonner le grand cor, par trois fois, tant que le vent du ſouffleur pouvoit durer; ce qui ébahît fort Monſieur de Bourgoygne, car à Morat l'avoit ouï.

ſeſſed

ſeſſed Schwarzenburg which it purchaſed of the Dukes of Savoy. The democratic cantons looked with well-founded jealouſy on the growing power of Berne, and its new connection with Freiburg. During the Burgundian war, they had certainly ordered their commanders, when they laid ſiege to any place to keep their troops diſtinct from thoſe of Berne and Freiburg. The poſſeſſion of fortified towns muſt be hateful, to thoſe whoſe love of freedom warns them to keep no ſuch on their own territories. Berne and Freiburg were but the more cloſely united; and the democratic cantons conſidered this as a deſertion of the confederacy. The conteſt became bitter; and a general aſſembly of the confederates was called, at Stanz and Unterwald. They were about to decide the diſpute by force of arms with redoubled acrimony; had not the worthy paſtor of Stanz ſent to Nicholas von der Flüe. This man had been Landammann, or high bailiff, of Unterwald. The other particulars, the manner in which he appeaſed them, and the honour in which his name is held, I have already related.

About this time, many of the knights of Swabia had formed themſelves into a band; under the title of the knights of St. George. Some trivial accidents brought on a war, between theſe knights and the confederates; and the Swiſs, in various battles, had greatly the advantage. Their youth, before too fond of war, now became more unruly; and, in times of peace, eagerly ſought occaſion to ſhew their courage. The people of Berne, more than the others, enliſted themſelves under foreign banners. It was cuſtomary for Italian free ſtates, and princes, to hire foreign troops; and they were particularly deſirous of the Swiſs. This noble people bluſh at the remembrance of thoſe times, when, waging mercenary war, the brother pointed his ſpear againſt the brother's breaſt. Frequently deceived by the Italians, the angry ſon of the Alps would forſake one party, and go over to the other. Oh that ſome patriot had then played the *Kühreihen;* and that the loud ſong had awakened in them the remembrance of their home, and the delights of their own country! Oh that a Nicholas of the

the Rock had ariſen, and had driven the ſtranger and his mercenary bribes from the land of peace and freedom!

At the beginning of the ſixteenth century, Baſle, Schaffhauſen, and Appenzel, were admitted into the confederacy. This century, which was ſo memorable to moſt part of Europe, was no leſs remarkable for the enlightened knowledge which it brought to many of the cantons of Switzerland. The great Zuingle firſt lighted the torch of truth in Zürich. Haller found more oppoſition in Berne. To the reſiſtance which each new doctrine muſt meet, was added that clandeſtine oppoſition to thoſe principles which combated prejudice, immorality, and eſtabliſhed abuſes. Among other vices of the times, the reformers reproved the Swiſs for taking arms in the ſervice of foreign princes, or free ſtates; and, while Zuingle lived, he prevented the practice in Zürich.

Among other obſtacles which Haller found, the intereſt of the great families was one. The numerous and lucrative church benefices abundantly provided for their younger ſons. Modern writers, who ſometimes magnify and at others diminiſh objects, and ſet them in a falſe light, have ſome reaſon on their ſide, when they aſſert that the reformation was principally the work of ſelfiſh princes, who thirſted after the poſſeſſions of the church; but they will find it difficult clearly to ſhew what motive ſhould induce the council of Berne to countenance the admiſſion of the new doctrine. However, in 1528, the reformation was eſtabliſhed, by a plurality of votes, in the greateſt number of the thirteen cantons.

The zealous citizens of Zürich made war on the catholic cantons, becauſe the former wiſhed the reformation ſhould take place in them all. They were vanquiſhed, in two battles, by the catholics; in one of which Zuingle loſt his life, at Kappel, in the territories of Zürich, and on the confines of Zug.

At Geneva, the partiſans of the reformed, who were called the Eidgnoſs*, which the French miſ-pronounce Hugonots, prevailed over

* Eidgenoſſen: confederates.

the catholics; who took the name of the Savoyards. In this year, 1528, Geneva allied itſelf more cloſely to Berne and Freiburg: for it had been allied to theſe ſtates at the time of the Burgundian war. The Duke of Savoy was jealous of this alliance, and committed hoſtilities; till at length a truce was made, between him and Geneva; with the condition that, if it was again broken by the Duke, he ſhould forfeit the *Pays de Vaud* to Berne: if broken by the people of Geneva, they were no more to remain allied to theſe cantons. The war again broke out; for the people of Berne imagined they had juſt cauſe of complaint, for which they had received no recompenſe. However, in 1536, when Francis the firſt of France took the principality of Piedmont from the Duke, Charles, they likewiſe took the *Pays de Vaud*, and a part of Savoy.

They were induced to reſign their conqueſts in Savoy, to which at that time was annexed the country of Gex, which is now a part of Burgundy, by the interpoſition of the other cantons: but they retained the whole *Pays de Vaud*; and, from that time, the limits between them and Savoy have been the lake of Geneva. The people of Freiburg had a ſmall ſhare of this rich booty. The Counts of Gruyeres refuſed to do homage to the cantons, for their lordſhips in the *Pays de Vaud:* but Michael, the laſt Count of this houſe, being much in debt, had his rights bought up by the people of Berne; and his deſcendants were robbed of Rougemont and Oron. This was the laſt, and, truth to ſay, not the moſt dignified, of the conqueſts of Berne.

In 1574, Zürich was included in the fixed alliance that had been made, between Berne and Geneva, in 1557. About this time, Berne was confirmed in its poſſeſſion of the Pays de Vaud, by Henry the third of France.

Some civil diſturbances took place in Berne during the ſeventeenth century, one cauſe of which was the Anabaptiſts. Their religion forbade them the uſe of arms; and this perhaps is a greater inconvenience in a republic, where the country is defended by its own citizens, than

it is in a monarchy, where an army of mercenaries may be employed.

The meaſures that were taken againſt them were certainly too ſevere; and were certainly unjuſt. A family of the reformed religion, who had fled from Schweitz to Zürich, and who were refuſed by their countrymen the property that they had left behind them, gave occaſion to a ſhort war; between the five catholic cantons on one ſide, and Zürich and Berne on the other. The people of Lucerne gained a victory over the people of Berne; and the conteſt ſubſided: but fifty years of peace with foreign powers did not ſtifle the fire of party jealouſy. The catholic cantons thought they might, in caſe of need, depend upon aid from France: but old Lewis was then engaged in an unfortunate war, which perhaps induced the people of Berne and Zürich to draw their ſwords againſt their brothers, in the year 1712.

It cannot however be denied but they had ſome cauſe. The Abbot of St. Gall oppreſſed the greateſt part of his ſubjects of Toggenburg. This diſtrict, which had formerly been ſubject to its own Counts, was, in the year 1469, for a ſum of money, conſigned to the Abbot of St. Gall. Moſt of the inhabitants, the number of whom may amount to about fifty thouſand, were of the reformed religion; and this part of the community ſuffered great vexation from the Abbot. In the year 1696, he oppreſſed them in a very inſupportable manner. They claimed their frequently-confirmed privileges; and fled for ſupport to Zürich, and Berne. Till the year 1712, it was only a war of words: but it then broke out into open hoſtilities between the cantons of Schweitz, Uri, Unterwald, Lucerne, and Zug, in oppoſition to Berne, and Zürich.

During this ſhort conteſt, the reformed cantons had the advantage. The Abbot of St. Gall was allowed to poſſeſs the county of Toggenburg: but religious freedom was fully confirmed to the Proteſtants. The catholic cantons loſt their ſhare in the county of Baden, and in the lower part of what were called the other free diſtricts: but Berne

maintained equal rights, in common with the ſeven old cantons, over Thurgau, Sargans, and Rheinthal.

So ended the laſt war, in which the Swiſs combated each other: and may wars like theſe never be renewed! But it will ever remain worthy of admiration, that ſo many independent ſtates, whoſe forms of government and religion are ſo different, and whoſe intereſts muſt neceſſarily ſo often claſh, ſhould ſo ſeldom have broken the holy bonds of union: a bond which, ſeventeen years hence, will have continued five centuries; and which will then well deſerve a jubilee.

It muſt be owned that the canton of Berne, in antient times, took advantage of the Counts, their neighbours; and, in modern, of the people of Savoy; to increaſe their territories: for which their forefathers may bluſh. But, for many years, it has been animated by a different ſpirit. It is now honoured by all the powers of Europe, and beloved by all the cantons; and it will be difficult to furniſh an example, from the hiſtory of mankind, where more moderation and love of juſtice have been ſeen, than they have ſhewn to their allies of every deſcription.

I think it may now be confidently affirmed, that no canton has the intention of taking advantage of another. Some are ſatisfied with their power and wealth: others with the peace and noble ſimplicity which they enjoy. Each taſtes, in various ways, the fruits of that freedom which was ſealed by the blood of their forefathers. This freedom combines all that is dear, all that is holy; and no foreign power can rob them of it while they remain worthy of its bleſſing. The Alps may again be ſurmounted; armies again may croſs their ſtupendous cliffs: but concord, ſimplicity of manners, good education, religion grounded in virtue, and virtue ſtrengthening valour, theſe all ſurround this happy people with a wall of fire; and deprive neighbouring ſtates of a wiſh to attack a nation, which they well may envy, but cannot ſubdue.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

Berne, 21ſt September 1791.

VERY oppoſite opinions have been formed, concerning the conſtitution of Berne. Many have compared it to the oligarchy of Venice: while ſome have praiſed it beyond all meaſure. Theſe contradictions do not perhaps ſo much ariſe out of any real difference of opinion, in the perſons who praiſe, or blame, as out of the peculiar manner of each in viewing the objects. But we do not always adopt a right point of view. We frequently form our judgment from the firſt haſty glance. This indeed is the moſt general mode of determining. But it is with our underſtanding as with our health: ſhould diſeaſe attack us, if our temperament be good, nature will give us aid. The hearts of the virtuous are curable, ſaid Homer: and it is the ſame with their underſtanding.

Thoſe who conſider the mere outline of the conſtitution of Berne, if they love freedom, will perhaps find it very defective. He however who attends to the healthy body of the ſtate, where the head is clear, the limbs are in active harmony with each other, and the fulneſs of life invigorates the arm, while power and agility combine in the ſerviceable quick foot; he, I ſay, who perceives this, will heſitate before he decides againſt a government, where the people certainly enjoy a high degree of healthy freedom.

The living body of a ſtate muſt not be ſolely judged by its external proportions. We juſtly and rigorouſly require proportion, from the architect, and the ſculptor: but they ſhew us nothing but the contour. In the moſt healthy bodies, the aſtoniſhed anatomiſt often finds great defects: while, in defiance of all theory, theſe bodies, when living, gave no ſigns of imperfection.

It

It is likewiſe true that, in politics, there is frequently a dead letter, but a living ſpirit. Manners make laws almoſt uſeleſs. The ſpirit of wiſdom, benevolence, and moderation, deſcending from father to ſon, will better ſecure the freedom of a people than all the ſplit-hair theories of any conſtitution *.

Berne is the only canton in which neither the whole people nor all the freemen of the city ever aſſemble.

The democratic cantons, Schweitz, Uri, Unterwald, Zug, Glaris, and Appenzel, all of them, have their general aſſemblies.

Not only do Zürich and Baſle, whoſe conſtitutions, conſidered as towns, are democratic, though the burghers rule the country people like ariſtocrats, aſſemble the municipality of the town; but ſo likewiſe do Lucerne, Freiburg, Soleure, and Schaffhauſen: though the citizens do not here enjoy an equal participation of the government.

The principles of the conſtitution of Berne originated with the town itſelf. It was built as a ſtrong hold; a place of rendezvous, for the inferior nobles; where they might find ſafety againſt the enterpriſes of the ſurrounding Counts, and great Lords. Theſe nobles were warlike; and, under their wing, the induſtrious merchant and the peaceful mechanic found the tranquillity and protection of which they were in need. They willingly renounced the cares of government, which wiſe men do not always find a ſource of true happineſs, to thoſe ſtrong arms that were ready to draw the ſword in their defence: and ſo frequently was it drawn, by theſe nobles, and ſo effectually, that their race became gradually extinct. The burghers and nobles then became

* Perhaps there is no truth that ſo much deſerves the ſerious attention of mankind, as that which this paragraph contains. Thoſe who think that laws govern a nation, are miſerably miſtaken. The people know nothing of law: or nothing but that it gives them the power of tormenting each other. Their rule of conduct is the opinion of their neighbours: improve this opinion, and their morals and happineſs muſt improve. It is the deep importance of the ſubject that forces from me this otherwiſe impertinent note. T.

neceſſarily

neceſſarily united; and the latter, now more temperate, had felt that the government ought not to depend on too ſmall a number; but that the many ought to call the few to account. The admiſſion of certain burgher families, into the adminiſtration of affairs, did not alter the ſpirit of the conſtitution.

At Rome, the road to the higheſt offices and honours was open to the Plebeians: but though a Plebeian family, which had paſſed the curule chair, had acquired new dignity, power, and reſpect, yet this new dignity was not equal to the ſplendour of the Patrician.

The moſt antient chronicles of the republic of Berne ſhew that, in thoſe times, the whole municipality was occaſionally aſſembled: but ſuch an aſſembly does not prove any ſtated or active power. In ſimple ages, men were not ſo lightly fearful of ſubtle concluſions. The inferences that have been drawn, in our times, with reſpect to theſe aſſemblies, from which it has been imagined that the great council was firſt founded in the year 1384, were very haſty. An original paper, ſo early as the year 1294, mentions the two hundred; and an edict, of the year 1314, likewiſe begins with theſe words: *Wir Schultheiſs, Rath, und Zweihundert* *.

The council of two hundred, formerly, actually conſiſted of that round number: but it was gradually increaſed, till it was ſometimes above three hundred. A law therefore was made, which limited the number to two hundred and ninety-nine. No candidates were to be elected, till there were eighty vacancies: but here too corruption crept in. Young men, who aſpired to this honour, found old counſellors, who had no longer any hopes of enjoying the office of high bailiff, whom they ſecretly penſioned to reſign their places, in order to make the eighty vacancies, that they might be elected. Hence the law now is that the vacancies of living counſellors muſt not be numbered: there muſt be eighty counſellors dead, before there can be any new election.

* We the Advoyer, Council, and two hundred.

Each

Each candidate muſt be nine-and-twenty years of age; dating eight days after baptiſm. Hence, in families who hope their deſcendants may be counſellors, they have the males chriſtened immediately after birth. Elections generally happen once in nine or ten years: and any young man who at this time is a minor, if it be but for a few days, muſt wait till the next election.

Every burgher of Berne has the right of being elected to the higheſt dignities; but few have the hope: for the little council, which conſiſts of twenty-ſeven members, and the ſixteen, who are annually choſen from the great council, propoſe the members of this great council; ſo that they continually circulate among the powerful families. In the collective great council *, of which the ſmall council is a committee, all power centres; but in different bodies. The executive power is entruſted to the little council; the legiſlative to the great. The little council aſſembles every day, Sunday excepted. It firſt examines every matter, which is afterwards laid before the great council. All current affairs are in its diſpoſal: as likewiſe are moſt of the church benefices, and the inferior of the lay employments. It pronounces ſentence in criminal cauſes; except over the burghers of Berne.

The members of the little council are elected in a very complex manner. On the death of any one member, the remaining ſix-and-twenty aſſemble. Six-and-twenty ſmall balls are put in a box; three of which are gold. The members each draw a ball. Thoſe who draw the three golden balls nominate three electors from their own body. Seven other electors are choſen by the great council. Theſe ten electors nominate a number of candidates, not more than ten, and not leſs than ſix. The collective council then give their votes. Thoſe who have the moſt votes in their favour draw four balls; two of

* I underſtand, by this paſſage, that there are three councils: The great council, the little council, and the collective great council. T.

which

which are gold, and two of ſilver: and one of thoſe who have drawn the golden balls is elected, by the plurality of votes of the collective council.

The little council conſiſts of the two advoyers, two treaſurers, two bannerets, ſeven counſellors, and two *heimlichern*, or ſecret counſellors. The two advoyers preſide in the collective council, and in the little council. They are elected by the collective council. They formerly held their office only one year: it is now for life; though the collective council has the right to remove them. They are annually confirmed in their office at Eaſter, by the collective council: after the German treaſurer has publicly ſolicited, in their name, letters of approbation. The ſame is done in the little council. The advoyer, who was laſt year in office, reſigns to his aſſociate. The reigning advoyer has precedence in the little and the collective councils. The ſeal of the republic lies before him. He never gives his vote, till it is demanded: nor has he any vote, till, the numbers being equal, it becomes neceſſary for him to decide.

The next in rank to the advoyers are the treaſurers: the firſt of whom is for the German diſtricts, and the other for the Pays de Vaud. The two treaſurers and the four bannerets conſtitute a college, or committee, of finance. The bannerets are only a year in office; the treaſurers may be continued for ſix years. Each banneret is likewiſe a high bailiff, without having the title of one of the four diſtricts of which the ſtate originally conſiſted.

The advoyer, who by turn is out of office, is at the head of the ſecret college, or committee; which conſiſts of himſelf, one treaſurer, the four bannerets, and the two ſecret counſellors. In this committee thoſe affairs which muſt not be made public are diſcuſſed.

The particular office of the ſecret counſellor is to watch that nothing contrary to the conſtitution ſhall be done, either in the great or little council. They have therefore the right, if they think it neceſſary, to

convoke the great council, without leave of the advoyers. The different provincial committees, and the chambers of appeal, one for the German diſtricts, the other for the Pays de Vaud, are members of the councils. The conſtitution of their courts of juſtice might ſuit the character of old times; but, for the preſent, appear to me to be dangerous. The ſentence of the judge is highly reſpected, becauſe the laws are ſo ſimple; and, in reality, ſo few. Neither here nor, if I do not miſtake, in the other cantons, is there any criminal code. This deficiency might have dreadful conſequences, were not thoſe who govern this country inſpired by an unuſual ſpirit of benevolence.

Perhaps you, like me, will wonder at the little power of the advoyer. His influence however is often very great, nay almoſt preponderating; although, till it is demanded, he has no vote. But ſuch muſt ever be the nature of having propoſitions to make, in the mouth of a man of underſtanding and eloquence. Few ſtates have been ſufficiently watchful of this influence. Such an influence is great, little, or nothing; in proportion to the abilities of the perſon who ſtates the propoſition: and the people of Berne appear, from this inſtitution, to have ſhewn a deep knowledge of man.

The high bailiffs were formerly choſen, by vote, by the great council: but they have now been choſen by lot for about eighty years. Melancholy neceſſity, after long experience, has taught them that the blindneſs of chance had better be truſted, than the too frequent partiality of man. That however was not the only reaſon, why this change took place: it was in order to prevent thoſe who aſpire to this office from being dependant on the powerful members of the council, whoſe votes they would have found ſo uſeful. That ſtate is half loſt, the rulers of which are become dependant on each other by unforeſeen cauſes. The dependance, which man muſt unavoidably have on man, can only be ſimple, natural, and juſt, when it is accompanied by talents, and virtue: and even then it is too frequently dangerous,

ous. The Athenians limited it by oſtraciſm: the people of Syracuſe by petaliſm *.

The bailiwicks are divided into four claſſes; according to their importance and revenues; and are frequently very lucrative. No man can be high bailiff of the firſt claſs above once; twice of the ſecond claſs; and three times of the third and fourth; and the latter muſt be at intervals. The high bailiff continues in office ſix years; and each annually lays his accounts before the committee of finance. Their power is very great. To them is the police, the execution of the orders of the council, the diſpoſal of the public money, and of the corn granary, the appeals from the ſmall courts, and the power of pronouncing ſentence, when complainants bring their cauſes before them, entruſted.

Diſcontents, at the abuſe of this power, were formerly frequent. About a hundred and forty years ago, various acts of oppreſſion and tyranny occaſioned an inſurrection: but wiſe and effectual regulations are certainly now, and long have been, adopted. An appeal is open to every peaſant; or, ſhould he prefer that, he may complain to the little council. Penalties are not at will, but determinate. Perſonal injuries, which in ſo many countries ſilence the complaints of the peaſant, who dreads the power of his oppreſſor, are here impoſſible. Hence, I may ſay, that the countryman is the beloved, nay the ſpoiled, child of the government of Berne. The country people well know this; and I may ſafely aſſert that the lower orders of people are no where in the world ſo well ſatisfied as in the cantons of Berne and Zürich. I do not include the democratic cantons; becauſe in them there is no diſtinction of rank.

The clergy muſt have been educated either at Berne or Lauſanne. The ſmall council nominates to the provincial benefices: the collective

* In Athens, when any man became dangerouſly powerful, it was cuſtomary for the people to write his name on an oyſter ſhell, and thus baniſh him. In Syracuſe, they wrote on a leaf. The term of baniſhment from Athens was ten years: from Syracuſe five. T.

council to thoſe of Berne. The clergy of the German diſtricts are divided into eight ſynods: each of which aſſembles once a year. The Pays de Vaud has five ſynods. Moral offences, eſpecially thoſe againſt the ſixth commandment, fall under the cenſure of the leſſer conſiſtories: to which likewiſe affairs of marriage and divorce are committed. The proceedings are ſent to the high conſiſtory of Berne: which is a mixture of citizens, laymen, and clergymen.

The clergy have little power in worldly affairs: except that their office gives them great influence. This is as it ought to be. It frequently happens that young men of rank dedicate themſelves to the church.

The people are regularly trained to arms, and annually muſtered. They are divided into one-and-twenty regiments of foot, each two thouſand ſtrong; and four companies of jagers, or light horſe, and eighteen of dragoons. Beſide theſe, the perſons who hold eſtates, that confer titles of nobility, raiſe ſeveral companies of horſe. No ſoldier, whether horſe or foot, dare marry, till he has firſt provided himſelf with his uniform, arms, and accoutrements. This is the dreſs of the bridegroom. The dragoon muſt provide himſelf with a horſe: but this is no great difficulty; for, as a farmer, he muſt keep many horſes.

The arſenal is well ſtored: it contains above a thouſand cannon, many mortars, muſkets for ſixty thouſand men, and ſufficient arms for the cavalry. There are three companies of cannoneers, and one of bombardeers, for the artillery.

The revenues of the ſtate are not large; yet ſufficient for a republic, the rulers of which have moſt of them no ſalary, and the reſt very little, and which maintains no ſtanding army. Theſe revenues chiefly conſiſt in ſome domains, the tythes, a certain ſmall ground rent, the ſixth part of the allodial fines of the fiefs in the Pays de Vaud, the tenths of thoſe inheritances in this ſame country which do not deſcend to the next heir, certain trifling tolls, and the monopoly of ſalt. Of this monopoly no one complains; for it is ſold cheaper by the government than it could be afforded by the trader. I muſt likewiſe add to them the intereſt paid for the outſtanding capital; which, at preſent,

ſent, amounts to ſeven hundred thouſand pounds Bernois: that is, ſomething more than two hundred thouſand rix dollars.

It is probable that the treaſury of the republic is rich; and it would annually increaſe, but for its numerous expences in public buildings, inſtitutions, and high roads.

There is a remarkable cuſtom, which proves the wiſdom of their anceſtors, but which is now very much on the decline. This is what is called the Aeuſſeren Stand *; which is the title of a community of young burghers, who form the model, or the mimic counterpart, of the republic. Formerly they determined on war, peace, and alliance; and treated on chimerical affairs with great induſtry and ardour. They now only ſhare the dignities of the republic among themſelves. Each who holds theſe ideal dignities pays ſomething into the treaſury. The ſociety, however, is become conſiderably in debt: for the young gentlemen are more buſied about parties of pleaſure, and tavern dinners, than in moral or political enquiries. They have well characterized their mimicry, and emblematically repreſented the condition of their declining finances, when they choſe an ape, riding upon a crab, for their arms. The only remains of this once noble inſtitution are now its delinquencies. Every aſſociate, in this ſociety, is ſure to be voted for in the great council; although he ſhould have been admitted a member only the evening before election.

I have neither been able, nor deſirous, to give you any thing more than an outline of the conſtitution of this republic; againſt which the people of other countries have conceived great prejudices. At a firſt view, it is ſuppoſed to be an oligarchy; which is certainly not to its advantage. This the chiefs of the republic have perceived; and, adopting the advice of the great Haller, whoſe memory is revered by his countrymen, they have admitted more families of the burghers into the government. Each burgher is now capable of admiſſion:

* Exterior State.

whereas

whereas formerly none but ſelect families had this capability, though the burghers were numerous.

There is one principal feature, which diſtinguiſhes the ariſtocratic conſtitutions of Switzerland from all others: a feature deciſively in favour of the freedom of the people, and which can never be ſufficiently admired.

The government has no ſoldiers in its pay: and all the ſubjects of this warlike people are armed.

Real tranquillity, happineſs, and freedom, combined with the perception of their ſtrength, which ſecures them in their preſent condition, place the inhabitants of theſe ſtates in a high degree of ſatisfaction. This ſatisfaction, in the German diſtricts of the republic, is univerſal and unlimited. Of the diſcontents which have prevailed in the Pays de Vaud I will give you ſome account, when I come to that country.

Though agriculture, in Berne, is induſtriouſly purſued, yet ſo numerous are its mountains, and ſo great its population (for freedom lives not on bread alone), the corn it grows is not ſufficient for its own conſumption. The trade of the country is ſcarcely conſiderable enough to ſupply the deficiency: it is very trifling indeed, except in Aargau, the Pays de Vaud, and Emmenthal; and the balance would be entirely againſt Berne, were it not for the ſumptuary laws. Precious ſtones, and gold and ſilver lace, are forbidden: ſo likewiſe are foreign wines, unleſs eſpecial permiſſion be firſt procured. Theſe regulations, in addition to their ſmall but active commerce, and the intereſt of money, which not only the ſtate but various individuals draw, from foreign countries, maintain the balance of trade.

I aſcribe the little uſe which the town of Berne makes of its ſituation on the Aar, to the warlike ſpirit of former times. Thoſe families which take part in the government are the deſcendants of a race of bold warriors. They have imbibed and imparted the ſentiments of their anceſtors: and happy is the land where ſuch ſentiments prevail.

Ariſtocrats would oppreſs, were the trade in their hands. They would

would be eaſily induced to monopolize, and limit the trade of their inferiors: add to which, the ſpirit of trade but ill agrees with a certain dignity of thinking, and acting. However happy the countryman of Zürich may in other reſpects feel himſelf, he complains, and not without reaſon, of the fetters which the town lays upon trade. Like the noble Romans of the good republican ages, the importance of the citizen of Berne, and after his example that of the countryman, is eaſily awakened.

The œconomical community have done much good by their writings and prize medals. That they are actuated by a noble ſpirit what I am going to mention will prove. They have been reproached with having no Inſurance offices in this country. So long, ſay they, as the chriſtian ſpirit of benevolence ſhall animate the people of our country, and of our towns, ſuch inſtitutions are unneceſſary: or, rather, would injure this ſpirit.

The anſwer is truly characteriſtic of the Swiſs, in general. If fire, inundation, dearth, or any other misfortune of the kind, befall individuals or whole communities, aid pours in from every quarter. At Küſnacht, in the canton of Zürich, about twelve years ago, a rivulet overflowed, ſwept away eight-and-twenty houſes, and ſixty-three people: and not only did their neighbours, but people beyond the limits of the canton, generouſly come to their aid. A few years ago, many families in the Pays de Vaud were in diſtreſs, from an accidental dearth; and ſo much money was ſent to the clergy, from all parts, to be diſtributed, that they were obliged to require no more might be ſent.

It is particularly to the honour of Berne that, from the times of their enterpriſing warlike nobles, they have ſtill retained the generoſity of their anceſtors; and, for centuries paſt, Berne has renounced its luſt of conqueſt. The wars waged againſt her counts and neighbours were not all juſtifiable: and, to uſe a mild expreſſion, the conqueſt of the Pays de Vaud was at leaſt of doubtful morality. But they now no longer indulge plans of aggrandiſement. All Switzerland loves the

government

government of Berne: particularly the little democratic cantons. It is honoured by them all, as a peace-loving, noble, generous, member of the confederacy. It is delightful to hear the burgher of Berne urge, in the full warmth and rectitude of his heart, the patriotiſm of his countrymen; who would take advantage of no neighbour, and ſtill leſs indulge themſelves in ſowing the ſeeds of diſcord among the little free ſtates; but are much rather attentive to ſpread and maintain brotherly unity.

I cannot conclude this letter, without endeavouring to impreſs the two following propoſitions: although I have before mentioned them.

Leſs attention ought to be paid to the forms, than to the ſpirit, of any conſtitution. This ſpirit is communicated from century to century, and from race to race; however its forms may be modified.

A wakeful people, who love freedom, are free; if they have but arms in their hands; however defenceleſs their government may be.

To conclude, the peace and happineſs felt by the lower orders, under the ariſtocratic conſtitutions of Switzerland, denote not only the ſpirit of the government, but, likewiſe, the noble ſpirit of the people; who, more enlightened than their neighbours, more alert, more animated, than other country people, prove that that conſtitution muſt be excellent, where ſecurity, liberty, and property, are preſerved.

A ſingle, but well founded, objection remains, againſt the people of Berne: the great expence of their lawſuits. But the government is aſſiduouſly active, in its endeavours to cure this abuſe.

LET-

LETTER XX.

Berne, 22d September 1791.

IT was a great pleaſure to me, yeſterday, to take my ſon, and ſhew him the arſenal. I had ſeen it on my firſt journey. It is important, becauſe of its terrific ſtores, and new arms; and remarkable, to a traveller, for its antient Swiſs and Burgundian armour. The prodigious two-handed ſwords, and long ſpears, are dreadfully cumbrous. We wonder at the uncommon ſtrength of our forefathers; who, it is evident from the remaining armour and jack boots, were not larger than we are. The farmers in general, in the canton of Berne, as well as in the three firſt cantons, Schweitz, Uri, and Unterwald, who are remarkably handſome men, are frequently too large for this armour: yet, muſcular and ſtrong as they are, I ſhould ſcarcely expect them to wield theſe ſwords, or bear theſe ſpears. The banners of Burgundy, which they ſhewed me, and the ropes in which the Swiſs were to be bound, are preſerved and exhibited in a truly republican ſpirit.

There are likewiſe here the wooden image of William Tell, in the act of ſhooting the apple from the head of his ſon; and of Berthold the fifth, duke of Zähringen, the founder of the city. The building is a bad one, and does not correſpond to the greatneſs of its deſtination.

The hoſpitals are both of them very beautiful. One is called the Inſel; or Iſland; becauſe of its detached ſituation. The ſick of all nations are here carefully nurſed, and dreſſed, in roomy apartments; from which there is a full proſpect of the great chain of diſtant glaciers.

Equally remarkable is the other great hoſpital; which much rather reſembles the palace of a prince than the abode of the poor. Yet not the leaſt convenience is ſacrificed to magnificence, which is ſo fre-

quently the caſe in monarchical ſtates. The front gives an impreſſion of greatneſs; which impreſſion is much increaſed, when the reader feels the full meaning of the inſcription: *Chriſto in pauperibus:* To Chriſt in the poor. We then went into the great court, included within the four ſides of this ſtructure. The kitchen garden lies between the hoſpital and the town; and every poſſible care has been taken, that the free air ſhould be enjoyed, as much as its ſituation, which is in the town, would permit. The court is a verdant lawn, planted with trees, and numerous flowers; and a fountain is in the centre. Fifty perſons, ſome of them poor, others ſick, are here ſupported. Beſide which, others are lodged and maintained at a ſmall expence.

There is likewiſe, in this hoſpital, a ſeparate part for poor travellers. In the evening, they are ſupplied with bread, wine, and a bed. In the morning, they receive a breakfaſt; which is likewiſe of bread and wine; and a ſmall ſupply of money. There is alſo, near the town, a very large and handſome receptacle for the lunatic, the venereal, and incurable. In what is called the orphan-houſe, which is not intended for orphans only but for other children of the burghers, forty boys, for the ſmall annual ſum of thirty rix dollars, are fed, clothed, and inſtructed in the chriſtian religion, reading, writing, arithmetic, German, French, Latin, Greek, hiſtory, geography, mathematics, ſinging, and drawing. Profeſſor Ith, a meritorious gentleman, has planned their courſe of ſtudy. This houſe likewiſe ſtands detached; and enjoys a clear air and a free proſpect of the meanderings of the Aar.

There is a peculiar character, of humane and friendly benevolence, diſcoverable in all the public inſtitutions throughout Switzerland. Their founders have not endeavoured to ſupply the needful alone, but the invigorating; after the excellent example of thoſe who, with the nutritive wheat, permit the growth of the lovely blue flower the cryſtal dews of which emit a lively odour.

In the library, to which a new hall has been added, there is a bronze

baſſo-relievo, dug up at Lauſanne, which repreſents a prieſt pouring out a libation between the horns of an ox. Addiſon mentions it, in his Travels. Here is likewiſe a prodigious piece of cryſtal; perhaps the largeſt in Europe.

The cathedral is one of the fineſt and largeſt I have ſeen: thoſe of Straſburg and Ulm only can be compared to it. Before it is a ſpacious walk of trees, on a bold and elevated terrace; which commands a proſpect of the whole town, of the windings of the Aar, and eſpecially of the great chain of glaciers.

I and ſome friends went to the top of the cathedral; where we enjoyed one of the nobleſt proſpects that the eye of man can embrace. To the left, I ſaw a long ſtretch of Mount Jura, extending from Baſle to the lake of Geneva; and, to the right, the more lofty glaciers, with their inacceſſible ſummits, in the following order: firſt the Engelberg, in the canton of Unterwald; and then the chain of the glaciers of Berne; Schreckhorn, Finſter-Alhorn, Fiſchhorn, both the Eiger, the Jungfrau, Breithorn, and Groſshorn, the red Zähne, the Blümlialpe, and the Gemmi.

The money for building this cathedral, like as for building St. Peter's at Rome, was collected through all Europe; for which purpoſe, the Pope granted his indulgences.

The houſes are built with arcades; under which are ſhops. Theſe arcades ſhelter the foot paſſenger from rain and heat. The granaries are well built, and an ornament to the town; and the uſe to which the government puts them is deſerving of praiſe. Corn is collected here in great quantities; not, as in Geneva, to oblige the baker to purchaſe there, but to prevent the price being exceſſive. Berne has often furniſhed neighbouring ſtates with corn; and, ſome few years ſince, it generouſly aſſiſted Geneva, to its own loſs. The ſupplies likewiſe which it laſt year granted the Pays de Vaud incurred a loſs of half a million of dollars.

Not to mention the politeneſs and true urbanity with which ſtran-

gers are here received, I cannot ſufficiently praiſe the hearty welcome with which perſons whom I had only curſorily ſeen, ſixteen years ago, remembered me; or the good upon good, the friendſhip upon friendſhip, which they beſtowed.

The air here is ſo healthy that the regiſter for centuries proves, that one man in three attains the age of ſeventy. This ſanity of air is aſcribed to its high ſituation, the neighbourhood of the glaciers, and the curvings of the rapid Aar. On an average compariſon of the tables of Süſsmilch*, between this and other places, the advantage in favour of Berne is as twenty-eight to twenty-four.

We left Berne in the morning; and I cannot conclude this letter without blaming, though unwillingly, a very bad cuſtom, which, however harmleſs it might have been in more ſimple ages, is certainly pernicious at preſent.

In antient times, a cuſtom was introduced in the German diſtricts of the canton of Berne, that a maiden, having once received the holy ſacrament, ſhould every Saturday evening leave her chamber door open, and receive a young man in bed. Improbable as it may appear, in thoſe days ſuch nightly viſits were ſeldom attended with the conſequences that might well have been expected. The lover left the maiden as innocent as he found her; and continued to repeat his viſits. This was called going to *kilt;* or to *kilp: kilpen*, or *kilten*, is a phraſe which only ſignified a viſit after ſupper. But this cuſtom, which even then was improper, for it could not but ſully the innocence of the heart, is now become much more reprehenſible. It is at preſent very diſreputable for a young village girl to admit of a ſecond lover, before ſhe has diſcarded the firſt: but ſhe may have ſeveral lovers in a ſhort time, without incurring any blame; although ſuch viſits are no longer as harmleſs as they formerly were. Should ſhe be with child, the ſeducer muſt marry her: but ſhe ſeldom knows who the father is; and

* I ſuppoſe this to be the name of an author, with whom I am unacquainted. T.

therefore

therefore ſhe is at liberty to chooſe which of the lovers ſhe pleaſes as the father.

So rooted is the prejudice in favour of this cuſtom, that the old people encourage it; and a chaſte young woman, among the village girls, is rarely to be found. They make faithful and affectionate wives: neither do they bluſh at the follies committed before marriage; which they do not conſider as follies, and which the ſobereſt matron among them would not puniſh as ſuch.

I can conceive how difficult it muſt be to extirpate a prejudice from a country where it has taken ſuch deep root: but ſo wiſe a government as this ſhould not be terrified at difficulties, when the chaſtity of women and the virtue of men are ſo intimately concerned. A cuſtom like this might have been expected among the inhabitants of the ſouth ſea iſlands, rather than in the largeſt canton in Switzerland: a country which is ſo juſtly celebrated for the purity of its manners. How blamable is this cuſtom, compared to that of the ſavages of North America! If a young man there wiſhes to eſpouſe a maiden, he goes by night with a lighted candle into her hut, and places himſelf by her bedſide. Should ſhe diſapprove his courtſhip, ſhe gives a ſign with her hand; and he retires without a murmur. If, on the contrary, ſhe is pleaſed, ſhe riſes half up in her bed; while ſweet modeſty binds her tongue; and, as a token of approbation, blows out the light. Well might the antients celebrate their Penelope, who, when her father aſked her whether ſhe would remain with him or follow her huſband, made no reply; but, concealing her face with her veil, thereby declared in favour of Ulyſſes. With equal delicacy of feeling, the American virgin gives the young ſavage her permiſſion, by blowing out the light before ſhe takes him to her arms.

LETTER XXI.

Lauſanne, 27th September 1791.

WE departed from Berne on the 23d, and arrived here yeſterday evening. You will perceive we continue our circuitous mode of travelling: but who indeed would wiſh to travel otherwiſe, in a country like this? To examine it as it deſerves, a man muſt not travel poſt; but as if he went to take a walk for his recreation.

About noon, we arrived at the lake of Bieler; which is thus called after the town and ſmall republic of Biel, that is ſituated on the eaſt ſhore. It is four leagues in length, and one in breadth; and is ſurrounded by the canton of Berne, the principality of Neufchatel, and the biſhopric of Baſle.

This lake has its peculiar beauties. Among hills, that gently riſe from the ſhore, are meadows, paſture land, corn fields, vineyards, and woods, intermingled with unceaſing variety. Numerous ſmall towns, villages, and hamlets, prove the population of this diſtinguiſhed country. In the middle of the lake, the Peter's iſland riſes; its verdant ſhores crowned with trees, and, on the weſt, gently declining with hanging vineyards.

This iſland belongs to the rich hoſpital in Berne. The purveyor of the hoſpital inhabits the houſe, under the ſhore, in which Jean Jacques Rouſſeau, for a ſhort time, reſided. We went into his chamber; every corner and plank of which are ſcribbled over, by travellers, in all languages. From his own narrative, we feelingly perceive that this extraordinary man, after ſo many of the ſtorms of life, ſo many imaginary and ſo many real perſecutions, here found that calm of which his ardent ſoul was ſtill capable. Let it not be ſaid that he did not actually find in this place that profound tranquillity, that ſweet forgetfulneſs

getfulneſs of the ſorrows of a life of anguiſh, and theſe gentle dreams many of which were well worthy of the night-watching ſage and his ſolitary lamp.

Among the grand beauties of this iſland, entangled as we often were by the thick and impervious buſhes, paſſing as we continually did under the lofty oak, the cheſnut, the aſh, and the duſky ſhades of various fruit trees; the lake now entirely loſt, and now as ſuddenly ſeen, delighted by the ſenſations which fertile nature every where inſpired, we ſometimes forgot the philoſophic hermit; but we as often found him again. Here, ſaid we, did the penſive Jean Jacques ruminate. On this ſteep height, and, glowing with all the delightful ſweets of conſcious rectitude, he contemplated the clear waters of the lake. Here did he calm his too ardent ſenſibility, by viewing the dewy plants, which he took ſo much pleaſure to collect. Under this rock, reclining in a boat, he touched the ſoft flute. Yonder is the diminutive iſland, which he peopled with rabbits: that ſmall ſpot, which, comparatively, makes the mother iſland a continent.

We took our meal on the iſland. Not far from the houſe is a round pavilion, in which, during the vintage, the young people of the neighbourhood aſſemble, every Sunday in the afternoon, to dance.

As we left the iſland, we were awakened by the recollection of what muſt have been the ſenſations of Rouſſeau, when he was obliged to leave this place of refuge; to which he had ſo earneſtly wiſhed it were his good fortune to have been baniſhed. Poor Jean Jacques! I acknowledge that even thou hadſt thy imperfections. Often am I obliged to recollect thy miſtaken feelings, the ſtrange weakneſs of thy ſingular ſoul, thy unexampled mixture of pliant confidence, and gloomy miſanthropy, thy meanneſs, and thy dignity! May the earth lie light upon thee!

* We took boat, touched on the territories of Neufchatel, and in the evening came to Arlach; a ſmall town in the canton of Berne, lying on the north ſide of the lake which bears its name.

This

This lake is nine leagues long, and two broad. The town, which is exceedingly well built, contains about three thouſand inhabitants. The council-houſe is a noble piece of architecture; and the hall, in which the lords of the council aſſemble, combines republican dignity with modern embelliſhment. This building is erected with money left by a rich burgher of Neufchatel, whoſe name was Pury, and will be finiſhed in the preſent year. The town has a poor-houſe, and a hoſpital. The granary is capacious, and built in a good ſtyle. Large corn magazines are found in every town in Switzerland; which is ſo populous that this precaution is quite neceſſary. The buildings, appropriated to this uſe, every where diſcover the ſimple grandeur of architecture. A free people always have a fine feeling of the dignity of man: whatever is dedicated to the ſervice of the community, bears the great and ſacred character of its deſignation.

The proſpect toward the lake is delightful. Facing the town, on each ſide of the ſhore, the craggy mountains of the canton of Freiburg riſe. The diſtant glaciers of Berne, which I remember appeared deceitfully near, towering as it were at my feet, were now clouded.

The county of Vallangin and the principality of Neufchatel, united, are ten leagues in length, and five in their greateſt breadth. They are ſuppoſed to contain forty thouſand inhabitants. In the year 1707, their race of princes became extinct; and the inhabitants choſe Frederic the firſt, King of Pruſſia, for their prince; as heir to the houſe of Chalons; after having firſt ſtipulated for their reciprocal rights. In default of male heirs, the principality deſcends to the female. The repreſentative of the king ſwore to leave the rights, liberties, and cuſtoms, written and unwritten, unmoleſted. The repreſentatives of the country, in return, took the oath of allegiance.

All the affairs of government are to be diſcuſſed in the ſtate. The king, being abſent, can only govern through the intervention of his *ſtatthalter*, and the council. By the ſtate, and by the laws of the conſtitution, alone, can any individual citizen be judged. The king has

no

no claims over the country, except as prince of Neufchatel. It takes no part in his wars: it remained firm to its alliance with France, during the ſeven years war; and the king was obliged to ſuffer the two companies of Neufchatel, that were in the French ſervice, to fight againſt him.

In this happy land, no judge dare confine any individual, who has not undergone a previous examination. Pains and penalties are limited, by laws that are inviolable; and, when inflicted, are mild. The only privilege of the prince is that of mitigating or remitting puniſhment. He dares not impoſe new taxes; and the old are trifling. Trade is entirely free: the people of Neufchatel pay no duties, either of export or import. The revenues of the King are farmed; and annually produce about twenty-five thouſand rix dollars.

This little country has great difference of climate. The ſouth part, toward the lake, enjoys a very mild air. Wine, with every kind of grain, and fruit, are produced here, as in the Pays de Vaud. The ſeaſons of the north on the contrary, including a part of Mount Jura, are rude; and the lands with difficulty produce oats and barley: however, the country here is very populous, which is owing to the ſkill and induſtry of its inhabitants. A deſcription, which was given us, by profeſſor Ith, of the people of theſe mountains, and of their great natural beauty, induced us to make a ſhort journey thither; which has given me inexpreſſible pleaſure.

Having firſt made our obſervations on Neufchatel, we ſet out early on the 24th for this purpoſe. Near the town, at the foot of the mountains, we met with fruitful fields. The lands were enriched with the growing wheat and rye. Our aſcent was gradual; and corn fields gradually diſappeared: but every where the beauty and ſtrength of the herbage, and the plants, were admirable. We frequently met with flowers, which, in lower ſituations, bloom in the ſpring. I plucked a field roſe, whoſe ſtrong and freſh odour was invigorating; like that

kind of aromatic perfume, which is only to be met with in high lands*.

The road was ſteep, and very uneven. High rocks, ſometimes naked, at others clad with green trees, were frequent on the right. To the left, in valleys of ſteep deſcent, were noble woods of beech and pine. Between theſe woods, ſpacious openings to the lake proffered themſelves; through which we ſaw the gentler beauties of its ſhores. The green paſtures between the rocks were overgrown with the large yellow gentian; the tall flowers of which, during ſummer, give great beauty to theſe countries.

After travelling three leagues, we came to the top of a hill; on which were a few ſcattered houſes. This reſting place is called La Tour. While our horſes were baiting, we felt the mountain air had ſharpened our appetites for a ſecond breakfaſt; a thing unknown to the inhabitants of plains. They gave us excellent butter and honey; and we men took a ſtrengthening draught of the Switzerland Kirſchwaſſer†, which is neither inferior in ſtrength nor taſte to the Dantzic Goldwaſſer‡.

We again joyouſly ſet forward on our journey. You know how excellent a traveller Sophia is: few women would be able to make ſuch a journey. The road was ſteep, and rocky; and we frequently turned ſuddenly upon fearful precipices, that lay on our left. The traveller muſt depend on the caution of his guide, the ſtrength of his ſure footed horſes, and the goodneſs of his carriage. Add to which, to enjoy a journey like this, his mind muſt be undiſturbed.

Here we beheld unuſually beautiful pines, on the ſides of the mountain, mixed with tall ſlender beeches, which ſtill tower covered with

* In places which are cold becauſe of their northern latitude, the vegetation is feeble: but it is not the ſame with places that are cold becauſe of their elevation. The high Alps have a ſhorter ſummer, and a more ſevere winter, than places that lie between fifty-ſix and fifty-eight degrees of latitude: yet their vegetation is uncommonly vigorous.

† Cherry Brandy. ‡ Dantzic Brandy.

a freſh

a freſh ſummer green. Between their charming foliage, verdant valleys appeared, on which cattle were grazing; and large paſtures lay among the rocks to our right.

After we had paſſed La Tour about three leagues, we came to a place where the road was a very ſteep deſcent; and ſaw, in an elevated valley, the handſome village of Locle, lying below and before us. This whole diſtrict, which belongs to the county of Vallengin, about the beginning of the fourteenth century was uninhabited. It is called after its chief village, Locle, is about two leagues and a half in length, and one in breadth, and was peopled by wild beaſts; when a man, named Droz de Corcelles, who came from the ſouth part of Neufchatel, being protected by two lords of Vallengin, undertook, with his four ſons, to clear and cultivate this ſpot of earth. Rocks, precipices, moraſſes, and places overgrown with trees, which, during eight months in the year were under the rigorous dominion of winter, had no terrors for him. He here eſtabliſhed a little free colony; which took its origin about the year in which the confederates obtained their liberty, by ſhaking off the yoke of the Auſtrian *Zwingherrn*. Such was the ſpirit of freedom which breathed over all Helvetia; and to this ſublime ſpirit has the high valley of Locle been indebted, for its proſperity, during five hundred years. How does a man learn in Switzerland to feel the energy of Haller's muſe, where he ſays,

Da wo die Freiheit wohnt, wird alle mühe minder,
Die felſen ſelbſt beblümt, und Boreas gelinder*!

In theſe rough valleys, you find a village many of the houſes of which would become a town. The church is a large and noble edifice. Their bells, eſteemed the beſt in Switzerland, reſound through the whole valley; and call a free, virtuous, and happy people, who to the

* Where Freedom dwells, ſhe every care beguiles!
The rocks are fruitful, and the winter ſmiles! T.

pleaſure of the paſtoral life add an intelligent and active induſtry, to give thanks in the temple of their Holy Father.

The pavement and the fountains denote the ſpirit of a free community; which conſults the convenience and benefit of its citizens. There is a large weekly market here. We arrived on the Saturday; and the kind looking market people ſwarmed, through the clean ſtreets of the village, like a neſt of ants. Places, that were formerly the dens of wolves and bears, are now the abode of mechanical knowledge, and enlightened induſtry. The father and ſon, whoſe name is Droz, whoſe ſcientific automatons are celebrated throughout Europe, and who are the deſcendants of the founder of this community, are now living. Mills have here been built in deep pits, which are driven by ſubterranean ſtreams.

Watchmakers, laceweavers, goldſmiths, cutlers, workers in enamel, iron, and ſteel, people theſe diſtricts. A country life, and the mountain air, here keep men like theſe healthy and robuſt; who, from their ſedentary employment, in towns, are ſo frequently weak, and effeminate.

As the weather was gloomy, and as we learnt that we were ſtill two good leagues diſtant from the waterfall of Doux, the day too being on the decline, we determined to delay our excurſion till the morrow; hoping for better weather, and putting our truſt in the peculiar character of this fine year. We went however to Chaux de Fond; which is a league and a half from Locle, and nearly on the ſame level.

This valley is two leagues long, is divided into eleven parts, and, excluſive of the villages, is every where ſcattered over with houſes. Here, under the wing of freedom, inhabit induſtry, order, art, and proſperity. Here, the inhabitants are maintained by their manufactures, and the excellence of their paſtures. The number of theſe inhabitants is about three thouſand; four hundred of whom are watchmakers. Each part of the watch is made by its particular workman. This increaſes the accuracy of the work, and the dexterity of the artiſt,

artiſt, and lowers the price of the watch. We went to one of the principal manufactories; where they ſhewed us watches of great beauty, and inſtruments that ſhew the courſe of the ſun; which conſequently muſt be adjuſted according to the latitude. From ten to ſixteen thouſand watches and many clocks are annually made here.

Sixteen hundred women are ſuppoſed to be employed in the lace manufactory; and in this valley, as well as in that of Locle, new mechanical inſtruments are often invented. Many Germans are to be met with here. It has likewiſe four large mills, the wheels of which are worked under ground. We were told that one of theſe wheels puts eight ſaws in motion.

The ſale of their cattle in part ſupplies their deficiency of corn; and the labours of their mechanics enrich the whole land.

In Switzerland, Nature is a fruitful, healthy, and loving, mother. Ever pregnant, ſhe ſcarcely has time to give her children the breaſt. Happy children, that imbibe freedom with their mother's milk! Benevolent nurſe, that preſſes them to her ſoft glowing boſom! Rocks, mountains, and barren places, proſper and ſmile on theſe her paſtoral ſons.

We returned to Locle early on the 25th, and met our hoſt again with pleaſure. The man is eighty-three; his wife ſeventy-ſeven. They have been ſixty years married. The worthy old Baucis informed me, with heartfelt delight, that they were the parent ſtock of ſeventy-ſeven living deſcendants.

The good people had procured a *char à banc* for us, to viſit the fall of the Doux. We aſcended and deſcended two very ſteep heights. It is in vain to be afraid, among ſhort turnings like thoſe we paſſed; where often the road diſappears, and a precipice only is ſeen. The guide ran beſide us; and frequently, in narrow roads, preſſed as it were between the cliff and the carriage, he leapt like a wild goat from rock to rock. The way is wonderfully pleaſant. Rocks, covered with ſhrubs and trees, ſome low and ſtrong, others tall and ſlender, proſpects that open and ſhut upon the verdant valleys, and at length a downward glimpſe of the ſmall

ſmall Doux, which ſeparates Neufchatel from Franche Comté, running over a rocky bed to the lake, which from a French village is called *Lac de Mouron*; all theſe objects delight the eye, in an indeſcribable manner, and make the heart overflow with pleaſure.

A ſudden deſcent into the valley brought us to the little village of Brenets. Here again we found watchmakers and mechanics. We alighted from our carriage, and took boat on the Doux; which here becomes broader; and, in a few minutes, we found ourſelves in that deep rocky gulph which is called the lake of Mouron. This lake, which frequently winds between ſteep cliffs, is ſo ſmall that it might eaſily be ſuppoſed to be the Doux; did not its depth denote its native ſources. Its craggy ſhores and naked cliffs ſometimes riſe, in fantaſtic forms, to the clouds; and ſometimes are covered with the dark pine. At others, their aſcent is more gradual: while the friendly beech and the clear green aſh, in all the vigour of vegetation, grow wild, and riſe in ſtories one above the other.

It was a charming day; and the dark blue of the heavens, the upright canopy only of which we could ſee, was contraſted with the variegated verdure of the trees, and the dazzling walls of rock. A deep ſilence reigns here: except interrupted by the bleat of a ſtray goat, or the flight of the eagle.

Large eagles hovered over our heads, at an immeaſurable height; and only once ſeemed diſturbed, when our boatmen awakened ſlumbering echo with firing their guns. The waters of the lake have waſhed deep canals in the rock; cavities that are really wonderful, nay incredible; being certainly from twenty to thirty ells in height, and ſhewing what was formerly the height of the lake. In antient times, far indeed beyond the knowledge of the hiſtory of this country, the whole valley muſt have been a deep lake. Theſe outlets increaſe the phantom-like appearance of the rocks; where all that is ſtrange and admirable ſeems combined! where every beauty flouriſhes, and where the horrible crags and caverns are hung with flowers and innumerable ſhrubbery!

ſhrubbery! Among the ſmall cliffs, beautiful trees take root; and on the top of one of the higheſt a tall pine grows, the bed of which, according to all appearance, is the bare ſtone.

We came at laſt to the end of the lake; and ſaw the dry bed of the river, which in ſummer has no viſible courſe, but conceals itſelf under ground. We landed on the Neufchatel ſhore, and ſaw three French exciſe officers coming up to us; againſt whoſe impoſition we were warned by our boatman. They had lately, under ſome frivolous pretext, detained a traveller almoſt a whole day. We gave our pocket-books and money into the poſſeſſion of one of our guides, that we might not ſatisfy the curioſity of theſe Frenchmen, nor be obliged, as ſome travellers have been, to exchange our louis d'ors for aſſignats at forty per cent. diſcount. We continued our way with a determined air, which bordered on defiance, along the dry bed of the river. They let us paſs peaceably, although they had evidently come to examine us: but either our manner fettered their activity, or they did not hope to find much booty on people who had emptied their pockets in their very preſence.

After a few hundred paces, we came to a rocky height; where we again ſaw the Doux, on the other ſide of a deep but narrow valley, riſe out of the earth that had drunk in its waters; and in about thirty yards, exactly oppoſite to us, it fell perhaps eighty feet, impetuouſly, over rocks, into the valley.

The third part of its bed was not filled. At other ſeaſons of the year, or in a leſs dry ſummer, the force of the caſcade muſt be much greater: but, even then, I have no conception of the manner in which the earth imbibes its waters, or how they eſcape after their ſubterraneous paſſage.

We again took boat, again with pleaſure contemplated our lake and its rocks, and ſtopped to view a large rent, which divided a rock from the bottom to the top, and formed a deep cavity. We penetrated about fifty paces into this cavern; and ſhould have proceeded farther

in the dark hole, if our boatman had not forgotten to bring a light. A man muſt be utterly void of imagination, who ſhould not, for a moment, ſuppoſe himſelf an inhabitant of this rocky gulph. His fancy will place him with a death's head, ſeated, like a repenting hermit: or he will think it the refuge either of a hunter, a herdſman, or a pair of lovers; who here, in innocence, affection, and freedom, live on the fiſh of the lake, the wild berries of the rock, and the milk of the ſkipping goat.

I own, I left this place with a kind of regret: with a fulneſs of heart.

We again took boat for Brenets, and were then carried in our char à banc to Locle. There we dined; hearing the ringing of the bells, which ſummoned the people to afternoon ſervice.

After dinner, we continued our journey back to La Tour. We now viewed the beautiful valley by ſunſhine; which, the day before, was leſs charming, becauſe the weather was bad. It was crowded with people, in their Sunday attire, who were ſeen walking and familiarly playing with their cattle. You know how fond the people of our country are of animals: but this fondneſs is nothing, when compared to the kind intercourſe that ſubſiſts between them and their owners in Switzerland. In mountainous diſtricts, tillage is not the daily care of the peaſant. His wealth is in his herd. At one appointed time, he drives his cattle to the Alps; and, at another, he brings them back. Nevertheleſs, the people of theſe valleys have a remarkable fondneſs for animals. We ſaw men, women, and children, careſſing the cows; and I never ſhall forget ſeeing a well looking man, with a woollen cap on his head, who ſtood, his arms croſſed and ſatisfaction in his countenance, with his whole ſoul intent upon his large well-fed ſpotted cow, that had a handſome metal bell hung round her neck, and the tinkling of which, at every ſtep ſhe made, delighted his ear. He took no notice of our carriage, as it rolled along. His eyes and ears were alike engroſſed by his cow.

It was late when we reached La Tour; and happy was it for us that

we

we there found a man that knew the country: for we neither wished to return by Neufchatel, nor could we have arrived there before night. We were therefore obliged to forſake the high road, and proceed along a ſteep narrow road acroſs the country, which brought us into places that were wholly unknown to the guide that came with us from Berne. We occaſionally paſſed ſteep rocks; and, had it not been for our new guide, we muſt have ſpent the night in the open air.

Soon after we had ſtruck into the bye road, we ſuddenly perceived a great alteration in the climate. On the mountains, and high plains, the air had been very ſharp; and, wherever the wind blew through the openings in the mountains, we found the cold as great as in the latter part of the month of November: but here we again met with fruit trees, and the air was not ſo rude.

At twilight, we arrived at the little town of Boudry; which belongs to Neufchatel: and early yeſterday we purſued our road, and preſently came to the lake of Neufchatel. We travelled by its ſide, with its frothy waves driven by the wind on our left, and the long promontory of the woody Jura on our right, and arrived in the forenoon at Yverdon.

A league before we came to Yverdon, we paſſed through Grandſon. This town, and its bailiwick of the ſame name, belong in common to Berne and Freiburg. In the year 1476, the town was taken by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; who, contrary to his pledged faith, hanged a part of the garriſon and drowned the reſt. But ſoon afterward, on the third of March, in the very ſame year, and place, he was defeated by the Swiſs. He loſt his camp, his baggage, and his artillery. This battle was the harbinger of the great victory at Murten, by which he was humbled; and of the battle of Nancy, where the reſtleſs warrior loſt his life.

Yverdon is among the oldeſt towns in Switzerland. It is one of the four towns of the Pays de Vaud which are called *Les quatres bonnes villes:*

villes *: theſe are Moudon, Yverdon, Morges, and Nyon. They have conſiderable municipal rights, with a little and a great council; conſiſting of thirty-ſix perſons, the preſident of whom is a banneret.

There is an old caſtle, in Yverdon, with four towers, which was built in the twelfth century by Conrad, Duke of Zähringen. In this town, there is a ſociety, that collects voluntary alms for all the poor; to prevent begging, and keep the country free from the dirt, diſorder, and immorality, of mendicants.

The town is built at the ſouth end of the lake of Neufchatel, in a charming ſituation. It has beautiful alleys of the cheſnut, the linden, and the Italian poplar. It grieved me to ſee the trees, of one of the large linden walks, with their branches lopped, and their bark peeled all round; which ſhewed they were doomed to the axe. Here, as in other places, the large trees which were planted by our great great grandfathers are hewn down, and replaced by the Italian poplar. It is pleaded, in excuſe, that the trees grew old, and were in part decayed. It may be ſo; but, in my opinion, thoſe who fell the large linden to plant the ſtripling poplar would be very worthy of inhabiting the city of Abdera †.

In the afternoon, we continued our journey, through very fertile regions. Two leagues from Lauſanne, we met with a marble obeliſk, erected in a village, on the four ſides of which was the following inſcription, in the Latin, German, French, and Engliſh languages:

PRAISE THE LORD, ALL YE PEOPLE!

We arrived here yeſterday evening, about duſk; too late to enjoy the beautiful proſpects of the lake.

* The four good towns.

† Abdera was an antient maritime town of Thrace; the inhabitants of which were ſubject to a kind of ſtupid phrenſy. T.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

Lauſanne, 30th September 1791.

THE day before yeſterday, in the morning, we went down to the lake, and took boat, intending to make a two days voyage, to Vevay and the Savoy ſhore. We firſt however proceeded to Meillerie, in Savoy. The day was clear, and increaſed the charms of the lake; the waters of which, in ſoft meanders, were loſt behind the hills, while to the left we ſaw their full extent; and, beyond them, the mountains of Valais, with their towering forked cliffs: among which we diſtinguiſhed that which is called *La dent de lament* *. Immediately before us were the wood-decked hills of Savoy, and the far-famed rocks of Meillerie.

This little village lies preſſed, as it were, between the waters of the lake and the riſing mountain. The rocks, which are a part of the mountain, are perpendicular to the lake; and leave but a ſmall ſpace between the cliff and the edge of the lake. As ſoon as we landed, we took a guide, to conduct us over the mountains. The road is often ſteep; and on the edge of deep precipices. The nether and middle region of the mountain are covered with walnut, and more eſpecially with cheſnut, trees; and above theſe grow the young beech, the ſervice tree, and other quick wood. We did not reach the ſummit of the mountain. Sophia and Erneſt remained on a charming verdant ſpot; where they had a full proſpect of the lake, and an amphitheatre formed by the mountains of Valais. The reſt of us took a truly goat-hunter's track; where one falſe ſtep would have hurled us headlong into the gulph below. Generally, however, we could catch at the young trees; or ſtay ourſelves by the jutting rocks.

* Sorrow's tooth.

By theſe means, we arrived among thoſe rocks which Rouſſeau very properly choſe as the retreat of a lover. We ſtood oppoſite to the celebrated Vevay, upon the glittering ſtone on which St. Preux inſcribed his Julia's name; and lay down on a large bed of rock, from which, immediately under us, in the middle of the lake, we could ſee the promontories reflected in its tranſparent blue green waters. Thick ſhrubs and buſhes were above our heads; and round us a ſolemn ſilence reigned, except that ſuddenly, now and then, a ſtone, hewn from ſome quarry, fell thundering; or we were alarmed by the loud deſcent of the pine tree, which, after being felled, is caſt from the top of the mountain to be ſhipped upon the lake.

The beauty of the proſpect, over the water, to the populous banks of the Pays de Vaud, and to the high promontories of the Valais, beyond which the glaciers reared their heads, delighted and filled the mind: which ſinking into thoughtfulneſs felt happy at being awakened from contemplation by the various landſcape; and, with pleaſing dread, willingly reflected on the fearful ſolitarineſs of theſe abodes; where no eye ſees, no voice is heard, and no footſtep approaches.

We unwillingly tore ourſelves from this place, again clambered among the cliffs, and returned with Sophia and Erneſt to Meillerie. On our way we ſaw and heard the pine trees hewn, peeled, and rolled down. The ſtripped trunks are laid on the ſteepeſt declivities; from which they glide down, with ſuch incredible impetuoſity and rapidity that the guides always entreat their followers to be quick, in paſſing theſe tracks, leſt the yet unſeen and unheard trunks ſhould inſtantly ſweep them away, or cruſh them to atoms. Some of theſe ſteeps are ſo prodigious that a ſtone, ſet in motion, is a long while heard to roll, from rock to rock, before it reaches the valley.

We ſpent the mid-day at Meillerie, the inhabitants of which have neither corn fields nor vineyards. Before and over their houſes are numerous tall poles, loaded with grapes as excellent as thoſe of the Pays de Vaud: but they are not in ſufficient quantities for the making

of wine, and are therefore eaten. Few of the inhabitants are wealthy enough to keep a cow: they chiefly live on the produce of their walnut trees, the oil of which is expreſſed from the nut; and on their cheſnuts, which they barter for corn. Their principal food is cheſnuts, fiſh, and potatoes.

In the afternoon, we took boat to Vevay. The ſun ſet behind the ſhore of the lake, gilding the rocks with deep red and dark purple, and the glaciers with a vivid roſe colour, which continued exceedingly bright when we landed at the very duſk of the evening at Vevay.

Vevay is an old town. In the Itinerary of the Emperor Antonine, it is mentioned by the name of Viviſcum. In the German language, it is ſtill called Vivis. It is the next town in rank, of the Pays de Vaud, to Lauſanne; and is even more pleaſant than the latter, by its ſituation and the mildneſs of its climate. Like the other towns of the Pays de Vaud, it has its great and little council; with many privileges. It contains one church, which is very handſome. Its high ſquare tower is ſeen at a great diſtance. The town is handſomely built, and inhabited by wealthy citizens. About the diſtance of a cannon ſhot to the eaſt, another little town is built; called *La Tour de Peyl*; which appears to make but one with Vevay.

Yeſterday morning, we aſcended the fine tower of the church of Vevay. A part of the hills were covered with clouds; and the valley, through which the Rhone runs into the lake, was ſo cloudy that it appeared to be a ſecond lake, which was divided from the true lake by a dam, and which communicated with it by a ſmall opening; which opening was the Rhone. Of this river, as of all thoſe that flow through lakes, the fable of the fiſhermen is, and which fable they believe, that its waters do not mix with the waters of the lake.

Vevay is ſurrounded with vineyard hills; and the wine is in great eſtimation. Mild however as the climate is, it is ſubject to very quick changes. On my firſt journey, I remember that I came here on the day when the vintage ended: it was the thirtieth of October, and late in.

in the evening, and I then ate white figs and the grapes that had been laſt gathered. The evening was very mild; but the following night the froſt was ſo ſtrong that ice was to be ſeen, the next day, long after ſun-riſe.

Having left the tower, we took boat, to paſs over to the coaſts of Savoy. We once more, in our paſſage, ſaw the rocks of Meillerie; and we men, with Erneſt, landed two leagues from Evian, and proceeded on foot along a high path beſide the lake, through a continual wood of genuine cheſnut and ſome few nut trees. In Lower Germany, the legitimate cheſnut tree never attains any large ſize; and the fruit ſeldom ripens; but here, and indeed in moſt parts in Switzerland, particularly the ſouthern confines, the Italian diſtricts, and the Griſons, the fruit of the cheſnut tree frequently ſupplies the place of corn; and the growth of the trees is equal in height to the beech of Holſtein, and in ſtrength to the oak of Weſtphalia. I know no tree which I think preferable.

The country people were very buſy in gathering their walnuts. In my firſt journey, I had frequent opportunities of aſſociating with the Savoyards. They are a cheerful, kind-hearted people; who bitterly experience the oppreſſions of government; for they live and ſuffer in a very fertile country, while they behold their neighbours, in lands not ſo fruitful, proſperous, and ſignalized by the ſelf-evident bleſſings of freedom.

Evian is a little town, in which there are a few good houſes: but the greater part are the very reverſe. It was the cuſtom for the royal princes to come every year and remain here, for ſome months, to drink the waters of the ſprings; which riſe about a league above the town: but, for the three laſt years, they have been abſent. The inn, which our boatmen praiſed as the beſt in the place, was wretched: eſpecially by its total want of cleanlineſs; which is common in Savoy, and which is the more conſpicuous by being contraſted with the charming neatneſs of the Swiſs.

The

The fine weather, which has been ſo true to us through our whole journey, afforded us a favourable but a feeble wind back to Lauſanne. The ſmiling banks of the Pays de Vaud are juſtly celebrated; and yet I muſt own I far prefer the lofty ſhores of Savoy, with their rocks and foreſts of cheſnut.

Lauſanne is the largeſt town of the Pays de Vaud, and is built on a riſing height, a ſhort half league from the lake of Geneva. The houſes are handſome; but the ground upon which they are built is ſo unequal that three horſes are generally obliged to be harneſſed abreaſt, to draw a coach up their ſteep ſtreets. In the times of the Romans, it was called *Lauſonium*, or *Lauſanna*: but it is ſuppoſed to have been built lower, at that time, and nearer to the lake. In the ſixteenth century, the biſhopric of Avenche was transferred hither. Since the reformation, the biſhop reſides at Freiburg: though he ſtill draws ſome little revenue from this place. Lauſanne enjoyed great privileges even in the time of the biſhops: but they have been much extended under the government of Berne.

Lauſanne elects its own burgomaſter, five bannerets, the little council, the council of ſixty, and the great council of two hundred. The town holds its own upper and lower courts of juſtice. The government of Berne has reſerved nothing for itſelf, except the rights of ſovereignty, of arming ſoldiers, coining money, and that beſt of rights, the right of forgiving.

The academy, which was founded in the year 1537, has been gradually enlarged. A profeſſorſhip of medicine was added, for the celebrated phyſician, Tiſſot. This gentleman is very highly valued for his perſonal qualities. It is delightful to hear the inhabitants of the town, after they have praiſed his underſtanding and his heart, conclude this praiſe by adding: He ſaved the life of my wife! He reſtored my mother to health! He ſnatched my two children from the grave!

The cathedral is very beautiful; though built in the gothic ſtyle. Facing the church, there is a walk planted with trees; from which there is a beautiful proſpect, toward the lake.

The

The hoſpital is large and magnificent. In this country, the benevolence of the inhabitants is greater than the neceſſities of the poor. This fine building is almoſt tenantleſs.

You muſt certainly have read, in the public papers, that the government of Berne has ſent above three thouſand men into the Pays de Vaud; more than two thouſand of whom have been quartered in this town for ſome weeks. I have no doubt but that our gazette writers, partly from ignorance, and partly becauſe they have their own reaſons for placing ſo many wiſe regulations of governments in a falſe light, will miſrepreſent this ſtep. And miſrepreſent it they certainly will, if they pretend to underſtand the reaſon of it better than the perſons by whom it has been taken. Thus far we know, that the French, who in the preceding years have ſwarmed in this country, have ſpread a ſpirit of diſcontent. That this ſpirit has manifeſted itſelf in various ways, and that the malevolent have endeavoured to inculcate it among the people, is paſt all contradiction. Some perſons have been ſuddenly arreſted, and impriſoned, in a caſtle at the eaſtern end of the lake. The chief magiſtrates of the towns of the Pays de Vaud have been ſummoned to appear to-day; and were admoniſhed by a deputation from the government. The ſoldiers were under arms, to give the affair the greater ſolemnity. I thought that the feelings of the inhabitants would have burſt forth: but perſons of various ranks approve the proceeding of the government of Berne. They gave it to be underſtood that a fire was glowing under the aſhes, and that it muſt be immediately extinguiſhed.

A gentleman of this country, a man of property, and under no obligations to Berne, and another perſon, whoſe name would give weight to his opinion were I allowed to mention it, both ſpoke the ſame language. I have not met any man in Berne, who did not ſpeak with regret of the neceſſity of this ſtep; and the moſt intelligent perſons of the Pays de Vaud praiſe the wiſdom and mildneſs of the government.

It is true that the nobility and the towns of this country, when they were

were ſubject to Savoy, exerciſed the right of aſſembling the ſtates. This right they loſt, in the year 1536, when they were conquered by the canton of Berne. The government of Berne, at that time, offered the nobility of the conquered country the right of citizenſhip: a right which would have entitled them to all the honourable offices of the republic: but this they declined, in expectation that the Duke of Savoy would again recover the country. Three families only accepted it; and by thoſe only it is now enjoyed. The conſtitution however is in a high degree free; and the ſpirit of the government is both mild and prudent.

The people are perfectly ſatisfied; and thoſe who would excite inſurrection, from the love of change, would find themſelves oppoſed by all claſſes. The poor citizens and the peaſants would be as eager, in reſiſting them, as the government itſelf. In the preceding year, this province was viſited by a general dearth; and the council of Berne ſupplied the inhabitants, from the ſtores that it had provided, with corn: by which a loſs was ſuſtained of fifteen hundred thouſand Berner pounds; which is more than ſix hundred thouſand rix dollars.

You know my opinions. You know that, from my childhood, I have been an enemy to all abſolute power; and no friend either to unlimited monarchies, or an ariſtocracy that reſembles an oligarchy; and I do not think I am in any danger of changing this opinion. In theſe times however, when freedom and deſpotiſm are exerciſed by the people, yes, by the people, or by their demagogues, they are ſo confounded, although they are directly contradictory, that I, with many others who are lovers of order and ſafety, may eaſily be miſunderſtood. My opinion is, that freedom is founded on laws, laws on morals, and morals on the fear of God. Yet I am not now, nor ever have been, of the opinion of Pope; who, in his well known diſtich, ſays——

> For forms of government let fools conteſt;
> Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt *.

* Eſſay on Man.

For there are certain forms that are inadmiſſible, in a good government; or at leaſt for any length of time; for they are derogatory to the dignity of man. Deep conſideration, and an attention to facts, have convinced me that very much indeed depends on the form, but ſtill more on the ſpirit, of a government. Ariſtotle, the moſt acute of all political philoſophers, ſo highly praiſes the form of the conſtitution of Carthage, that he aſſerts it was the very beſt he knew. And, yet, who would venture to praiſe the ſpirit of this conſtitution? The form of the conſtitution of Berne is very wide of ideal excellence, ſuch as I can ſuppoſe to myſelf; for it borders on oligarchy: but the wiſdom, the grandeur, the benevolence, of its ſpirit induce it to adminiſter juſtice, as freely to the well-informed poor of the Pays de Vaud as to thoſe of the higher claſs.

The ſoldiers were to leave the country in a few days, and return to their cabins.

How hateful, how barbarous, is the rigorous diſcipline of mercenaries! As hateful as the very diſorders which theſe mercenaries are hired to repreſs! Yet this very rigour itſelf is ſcarcely ſufficient to keep them in ſubordination: while, from the officers of the free ſoldiers of a republic, a word is ſufficient. Thoſe who were inimical to their entrance here, yet, praiſe their deportment. Far from the rapacity of marauders, they ſcarcely would accept ſuch refreſhments as were offered them. Some ſoldiers were quartered on a rich burgher of Moudon, whoſe garden was full of ripe fruit. He was very unwilling to admit them; but, when they departed, he gave public teſtimony that his garden had never been better watched. They were as friendly with the inhabitants as if they had been fellow townſmen: nor did even the difference of language give occaſion to the leaſt miſunderſtanding.

It is pleaſant to ſee theſe people under arms. Headed by officers who have moſt of them been in foreign ſervice, and whoſe capacity foreigners celebrate, they are quick in obedience: but they obey with a manly air. The officers acknowledge them as their free fellow-citi-

zens; and mingle with them in a friendly manner. They are a handſome, ſtrong, well-built race; in whoſe eyes cheerfulneſs and valour ſparkle.

LETTER XXIII.

Geneva, 2d October 1791.

WE left Lauſanne the day before yeſterday; where we ſhould have made a longer ſtay, had not the length of our journey and the ſeaſon of the year obliged us to depart. The ſituation of the town is uncommonly beautiful. We enjoyed it, as we left the place and proceeded down the lovely heights, on which it is built, to the ſhores of the lake. Theſe heights too are abundant in diverſified beauties. The various ranges of mountains, one behind another, on the oppoſite coaſts of Savoy, are changeable every inſtant; while the foremoſt rocks, more changeable ſtill, eſcaped with their towering cliffs at every ſtep from the eye, ſo as to form a different proſpect. Mont Blanc, whoſe top may from various places in Lauſanne be ſeen towering over the cliffs, continued to riſe upon us, in ſplendid beauty and fearful ſublimity. The aſtoniſhed eye repoſes here, on the magnificent wonders of nature; then turns to the laughing regions of the coaſt, to their vineyards, their foreſts, their populous hills, and onward to the beauties of the lake. Bathed by its waters, the charming little town of Morges is ſeen; the leſs agreeable but friendly town of Rolle, and the more important Nion; which, nothing derogatory to its old Roman origin, appears entirely to conſiſt of the houſes of the wealthy, who aſſemble here to reſide; and, under the protection of liberty, cheerfully, and undiſturbed, enjoy the youthful beauties of nature.

About noon we arrived at the hoſpitable houſe of Mr. Reverdil; where we remained till the following morning. He is a worthy man. I have not ſeen him ſince I was quite a boy; nearly thirty years ago. I met him again with pleaſure; and with the greater becauſe he is now in the happy poſſeſſion of a charming wife.

The next day, we continued our journey, and paſſed by two places that ſeemed to be conſecrated the abode of happineſs: theſe were the reſidence of two ſages of the preſent age, Necker, and Bonnet. I hope ſoon to ſay a word to you concerning theſe men. Mont Blanc became more and more viſible. Itſelf a world of glaciers, it reared its mighty ſummits over the long range of Savoy glaciers; while its magnitude and brightneſs, inſtead of being concealed by intervening promontories, were rather increaſed.

We ſaw ripe buck wheat, between Nion and Geneva; which immediately after the wheat harveſt is ſown in the ſame fields.

Geneva conceals itſelf behind a kind of cape; as if ſuddenly to ruſh upon the view. The traveller proceeds among the numerous country houſes of its rich and free burghers, before he is aware of being in their territories; till, at once, the city in all its majeſty appears, built immediately where the Rhone flows out of the lake. I congratulated myſelf, that I was again about to ſee a town, and a diſtrict, which I honour and love. It appears to me, that as age advances we are very deſirous to reviſit the places in which we ſpent our early youth; and feel more intereſted, at the ſight of them, than at the novelty which other parts inſpire. When, as we grow old, we ſigh for ſomething new, imagination ſpreads thoſe mighty ſails which the breath of earth is inſufficient to fill: but are they not often ſwelled by the breath of the departed?

LETTER XXIV.

Geneva, 7th October 1791.

THE free city of Geneva, with its ſmall territory, lies between the confines of Switzerland, Savoy, and France; and is built on the beautiful lake which takes its name. From this lake the Rhone again purſues its courſe; after having traverſed it entirely, and purified its waters of the mud which it brought from the mountains of Valais.

The Rhone flows through the city; where it forms an iſland, which is covered with houſes. Geneva was converted to chriſtianity in the third or fourth century. It was afterward, more than once, ſhaken and overrun by the northern invaders. Some of the Kings of Burgundy choſe it for their reſidence. It next fell under the juriſdiction of the Kings of France. While theſe lords governed, it was at one time ſubject to the oppreſſions of war, at others to the misfortunes of anarchy.

Charlemagne, one of the moſt extraordinary of mankind, who metamorphoſed whole kingdoms, aſſembled his army here before he marched againſt the Lombards, and granted the town conſiderable privileges. It afterward became a part of the kingdom of Arles; and after that of Burgundy.

The race of Burgundy having become extinct, Geneva, like the other ſtates that compoſed this kingdom, in the year 1032, was incorporated, by Conrad the Second, with the German empire. It was about this time that cities began to ſhake off the yoke of the great vaſſals of the empire. The Kings and Emperors of Germany often afforded them this opportunity; and endowed them with privileges, that they might be able to contend with thoſe temporal and ſpiritual lords, whoſe power was become ſo great as to be dangerous to the ſovereign.

The

The Biſhops of Geneva had gradually become more potent, and accumulated their claims; which the no leſs ambitious Counts of Geneva, who had originally derived from the Emperor, though they were likewiſe the vaſſals of the biſhops, diſputed with them. The people, lovers of freedom, while theſe conteſts were rather encouraged than repreſſed by the imperial and papal powers, knew how to profit by them; and at one time to obtain rights and privileges from one party, and at another from its opponent. Still they were more inclined to favour the biſhops than their hereditary counts.

Mean while a new power aroſe, by which the counts became embroiled; and which induced them to quit the poſſeſſion of a flouriſhing and commercial city.

The people of Geneva then acknowledged the biſhops, as their ſovereigns; who, accordingly, exerciſed the ſeignorial rights. The people notwithſtanding poſſeſſed conſiderable privileges. They annually choſe a ſyndic, and a treaſurer; and theſe appointed a council. The people were conſulted in the impoſing of taxes, and in the forming of alliances. Neither the biſhop nor the magiſtrate could undertake any thing of importance, unleſs they were aſſembled; and each, at coming into office, made a ſolemn oath before the ſyndic, by which he promiſed to leave the privileges of the city undiminiſhed. Hence Geneva was poſſeſſed of conſiderable freedom, under the biſhops which it thus circumſcribed.

The German Emperors, often diſturbed by internal troubles, and generally engaged in foreign wars, were the nominal ſovereigns; but nothing more.

The Counts of Maurienne, vaſſals of the antient Kings of Burgundy, held a part of their lands, as fiefs, from the Emperor Henry the Fifth; under the title of Counts of Savoy.

Amadeus, profiting by the jealouſy which the burghers of Geneva entertained againſt the biſhop, ſeized on the ſecular rights; which, till then, the biſhop had adminiſtered. The hiſtory of all ages demonſtrates

ſtrates how abſurd it is for ſmall independent ſtates, or for different parties of the ſame ſtate, to call in the aid of a powerful arbitrator; but, in theſe dark ages, men were little acquainted with the hiſtory of former times. Beſide, what power has hiſtorical example over the violence of party ſpirit?

Amadeus the Sixth was appointed Vicar of the Empire, in Italy and the neighbouring ſtates. He was indeed excluded from any juriſdiction over the city; but this dignity often gave the counts the pretext, with the connivance of the biſhop and the burghers, of interfering.

Amadeus the Eighth was lord of the county of Geneva; of which, in the year 1417, he was created Duke, by the Emperor Sigiſmund. Three years afterward, he obtained a favourable bull from Pope Martin the Fifth; which emboldened him to require the biſhop to cede the exerciſe of the ſecular rights. The biſhop aſſembled the people. They adviſed him not to reſign his rights to ſtrangers, and the propoſition was rejected.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, the number of the council, which under the preſidency of the ſyndics held the adminiſtration of public affairs, was fixed at five-and-twenty; and a ſuperior council, of fifty, was inſtituted: which, in certain caſes, was to be aſſociated with the former. This was the origin of the great council of two hundred.

The Dukes of Savoy had long harboured intentions againſt Geneva. Many of the principal burghers, ſome of whom reſided in Savoy, favoured their projects; and princes of their race, nay ſometimes their baſtards, were appointed to the biſhopric. Charles the Third, who lived about the beginning of the ſixteenth century, and who favoured the biſhops, often viſited the city with a magnificent train, gained ſome over, terrified others, exerciſed power, and threw thoſe who oppoſed him into priſon. His arrogance diſguſted the good citizens; and Berthelier in particular, who had become a burgher of Freiburg, becauſe he no longer conſidered the citizenſhip of Geneva as a protection for a free man.

By

By this perſon, an alliance was effected, between Freiburg and Geneva. And now two parties aroſe in the city; thoſe who were of the faction of the Duke, who, in imitation of the tumultuous militia of the Egyptian Sultans, were called Mammelucks, and thoſe more virtuous burghers, who were deſirous to maintain their freedom, who were called *Hugonots:* probably, inſtead of *Eidſgenoſſen*; which the French could not pronounce. It is well known that this appellation was afterward beſtowed on the proteſtants of France.

Duke Charles exerciſed his oppreſſive power, and obliged Geneva to renounce its alliance with Freiburg. He obtained a reſolution, from the other cantons, that the alliance with Freiburg ſhould be annulled; but was obliged to promiſe that the liberty of the republic of Geneva ſhould not be moleſted. This promiſe however he broke; and Berthelier fell a ſacrifice to his revenge.

Two ſucceſſive biſhops now exerciſed their tyranny over the city: yet the dread of the Swiſs frequently ſet limits to their oppreſſions. Several of the citizens fled for refuge to theſe free people; and Berne and Freiburg renewed their alliance with Geneva. This ſecond alliance was concluded in the year 1526; and, from this period, Geneva may be truly eſteemed to have become a free ſtate.

The victorious party of the Hugonots, now, in turn, became the oppreſſors; and the conquered Mammelucks were driven from their country.

The baniſhed citizens ſoon allied themſelves with the nobles of Savoy, and diſturbed Geneva; and thus the ſeeds of new contention, between the city and the Dukes of Savoy, took root. About this time, the Biſhop quarrelled with the Duke; and ſought for ſecurity in the municipal rights of a free city: a city which his lordly predeceſſors had ſo often treated with caprice.

Another eruption was made by the Mammelucks, aided by Savoy; and the oppoſition of Geneva occaſioned a new war with the Duke: which was brought to a concluſion by the interference of the Swiſs.

During

During this war, the Biſhop wavered from ſide to ſide, and thus increaſed the courage of the Hugonots.

Mean time, the doctrines of the reformers were very prevalent; and Berne excited the people of Geneva to ſhake off the yoke of the Pope, and the Biſhop. Freiburg indeed continued to profeſs the faith of its forefathers. In the year 1535, the council of two hundred, which had been ſome years inſtituted, admitted and countenanced the new doctrine; on which Freiburg renounced its alliance.

The following year, Calvin came to Geneva. This man, whoſe thoughts were as ardent as they were profound, communicated order both to church and ſtate. By his advice, in the year 1559, the academy was founded: a ſeminary which has produced great men, in every ſcience.

In the year 1584, the republic concluded an alliance with Berne and Zürich; which ſtill continues, and which more than once has been the ſupport of liberty and order. This is the only alliance that Geneva has with Switzerland. Geneva it is true, in the year 1570, had made an effort to be united with the whole thirteen cantons: but the partiſans of this meaſure were foiled, by the interference of Spain, Savoy, and the catholics of Switzerland.

New plans had been formed againſt Geneva, by Duke Emanuel Philibert; and, in 1588, his ſon, Charles Emanuel, took advantage of the troubles of France, and ſeized on Saluzzo. The French ambaſſador warned Berne, and Geneva, againſt the common foe. Geneva, during a war of nine years, maintained a well diſciplined little army of foreigners in its pay: but it did not obtain, at the peace which was concluded in the year 1600, that extent of territory which it had hoped: neither would Charles conſent to the ſtipulation, ſupported by Henry the fourth of France, that Geneva ſhould be conſidered as allied to the confederate cantons. With reſpect to ſecurity, however, its gains were conſiderable; for France exchanged the little country of Gex for Saluzzo; and it was likewiſe relieved from the neighbourhood

of Savoy on its northern boundary: thus, from this period, the ſafety of Geneva was ſecured by the jealouſy of its two neighbours.

In the night of the ſhorteſt day of the year 1602, Charles made a ſecret attack upon the city. The Savoyards had ſucceſsfully mounted a baſtion; but the watchful burghers beat back the foe, and peace was again concluded in the ſummer of the following year; in which the Duke was obliged to ſtipulate that he would aſſemble no forces within four leagues of the city.

After this, Geneva remained free from external enemies: but it has frequently been the ſeat of internal tumults; and ſeveral times, in the courſe of the ſeventeenth century, the government and people have been mutually accuſed: the one of ſeverity, the other of riotous commotion.

In the year 1707, the malcontents demanded an ordinance, which ſhould limit the power of the principal families; who, it appeared, held the chief offices in a kind of hereditary deſcent. They required that all laws and decrees ſhould be collected and publiſhed; and that balloting ſhould take place, to ſecure the freedom of election. They obtained the two firſt points, and were thereby enabled to revive an old cuſtom; which was, that the whole municipality ſhould aſſemble every five years, and examine the proceedings of the council of the republic. Theſe aſſemblies were often tumultuous; and the council ſeized the opportunity, which the vicinity of the Swiſs ſoldiers afforded, to demand three hundred men from Berne, and one from Zürich: which point they carried.

As ſoon as theſe foreign troops were introduced, the chiefs of the malcontents were ſeized, tried, and ſome of them put to death. The people were ſubdued; and, in the year 1712, loſt the right of aſſembling the municipality, and examining the conſtitutional acts of the council.

In the year 1730, a work appeared, in which the expences that had been incurred by fortifying the city were examined; and which occa-

ſioned great diſturbances. About this time, the abuſe of the liberty of the preſs excited great diſcontent. However, by calling a general council, in the year 1734, which conſiſted of all the burghers who had attained the age of five-and-twenty, to which the queſtion of taxation was referred, the government appeaſed the people. By this council, the taxes were granted for ten years.

Two years afterward, the democratical party roſe; and the partiſans of the government obtained permiſſion to oppoſe them with arms, taken from the arſenal. Some perſons periſhed in this fray; and the firſt ſyndic was impriſoned. The next day, the democrats ſeized on the gates; and ſeveral of the council and the firſt families fled from Geneva: but they returned, in the ſequel.

Deputies were ſent, by Berne and Zürich: but they found little confidence, among a people who conſidered them as the partiſans of the ariſtocracy. Their preſence however had ſome weight; for it induced the people to yield, in a few points, to the oppoſite faction, that they might prevent the influx of theſe foreigners. Meanwhile, the Envoys of France, in common with the two cantons allied to Geneva, preſented a plan which was intended to accommodate the mutual pretenſions of the council and the people.

The reinſtating of ſome magiſtrates, who, in the year 1734, had been depoſed, occaſioned great contention. The preſented plan however was received, in the general council, which was held in 1738; and the laſt article that this plan contained was that itſelf ſhould have in future the power of a law. By this new regulation, the taking up of arms, without the conſent of the government, was forbidden, under pain of death.

In 1754, Geneva was acknowledged by the King of Sardinia as a free independent republic; and the boundaries of Geneva and Savoy were accurately determined.

The ſtate now paid off the remainder of its debts; and it appeared to have attained, that chief of bleſſings, peace at home and with all the

world. The fire however, though ſmothered, was not extinguiſhed. A partial enjoyment of the bleſſings that reſult from freedom occaſioned, as uſual, diſſatisfaction, in a city in which there was an equality of rights, but a great inequality of wealth.

In the year 1762, the democrats excited new commotions; which were excited by the deciſion of the council, on two of the works of Rouſſeau: his Emilius, and his Social Contract. They were both forbidden, from religious and political motives. The council knew that Rouſſeau had fled from Paris to Geneva becauſe of theſe writings: they therefore ſummoned him before them; and, had he appeared, would have paſſed a ſentence that would have endangered his liberty.

Rouſſeau fled to the mountains of Neufchatel, and held a correſpondence with his friends in Geneva; who preſented a remonſtrance, that complained leſs of the ſentence itſelf than of the forms that had been obſerved.

They demanded that the affair ſhould be examined by the council general: that is, by the aſſembled citizens. The council, on the contrary, maintained that their demand was unconſtitutional; becauſe it had acted in conformity to an expreſs and unambiguous law.

It is indeed ſtipulated, in the conſtitution, that no affairs ſhall be ſubjected to the conſideration of a council general, unleſs they ſhall firſt have been examined, and permiſſion granted, by the two council colleges. Theſe colleges likewiſe poſſeſs the right of putting a negative upon all innovations. Thoſe who defended this right were named The *Negatives* *: and thoſe who maintained that the ſubject ought to come before a council general were called The *Remonſtrants* †. The pretenſions of The *Negatives* were maintained by Mr. Tronchin, who is ſtill living, in a work entitled *Lettres écrites de la campagne* ‡. This was anſwered by Rouſſeau in his *Lettres écrites de la montagne* §; by which the party of the *Remonſtrants* was ſtill more enflamed.

* Les négatifs.
† Les repréſentans.
‡ Letters written from the country.
§ Letters written from the mountains.

This

This ſpirit animated the citizens, in the year 1765; when they rejected all the counſellors, who were named as candidates for the election of new ſyndics. Accordingly, the election did not take place; and the former remained in office. In this the council general might be ſaid to have exerciſed a right, which the conſtitution gave them. It appears irregular that the former ſyndics ſhould remain in office another year: but it cannot be denied that the citizens themſelves neceſſarily produced this irregularity, when they refuſed to elect, as the law ordained, any of the perſons of the little council, who were propoſed as chief magiſtrates. Though, it is true, the law, while it ordered them to elect, gave them the power of a negative over each individual.

The Magiſtrates now ſaw themſelves obliged to demand aid of their three allies; France, Berne, and Zürich; in defence of a conſtitution which they had combined to form. Theſe powers ſent their plenipotentiaries; and four-and-twenty commiſſioners were choſen from among the citizens. While the conteſted rights were under examination, the council obtained, from the three interfering powers, a declaration in favour of their proceedings. This provoked the citizens, who, in a general council, rejected the deciſion of the mediators; and, accordingly, their plenipotentiaries were called home.

The haughty court of France ſent troops on the confines of Geneva, and prohibited all trade between that kingdom and the party of the *Remonſtrants*. Neither were the citizens permitted to travel through the cantons, till they ſhould firſt have obtained a paſs. Ambaſſadors from the interfering ſtates again were ſent to Soleure; and they there publiſhed a proclamation, for the reſtoration of order, under the title of a *Prononcé*. To this the citizens paid little attention. They held the menaces of the foreign plenipotentiaries in contempt, defied their magiſtrates, and obliged the government ſo to compromiſe theſe diſputes as to give the power into the hands of the popular party. This compromiſe was effected on the 11th of March 1768.

Several,

Several members of the great council withdrew from their office; and many burghers abſented themſelves from the council general, conſidering thoſe changes which had been effected in this tumultuous manner as diſgraceful, and deſpairing at preſent of the public weal, while the adminiſtration of its affairs was committed to the loweſt orders of the people.

New claims, made by inhabitants who had never been burghers, gave riſe to new diſturbances.

Manufactures and commerce had drawn many foreigners to Geneva. Theſe people were called *Inhabitants:* and their children were allowed to be called *Natives.* They and their deſcendants enjoyed the protection, but did not participate all the privileges, of citizenſhip. While the burghers were divided, both parties had flattered the *Natives*, to prevent their oppoſition: but the latter, perceiving that their intereſts were now neglected, began to complain; and, although they obtained many immunities, and it was agreed that five-and-twenty ſhould that year be admitted as burghers, and five every ſucceeding year, yet they were ſtill diſſatisfied, required more, and ſome of them proceeded to open oppoſition.

The ſudden rumour of an inſurrection, which had not been in the leaſt ſuſpected, again, on the 15th of February 1770, occaſioned the citizens to take arms. Some of the *Natives* were killed: eight were baniſhed, and many voluntarily left the city. Yet the ſame edict of the council general, by which, without ſufficient reaſon, eight of the *Natives* were baniſhed, granted new rights to thoſe who remained.

Some years afterward, the publication of a new code of laws once more produced diſſatisfaction; which broke out into open war, between the parties of the *Remonſtrants* and the *Negatives.* The latter wiſhed the code to be ſubjected to the council of two hundred, that it might be rejected. Their opponents inſiſted that it ſhould be received. The *Remonſtrants* twice flew to arms; and, on the laſt occaſion, in the

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ſpring of 1782, ſeveral of the members of both councils, who were ſuſpected by them, were impriſoned; and, aided by the *Natives*, they ſeized on the gates and the ramparts.

While in this ſtate of commotion, France, Sardinia, and Berne, ſent their troops into the city; and a new conciliatory plan was deviſed, which was accepted by the little council, the great council, and the council general, on the 4th of November 1782, and which promiſed permanency, by the guarantee of the interfering powers. All thoſe, however, who, in the laſt inſurrection, had taken arms, were excluded the council general; which, on this occaſion, only conſiſted of two hundred and fifty men. The people were divided, concerning the election of members; and it was determined that a regiment ſhould be maintained in the barracks, to hold the malcontents in awe.

It might have been foreſeen that the government that committed this infringement of the rights of the people, which was effected likewiſe in a partial aſſembly, muſt ſoon decline in its authority. This certainly would have been quite a ſufficient pretext; and yet, ſeven years afterward, in 1789, the people employed one which was entirely groundleſs.

Corn had riſen to a high price, at which it had been bought in by government: but it was ſold to the burghers much cheaper than at the original coſt, or than it could be purchaſed either in France or the Pays de Vaud. They retailed it out to the loſs of forty-thouſand dollars: but their own plan defeated itſelf, by lowering the price of bread; for the neighbouring people came, in multitudes, to purchaſe bread at Geneva; till the bread likewiſe roſe. The corn college, or committee, remonſtrated to the government; and it thereupon found itſelf induced to ſell grain at the ſame price for which it had been purchaſed. The great quantity of bread that had been ſold had made this regulation neceſſary.

But the burghers, having been taught ſuſpicion, ſhut their eyes to the

the truth; and a commotion enſued. The government called in the regiment from its barracks: but the burghers found the means of avoiding the ſoldiers, and of ſtill continuing their tumults; and the regiment, after it had been ſix-and-twenty hours under arms in the middle of winter, abandoned its poſts. The burghers having now become maſters, a new convention was made; by which the people regained the right of election, and obtained the eſtabliſhment of a city militia.

The true conſtitution was thus once more reſtored; and the burghers would have remained tranquil, had not their imaginations been diſturbed by the French revolution. Some were weak enough ardently to deſire that Geneva might become incorporated with France; and thus reſign certain freedom, in return for uncertain hope, attended with all the dangers of a ſanguinary revolution, and a ſtill more pernicious corruption of manners. Others were anxious to maintain the independance of the republic; but were very ardent to gain all the equality of rights, which had been promiſed to the citizens of France. By theſe, the *Natives*, the *Inhabitants*, and the peaſantry of Geneva, were excited to arms; and they were joined by the inhabitants of the country of Gex, which belongs to France. The inſurgents had almoſt gained poſſeſſion of the city: but, by good conduct and fortitude, they were prevented. An accommodation once more took place: the conſtitution of 1789 was confirmed, and the government granted many *Natives*, *Inhabitants*, and ſome of the peaſantry, the rights of burghers.

This ſmall republic, from its ſituation and conſtitution, may be very happy. Its conſtitution is that which, among the antients, was called ariſtocratic; but which modern times have named democracy. This change of names has produced many falſe ideas. By democracy, the antients denoted that kind of conſtitution in which both the legiſlative and executive power were in the people; and which was ranked by them as equal to a tyranny, or deſpotiſm. In fact, the reſtleſs demagogues, by whom the people are led, are the moſt dangerous of tyrants:

tyrants: and deſpotiſm itſelf is not ſo dreadful, in the hands of one, as in the hands of the many; when both political and phyſical power are in their poſſeſſion.

What we underſtand by ariſtocracy was called oligarchy, by the antients; *the government of the few.* Their ariſtocracy, *the government of the beſt*, was that kind of conſtitution in which all the citizens have equal rights; the power of making laws being in the people, and the power of executing them entruſted to men of their own chooſing.

In Geneva, the council general, which is likewiſe called the ſovereign council, conſiſts of the members of the little and great councils, and of all the citizens and burghers, who have attained the age of five-and-twenty. Citizens are thoſe perſons whoſe fathers were burghers, and who have been born in Geneva. The burghers have equal rights, but they are ſeldom elected to public dignities.

This council general makes laws, decrees taxes, and determines on affairs of war, of peace, and alliance; confirms the alienation or the conſolidating of the ſtate domains, regulates works of fortification, appoints or changes courts of juſtice, creates new dignities, and adjuſts the admiſſion of foreign ſoldiers; except in caſes when the powers hat guaranty the conſtitution think proper to ſend their forces. By election, the council general appoints all the officers of the republic.

The chief executive power is entruſted to the little council, of five-and-twenty. They firſt deliberate on all affairs; political, œconomical, civil, and criminal. Their ſentence is without appeal, in all caſes where the ſum in diſpute does not exceed two thouſand florins of Geneva; or one thouſand livres of France.

As ſoon as one of the five-and-twenty is dead, his place is ſupplied, by election, from the council of two-hundred.

This great council, called The Two-hundred, conſiſts of two hundred and fifty members. As ſoon as ſixteen places are vacant, they proceed to election. The candidates give in their names; and candidates are likewiſe named by the little council and by ten members of

the great council, who acquire this right by lot; after which the names are all preſented to the council general, by which the new members are elected*.

All the citizens, as well as the burghers, have the right of being elected to this office; and, by that means, to higher dignities: all appointments being made from the council of two-hundred: but, as the members of the council of two-hundred have no ſalaries, the poor and the labouring citizens ſeldom pretend to the office. The lower orders of the people therefore are not prevented from taking part in the public adminiſtration of affairs, by any odious excluſive privileges, but by their own choice.

If a burgher be unmarried, he muſt be thirty years of age before he is eligible: lawyers excepted; who, like married men, may be elected at the age of ſeven-and-twenty. The council of two-hundred has the ſuperintendance of all public offices, and departments; as likewiſe of all public undertakings, the expence of which exceeds twenty-one thouſand florins of Geneva. It regulates the ſalaries of perſons in office, when they exceed twelve hundred florins; creates new employments, and appoints the ſalaries that belong to them; grants leaſes, inſpects the public revenues, new buildings, coinage, trade, arts, weights and meaſures, the academy, ſchools and public worſhip.

The council of ſixty aſſembles but ſeldom. It conſiſts of a deputation of the council of two-hundred; that is, of a part of the little council, of the magiſtrates elected by the council general, and of one-and-twenty members of the great council. It ſuperintends all affairs

* The following account, taken from the *Dictionnaire Hiſtorique, Politique, et Géographique, de la Suiſſe*, printed at Geneva, is more circumſtantial—The candidates who aſpire to theſe places, either deliver in their names, or cauſe them to be delivered in, to the chancery. The two councils likewiſe propoſe candidates. After the eligibility of thoſe who have been nominated has been examined, the little council names ſixteen; who are preſented to the council of two-hundred; and eight of them are elected. The council of two-hundred alſo preſents ſixteen to the little council; out of which it elects the remaining eight. T.

with

with foreign powers; and can likewiſe adviſe the little council, on any important affairs which relate to internal government.

The council of war conſiſts of a ſyndic, the ſtaff officers of the regiments, a quartermaſter, ſix members of the council of two-hundred, and a ſecretary; who is likewiſe choſen from this latter council. To the council of war all military affairs are committed: and it is annually obliged to make oath that it will be faithful to the republic, and obedient to the great council.

The chief officers are the four ſyndics, the lieutenant of juſtice, the treaſurer, the *procureur-général*, the ſecretaries of juſtice, and the governors who preſide over the ſubordinate territorial courts. The ſyndics and the lieutenant of juſtice are members of the little council; the treaſurer, the *procureur-général*, the ſecretaries of juſtice, and the governors, are members of the great. In the great council, the little is included: as in the cantons of Zürich, Berne, and Lucerne.

The civil code is laconic, unambiguous, and ſimple; and, where this code is inſufficient, the Roman code is conſulted. This little ſtate, which probably contains more knowledge and wealth than comparatively any other in Europe, is leſs troubled with lawſuits than any other. At preſent, they only enumerate five advocates, who really practiſe; and ſeven attorneys. Whoever would have a perfect idea of the juſtice adminiſtered in this city muſt read the excellent work entitled *Etat civil de Génève, par François André Naville, citoyen de Génève.*

Manners here are likewiſe comparatively pure. The young men are well informed: the education of the women is no leſs carefully attended to; and they are as celebrated for their real merit as for their charming manners. At Geneva, it is almoſt become proverbial to ſay, "Happy the children who have a woman to inſtruct them!"

There is an excellent law of the republic, which deſerves notice. If a ſon do not pay his father's debts, which the law cannot oblige him to do, he is excluded from the enjoyment of every public office.

The ſame prohibition extends to all who have not paid their own

debts, when demanded. The corn chamber is a uſeful inſtitution. Its duty is to take care that a certain preſcribed quantity of corn ſhall always be in the granary. The ſtate has the excluſive right of ſelling corn to the bakers. It ſometimes gains: but it is much oftener a conſiderable loſer.

This regulation is neceſſary, in a city whoſe ſmall territory is inſufficient for its own conſumption. Supplies of grain from Savoy are prohibited, by a ſtanding order of the King of Sardinia. It is true that, in plentiful years, this prohibition is infringed: but, in times of dearth, it is but the more ſtrictly enforced, and adhered to, by Savoy. At theſe times, likewiſe, ſimilar prohibitions are announced by their other neighbours: France, and the Pays de Vaud.

Thoſe who imagine that this privilege ever degenerates into a monopoly, in Geneva, are very little acquainted with the people, and the government. The number of the people, according to the accounts delivered in laſt year, was twenty-ſix thouſand one hundred and forty, within the walls; and nine thouſand without: amounting in all to thirty-five thouſand ſouls.

The whole territory of the republic conſiſts of three ſquare leagues and ſeven hundred ells: allowing twenty leagues to a degree*.

To thoſe who eſtimate the importance of a ſtate by the extent of territory, Geneva will be deemed inſignificant: but not to the philoſopher. The proportion of men and ſtates, to him, is frequently in an inverſe ratio: the more nearly a ſtate approaches to the condition of a family, the more powerfully is its character unfolded; and the more pure is the play of the ſprings by which it is moved. Rome loſt itſelf in its own magnitude. Athens and Sparta gave laws to THE GREAT KING; before they extended their own territories.

* There is ſome error of the preſs here, as I ſuppoſe: I therefore cite the original. *Der umfang der ganzen republik beträgt drei lieues und ſieben hundertel im quadrat; die lieue zu zwanzig auf einen grad gerechnet.* Perhaps the word *drei* ſhould be *dreizehen*. T.

LETTER XXV.

Geneva, 10th October 1791.

I CANNOT forbear to tell you of a large alley of wild cheſnuts, planted on the terrace of the garden of St. John, about a quarter of a league from the city. The Rhone here ruſhes beneath our feet; and, oppoſite the Rhone on the left, the Arve. They join their ſtreams on the right, ſoon after the Arve has received the tributary waters of a beautiful rivulet. The waves of the Arve, which riſes out of the glaciers of Savoy, are troubled and of a grey colour; like other mountain rivers, before they are purified by paſſing through a lake. The Rhone, on the contrary, having traverſed the lake of Geneva, is as clear as the waters of the Rhine at Schaffhauſen. The courſe of the two rivers is delightful.

Limited by theſe ſtreams, the garden is a triangle, the baſe of which is the city. A pleaſant foreſt caſts its ſhades from an oppoſite hill. The mountains of Savoy and the rocky Saleve are ſeen at a diſtance. A foot path leads up to a ſteep height, beſide the Rhone; which, where it is leaſt ſteep, is planted with vineyards; and, where the vine will not take root, the ivy climbs, luxuriant and daring; the moſt ornamental of the vegetable tribe.

I went down to examine the place at which the rivers join. The Arve ſtill partakes of its ſnow-cold origin; and the Rhone, in compariſon, is lukewarm. As far as the eye can diſtinguiſh, the difference between the rivers is perceptible. The Nymph of the mountains ardently ruſhes upon the river God, who diſcourteouſly reſiſts her embrace. He has but juſt left the lucid arms of the gentle Naiades of the lake, and recedes from the leſs pure and too impetuous Arve.

LETTER XXVI.

Geneva, 13th October 1791.

IN the company of La Rive, his wife, and friends, who, by their ſociety, have made the intereſting city of Geneva more delightful, we have taken a ſhort journey into the country. The paintings of La Rive will ſoon render him more celebrated, among our countrymen, than he is at preſent. His early paſſion for painting, which he was not ſuffered to indulge, did but diſcover his natural genius the more, the more it was oppoſed. In this country, nature ſpeaks with a thouſand tongues; and he, whoſe genius formed him to be a landſcape painter, has an ear to hear her voice. The firſt attempts of La Rive gave teſtimony of his abilities, and juſtified his paſſion. Nature and art combined to form him; while, in Italy, he choſe and managed his ſubjects with the fineſt diſcrimination. At one time, his ungovernable tempeſts would terrify the ſpectator; at another he leads him among the cool groves in which the Zephyrs appear to ſigh, and the rivulets are heard to murmur. His horſes and cattle are animated by the moſt deceptive expreſſion of reality; and remind me of the epigrams, by which the Grecian poets rendered the brazen cow, the maſter-piece of Myron, immortal.

With theſe friends, we yeſterday went to Seligni, which is three leagues from Geneva, to ſee the father of La Rive. This is a village, ſtanding in the territories of Geneva; but ſurrounded by the Pays de Vaud. It conſiſts partly of country houſes, and partly of farms; the owners of which are wealthy. The lake, vineyards, gardens, groves, and hills, planted with the vine, may be ſeen from this place. I call thoſe rows of the vine, which are planted between the corn, vineyards.

The

The cluſtering grapes hang in bunches, from pole to pole, till they meet in luxuriant plenty.

Paſſing through the groves of Mr. Naville, we came to a pleaſant walk beſide a brook, which ſometimes winds among the rocks, and at others through the meadows. Conducted by nature, it rolls over ſtones, here forming a caſcade; there a pleaſant iſland; and at a third place it mingles its waters with another rivulet. Before the houſe, there is a row of tall ſlender plane trees. Over the lake, the bold rocks of Savoy are ſeen; and, oppoſite to them, the neighbouring Jura.

We ſpent yeſterday evening and the greateſt part of to-day at the caſtle of Prangin, which lies beyond Nyon, with a lady who is the friend of La Rive. In hoſpitable Switzerland, it is a proverb that "our friend's friend is our friend:" and we found the proverb to be true. The hilarity of the vintage added new charms to this delightful place. It is a great pleaſure to me to be preſent at a harveſt home; but greater ſtill at a vintage. From this we receive not only profit but pleaſure, as an acceſſary. The old become young, and infancy itſelf is active. Little children of five and ſix years of age trot beſide their mother, who gathers the grapes, and help to bring the full baſkets back to their father, at the wine preſs. How delighted muſt he be to ſee his lovely boy bring the teeming fruit, whoſe delicious juice is intended to invigorate his declining years!

That the great Creator deſigned to provide us with food is taken for granted: but his paternal goodneſs would not ſtop here. He willed that we ſhould eat in joy. Before the ſun has warmed the earth, its morning rays announce his kindneſs; and its evening beams, in his name, lead us to ſeek repoſe. The flower of the vegetable affords me greater delight even than its taſte: the cluſtering grape more than the waving wheat. "Wine maketh glad the heart of man."

You know that, in moſt of the vine countries of Germany, paſſengers are allowed, not only to pluck and eat to their heart's content, but to fill their pockets. In the Pays de Vaud, this is not permitted. When

the

the grapes begin to ripen, the vineyards are watched: he, however, who guards the vineyard, is obliged to give thoſe who wiſh to eat of the fruit a bunch of grapes in each hand.

LETTER XXVII.

Geneva, 14th October 1791.

WE have now twice viſited Mr. Necker, at Copet. People had complained to me of the cold reception they had met with from him, and the diſtance of his manner. I ſuffered them to talk, but I knew what to think. An apparent coldneſs of manner, in a man whoſe heart glowed with ſenſations like his, and whoſe mind was ſo enlightened, could not deceive me for a moment. I approached him with that full confidence which none but great men can inſpire. His firſt aſpect filled me with a mild yet penetrating emotion; the viſible fluſhing of which did not eſcape his notice. I found myſelf at my eaſe, in the company of this dignified man; and was convinced that the oftener I ſaw him the more perfect would be the freedom I ſhould feel.

He ſaid little; but the little he did ſay was worthy of himſelf. A few excellent remarks, concerning his enemies, eſcaped him: but they were delivered in a mild, moderate, and noble manner; though without any ſhade of affected forbearance. A gentle glow, though ſcarcely viſible, more than once overſpread his countenance. It was a beam, from the warm and intelligent heart of a great man; a ſpark of that fire which gives immortality to his fame, his writings, and the violence of his enemies.

I have here come in company and become acquainted with Moupier. It was intereſting to me to meet a man, who, with courageous zeal,

zeal, preſſed the inſtituting of a ſecond houſe in the National Aſſembly, and who developed, to the preſent times and to poſterity, the crimes of the 5th and 6th of October 1790; which, to the ſhame of France, ſtill remain unpuniſhed.

LETTER XXVIII.

Geneva, 16th October 1791.

I HAVE again viſited the library, with pleaſure, which I had ſeen on my former travels: not ſo much becauſe of the books, for who can learn any thing from ſuch numerous volumes at a ſingle viſit? but to view the pictures of the great and celebrated men, by which it is ornamented. Among them are the reformers; Wickliff, Huſs, Luther, Calvin, Zuingle; many heroes; ſuch as Henry the Fourth of France when a child, Admiral Coligny, the valiant Duke of Rohan, who is buried in the principal church, Guſtavus Adolphus and Charles the Twelfth of Sweden; the poets and philoſophers; Marot, Rabelais, La Fontaine, and Hugo Grotius; with many others, whom I do not recollect, and two of our noble contemporaries, Necker, and Bonnet, who, both of them burghers of Geneva, do honour to the city.

Mr. Tronchin, the poſſeſſor of a country houſe near the city, which is called *Les Délices*, a friendly and lively old gentleman of ſeventy-eight, has a very beautiful collection of pictures.

When I was firſt at Geneva, ſixteen years ago, the ſpirit of republicaniſm would not endure any theatre in the city. In the year 1782, the conſtitution being very ariſtocratic, France had ſufficient influence to introduce a company of players. Since that time, cards have likewiſe become

become common. Both are continued, though the old conſtitution is reſtored: but both draw the attention of the citizens from the diſcuſſion of the principles of freedom.

Some few days ſince, La Rive (you muſt not confound this La Rive with my friend the painter; but La Rive the famous player of Paris) with an actreſs, named Mademoiſelle Fleury, came here; and he yeſterday played the character of Tancred. He was certainly born with great talents. His attitude, his appearance, and the expreſſion of his eye, are maſterly. His voice is fine, and entirely at his command. According to the French manner and art of acting, he is indiſputably a great performer: but you know how diſpleaſing to me the French manner of acting is; and, according to my conception, how different from nature.

Unhappy people! How are they continually turned aſide, from the truth, by the cold rules and inſtitutes of their philoſophers, poets, and players! Among whom, the tender feeling ſoul of Racine himſelf is often untuned, who, thinking themſelves poſſeſſed by the ſpirit of freedom, prattle of moral and political regeneration; and whoſe lawgivers, leaving Fenelon and Monteſquieu in neglect, erect ſtatues to the memory of Voltaire!

LETTER XXIX.

Geneva, 17th October 1791.

WE have been to Genthod this afternoon, to viſit Bonnet. I hoped I ſhould often have ſeen this noble ſage, whoſe writings I have for years ſo highly admired; but, during my whole ſtay at Geneva, he has been ſo ill that, till now, he has not been able to receive viſitors.

He

He has lived for ſeveral years at his houſe in the country; and does not remove to town in the winter. Genthod lies on a delightful height, not far from the lake, about a league from Geneva. In theſe charming regions, he watches and frequently detects Nature in her moſt ſecret operations: for ſhe willingly diſcovers herſelf, to men whoſe hearts and minds are as pure as thoſe of Bonnet. Making experience his guide, he ſteps more ſecurely than many of the famous philoſophers of our age; dedicating his hours and underſtanding to truth; and revering religion, with purity, intelligence, and ardour.

His language and his eyes beamed with intellect. His works, which inſtruct the ſage and entertain the unlearned, frequently trace the minuteſt objects up to their great firſt cauſe; and he is equally happy in the depth of his obſervations and his ſublime views of the grandeur and immenſity of Nature.

When the immortal author of the Meſſiah raiſed the enlightened ſpirit of Rahel from the grave, before the reſurrection, while the duſt of the body began to be in motion, unconſcious of the approaching tranſition, alike unconſcious that the duſt was his own, the ſpirit ſtood

> Amazed to mark the eternal change! And great
> And ſmall incomprehenſible alike!

So ſtands this worthy ſage, cheerful, on the brink of the grave; well knowing how ſoon it is to receive him; and joyfully expecting the event. Meanwhile, he remains deep in obſervation,

> Amazed to mark the eternal change! And great
> And ſmall incomprehenſible alike!

Happy the man who gathers the fruits of wiſdom, and gathers for eternity!

LETTER XXX.

Turin, 24th October 1791.

WE left Geneva on the 18th, having firſt hired vetturini, or guides, who have brought us to Turin. Theſe people never make along day's journey. On the contrary, they travel ſlowly: but they are well acquainted with the country, and likewiſe with the charges which ought to be made at inns; at which, unleſs a man be well verſed in ſuch affairs, he is likely to be ill ſerved and much impoſed on. Beſide that the inſolence of Italian poſtboys is exceedingly great. I therefore think this the beſt way of travelling. The guide who conducted our chaiſe is a Neapolitan; and comes from Lena, in the diſtrict of Otranto. We have every reaſon to be ſatisfied with him; and I hope he will continue with us during our journey through Italy. He is very lively, appears to be honeſt, and is a good driver. His mules, decorated with bells, are not quick; but ſtrong, and ſure. His name is Guido Oroncio *.

About a quarter of a league after we left Geneva, we entered the duchy of Savoy. The country is fruitful, and ſurrounded by mountains at ſome diſtance: yet the valley ſoon becomes narrow, and appearances change. About noon, as we approached the village of Frangy, we ſaw below us a valley abounding in cheſnut and walnut trees; in which were crowds of men and cattle, it being a fair for the latter. The poor but joyous Savoyards did not belie their character: loud mirth, yet not riotous, rang through the valley, and brightened in their faces. Buyers and ſellers appeared with their wares; and ſeemed ſatisfied with their bargains, and with each other.

* I have ſince diſcovered that the bad reputation which Italian poſt-boys have acquired is unmerited.

The

The horned cattle are a large fine breed, though ſtill not comparable to thoſe of Switzerland. The goats are extremely beautiful: the ſwine very large, ſleek, and all of them black.

We remained all night at Rümilly; a dirty little town, with a no leſs dirty inn. As the chambers were all but one engaged, the landlord ſent to a man; who kindly furniſhed me and my wife with a good and, what is not uſual in Savoy, a clean chamber. We found the worthy old man and his aged wife ſitting by the fire-ſide. Of nine children, which ſhe had borne him, they had only one ſon living; and he was then at Annecy, languiſhing with a lingering and dangerous diſeaſe. Aſſaulted by age, by grief, by the loſs of their dead children, and by the ſickneſs of the laſt, whom they might probably ſurvive, they behaved with noble firmneſs and mild reſignation to the will of God.

On the 19th, about noon, we arrived at Chamberry, the chief town of the duchy; which contains about thirteen thouſand inhabitants. Notwithſtanding that many of the nobility winter there, the town is ill built: but its fruitful neighbourhood, and the orchards that ſhade the valleys, make it very pleaſant. There are many country houſes near the town; and many of thoſe which are in the town itſelf lie at a diſtance from the ſtreets, buried among their charming gardens, and ſeeming rather to belong to the country than the town.

We paſſed the evening at Montmelian, the wine of which is ſo famous in this country. That however which they gave us, at the inn, was not very good; but of that kind of common Italian red wine which is called *Vino Bruſco* *: in oppoſition to the *Vino Amabile* †.

The farther we proceeded up the country the more narrow the valleys became, and the grandeur of nature increaſed. In the forenoon of the 20th, we journeyed along the Iſere; which riſes in the mountains of Savoy, and, running into France, empties itſelf into the Rhone. It receives the waters of the Arc, not far from Aiguebelle; and we ſaw the courſe of the latter, till we came to the foot of Mount Cenis.

* Rough wine. † Smooth or pleaſant wine.

Our

Our journey in the afternoon lay among rocky declivities, and ſteep mountains. Between theſe rocks, and high up the mountains, we ſaw the young green winter corn; as likewiſe vine plants, fruit trees, and wild ſhrubs. The induſtry with which the fields of Savoy are cultivated is wonderfully contraſted with the uncleanlineſs of their inns. That which we found in the evening, at La Chambre, was rather more uncleanly than is uſual, even in this country. The ſtaircaſe that leads to the chambers is uſually narrow, and dirty; and the chamber itſelf generally contains large ſtoves, with three canopy beds, the duſt of which does not appear for years to have been diſturbed. You ſhrink back with diſguſt, when you look at the old tattered dirty-coloured coverlid; and the reſt of the furniture correſponds with that of the bed. A large chimney is the moſt agreeable thing in the apartment. Fortunately, the cooking is not ſo bad as might be expected. If however you wiſh to eat with an appetite, you muſt take care not to caſt your eye toward the kitchen. Neither will you be much tempted to examine the waiting maid, who is generally as like the Spaniſh beauty, Maritornes, which Cervantes has deſcribed, as one drop of foul water is to another. However, they are very diligent; and do any thing they are bid, with a good will.

On the 21ſt, we paſſed places which reminded me of thoſe wild proſpects that are perhaps exaggerated in pictures; and that had aſtoniſhed me during my childhood. From one rocky valley we paſſed, through ſmall openings, into another. Some of theſe valleys conſiſt of nothing more than the broad flinty bed of the Arc; which, half dried up in ſummer, leaves ſmall ſtony iſlands, which the induſtrious people plant with vegetables. Continuing among theſe ſteep rocks, the road winds ſometimes on one ſide of the river and at others on the oppoſite; having been dug, with unſpeakable labour: and every now and then ſmall valleys open upon us, where the vine reclines againſt the black ſlate, and where little ſpots of land are cultivated by the ſpade; it being impoſſible to approach them with the plough. The induſtrious

Savoyard

Savoyard frequently carries earth, in baſkets, to bed the rocks; while the ſpouting waters ſtream below, over the ruſhing of which bold and high vaulted bridges are thrown. Wherever the valley becomes very narrow, it is wholly filled by the Arc.

What were the means that Hannibal employed, before roads were made, to paſs theſe valleys? The recollection of this great man gave us animation. We contemplated the pathleſs rocks, among which he, his army, and his elephants, marched. We beheld the numerous ſtones, which, thrown from the heights above, lie ſcattered in the ſtream.

Who can ſay but they might be the artillery which the wild inhabitants of the Alps diſcharged at the Carthaginians, when they firſt beheld the ſanctity of impaſſable nature thus violated? What a hero was Hannibal! He who began his aſſault upon Rome by an enterpriſe ſo incredible! whoſe great ſoul no difficulties could appal, and in whom his Carthaginians, his warlike Numidians, and Spaniards, and his ſlingers of the baleares, put ſuch implicit confidence!

The high mountains ſeemed to impriſon the horizon. Wherever they open, the ſhining glaciers appear in contraſt with the dark blue of that ſmall part of heaven which is viſible. Every where caſcades are ſeen, pouring their waters into the ſtream.

Among theſe wild diſtricts, we ſaw a man employed in collecting the beautiful ſaffron flower, which is ſowed among the black ſtones. It is diſtinguiſhed from the lovely meadow ſaffron, which blooms in Swabia and Switzerland, toward the end of the ſummer and during the whole of autumn, by a deeper violet colour, and by its beautiful dark piſtils, which conſtitute the ſaffron; the uſe of which is ſo excellent.

Where the rocky declivities are not too ſteep, and are not entirely rendered barren by the torrents of rain; there conſiderably tall cheſnuts and walnut trees flouriſh. Every ſpot of earth is cultivated; but ſome of the valleys have no ſpots of earth: for the wild waves of the Arc ruſh over ſtones, and form cataracts that foam and thunder down the perpendicular rock.

In the evening, we arrived at Modane; a little village, which is five leagues from the foot of Mount Cenis. We roſe at three o'clock in the morning, that we might begin our day's journey by four: but dreadful torrents of rain, which often in theſe parts ſweep down huge ſtones, and pines, to the danger of the traveller, obliged us to wait till the ſtorm was over.

The morning was clear after this tempeſtuous night; and, about ſix o'clock, we ſet forward, and frequently ſaw the tops of the glaciers, dazzling with the roſy beams of the riſing ſun. The mountains around us were likewiſe covered with ſnow: while the autumnal yellow foliage of the birch, the pale leaves of the larch tree, and the dark evergreen of the pine, ſhaded the high rocky road. We ſaw however that the higher we went the leſs flouriſhing was the vegetation around us. The young winter crops, on the banks of the river, became the only verdure below the rocks.

From theſe narrow winding valleys, which are connected by ſmall openings with each other, Mount Cenis is firſt ſeen, at the diſtance of about half a league. The little town of Laneburg ſtands at its feet, in a wild ſituation, built with materials dug rough from the rock, and roofed with ſlate: which, that the wind may not carry it away, is overlaid with ſtones. We arrived about noon; and, at this place, our carriages were taken to pieces, and mules and litters procured. About half an hour after two, we proceeded on our journey.

My wife was borne in a covered litter by ſix men; two carrying at a time, and relieving each other. The foremoſt had leather ſtraps acroſs his ſhoulders; and held a rope in his hand, which was faſtened to the pack-ſaddle of a lightly loaded mule; by which, as he went, he was helped along. We men rode on mules; as likewiſe did Erneſt, to his great joy.

The road is ſteep, and very uneven, being full of large ſtones. We had not aſcended above a quarter of an hour before we ſaw the ſnow, covering the pine, and other green trees. After a time, we ſaw nothing

thing but ſtunted leafleſs ſhrubs; and the rain, which had accompanied us when we ſet out, was now changed into large fleaks of ſnow. It was ſomething more than an hour and a half before we arrived at the higheſt part over which the road went, and which then continues about three quarters of a league through a broad valley, lying between the high ſummits of the mountain, which heights no man can poſſibly aſcend. In this lofty valley is a lake, which is juſtly celebrated for its trout. We took ſome refreſhment, at an inn on Mount Cenis; and dried our clothes by the fire, which was a great pleaſure.

We then continued our journey. However, I would not ſuffer my ſon to mount his mule again, but put him into an uncovered litter. I could perceive I very much damped his joy; but I ſoon had reaſon to congratulate myſelf, at having ſo done. The great expectations I had formed of Mount Cenis had been partly diſappointed: but they were ſoon very highly exceeded. As we continued our journey downward, we came to a high fantaſtical crag; after which the deſcent was one uninterrupted zig zag. Steep as the mountain is, on the ſide of Savoy, it is ſtill much ſteeper, and much higher, on that of Piedmont. The Semar, a rivulet, which takes its riſe in the lake on the mountain, daſhes down among the rocks, and forms an uncommonly beautiful caſcade. It then ruſhes through a high valley, and ſeparates Savoy from Piedmont. At Suſa, it falls into the Dora; which, at Turin, is mingled with the Po.

Here, the charms of Savoy took a kind of ſolemn leave of us: being ſeparated from Piedmont by rocks of a ſtrange appearance, and thundering cataracts. We continued onward for ſome leagues, over a ſteep and ſtony road, full of ſhort turnings, having high rocks on one ſide of us, and on the other deep precipices.

The mules, that travel theſe roads, are uncommonly ſluggiſh. If you are a little way behind, you may with great difficulty bring your mule into a trot; and then the followers will trot after; but to make your own mule overtake and paſs the firſt is a thing almoſt impoſſible.

There are few places, however, in which the traveller has any deſire to trot. When the road is ſteep, and encumbered with almoſt impaſſable ſtones, the rider muſt throw the bridle on the neck of the mule. The animal then makes continual windings as he goes down the declivity; proceeding to the very edge of the precipice, and then turning ſhort about. The mules are ſhod with thin plates of iron; which are turned up, and are conſiderably wider than the fore-part of the hoof. With theſe they tread ſafely, and do not run the riſk of getting ſmall ſtones between the ſhoe and the hoof, which would make their ſtep inſecure.

We were ſtill a league from the foot of the mountain, when night approached. It was ſo dark that I was obliged to open the glaſs of my watch, to ſee what it was o'clock. The ſure-footed mules ſtill went on, but with the noſe to the ground, and continually approaching the very brink of the precipice, then turning ſhort, but occaſionally ſtopping for a moment, and looking down. At length I diſmounted; for the road by this light was extremely difficult, and ſcarcely to be diſtinguiſhed from the precipices. The noiſe of ſtreams, hurrying among the rocks, thundered in our ears; and their froth by night was fearfully beautiful. How happy was I that I had not ſuffered Erneſt to ride, over roads like theſe, and under ſuch circumſtances! He muſt have been in great danger; for I often ſtaggered, and ſtepped into holes among the high ſtones.

At laſt, we arrived at Noraleſe, a little town at the foot of the mountain; and I own my heart rejoiced to meet my wife and ſon again in ſafety. The country conſidered, we found the inn very good; and ſuch as would be thought tolerable in Germany.

We purſued our journey, yeſterday, among fruitful valleys, and ſurrounded by rocks and mountains, which were clothed with trees. Moſt of theſe valleys are tolerably extenſive, and cultivated with great induſtry. We felt in the mildneſs of the air, and we ſaw, in the freſhneſs of the vegetation, that the Alps were on our backs ſheltering us from the north.

north. The vine is not planted here after the German manner, but in rows at a greater diſtance; the ſprouts carried from tree to tree; or, from pole to pole, pendant over little ſide laths; and forming bowers. Between theſe wide rows, we often ſaw ſcattered ears of Turkiſh wheat, or maize; and often young winter wheat. The land is partitioned by broad furrows into high ſmall beds, like garden beds, each about an ell wide; and drains are likewiſe cut through it, of a great depth. I imagine that theſe valleys are often inundated, by the waters that pour down the mountain; and that the torrents make the furrows and the raiſed beds of this country neceſſary.

I recollect to have ſeen ſimilar furrows in Bohemia; though not ſo broad as theſe of Piedmont; and the land was there caſt into a rounder form. Many mulberry trees here ſtand in rows, upon the ploughed lands: on which we likewiſe find the poplar, walnut, and cheſnut tree. In the gardens, we meet with the cypreſs, and fig tree, of a height which they do not attain on the other ſide of the Alps.

The proſpect of the Alps at our backs was truly grand. They not only ſeparate us from Savoy, but they cut off our new world from the old; where all that was honourable, all that diſtinguiſhed civilized man from the barbarian, the torch of ſcience, the pleaſures derived from the arts, nay the holy fire of religion itſelf, took birth. Italy was cloſely connected with Greece; colonies from which, being ſent into the lower parts of this country, communicated to them the name of Græcia Magna. Others of the Grecian people inhabited Aſia Minor; and their colonies ſpread over the coaſts of Aſia and of Africa. Grecian kings ſat likewiſe on the antient throne of the Pharaohs; before Egypt became a Roman province.

The dominions of Rome included all the nations that were bounded by the Mediterranean. I hope ſoon to ſtand on the ſhores of this ſea; the waves of which have ſo often waſhed Italy, Sicily, the ruins of Carthage, and the havens of Greece, in Europe and in Aſia. Of Greece! in which favoured country every river, and every moun-

tain, is become famous; in hiſtory, in poetry, and in mythology: here while I ſtand, the iſlands of the Archipelago will riſe to remembrance; with myſtic Egypt; and the ſacred children of Iſrael: a people, who, in their hiſtory, and by their prophets, firſt foretold the coming of the Son of truth and love: He whoſe pure ſpirit, not limited by alps and ſeas, ſpreading from the Ganges to the Frozen Ocean, animates and enlightens the ſons of men. 'Tis true his beams are ſometimes darkened, by the riſing vapours of earth: but, before the end of time ſhall come, they ſhall aſcend to their native heaven.

With thoughts like theſe, I looked back upon the white Alps, linked to each other; and among which the Rochemelon advanced its craggy front, ſuperior to the reſt.

At Suſa, the valley becomes narrow, and forms the celebrated paſs of that name; which is ſtrengthened by the fortreſs of Brunette, commanding two valleys, and ſtanding oppoſite to the fortreſs of Briançon, on the confines of France. We halted, at noon, at the little town of St. Ambroſio; in the front of which the monaſtery of St. Michael is ſeen at a diſtance, on the top of a high mountain.

Between St. Ambroſio and Rivoli, the valleys widen; and many ruins, of antient caſtles, are ſeen among the mountains. The parts around are fertile, and pleaſant. Rivoli is a ſmall town; overlooked by a royal caſtle, built on a hill. In Turin, the gates are ſhut early; we were therefore obliged to remain all night in a large but wretched and exceſſively dirty inn.

Being informed that there was a comic opera, we went out of curioſity to the theatre, which is ſmall, and found it entirely full. The audience, with great politeneſs, inſiſted upon our being ſeated in very good places; which had certainly been previouſly taken. The performers were better dreſſed than might have been expected, in ſo ſmall a place. The native talents of comedy were very conſpicuous, in the acting of a man who performed the part of an old lover. A ſymphony was vociferouſly called for, between the acts; and the players

players were loudly applauded in many of the ſcenes. At the concluſion of a duet, between the old lover and his young miſtreſs, there were two parties, who were very eager in exclaiming Bravo! and Brava! ſome applauding the man, and others the woman.

The paſſion for theatrical exhibitions appears to be born with the Italians. A little boy, about five years old, ſtood at the corner before the orcheſtra on a ſmall plank, at leaſt two ells high, with his arms round a pillar, and his attention fixed on the performers. We were unable to enter into the paſſion of the ſcene with the ardour teſtified by the ſpectators, and we left the theatre long before the concluſion of the piece.

We departed early in the morning from the uncleanly town of Rivoli, and proceeded to Turin, which is only two leagues diſtant. The road is in a ſtraight line, uncommonly ſpacious, with a ditch on each ſide, that is planted with a row of large elms.

The extenſive plains of Lombardy, the fertility of which have been famous for theſe thouſand years, begin on this ſide Rivoli. It was to theſe plains that Hannibal pointed, as a recompenſe to his army, for the labours of their march, and as the ſeat of future victory, for which the hero was their guarantee. They extend over Piedmont, Milan, Mantua, and the Venetian territory, as far as the Adriatic. The lands are excellent, and mulberry trees are frequently planted among the corn. At ſome diſtance, high hills are ſeen; which are clothed with vineyards and fruit trees. Behind us and on each ſide, curving and forming a creſcent, the lordly Alps appeared, covered with ſnow; and among them the Viſo, and the ſtill more lofty Rochemelon, advanced in fearful grandeur. Right before us and ſome leagues beyond Turin, we ſaw the magnificent monaſtery called the Superga, built upon a mountain.

The beauty of the great objects around us, and the brightneſs of the morning, inſpired our hearts with joy; which was ſuddenly diſturbed by a ſight of horror. Immediately before us, on the high road, we

ſaw people aſſembled at an inn, and aſked our vetturino what was the matter. *E un ammazzato!* It is a man murdered! ſaid he; but that is nothing to you or me: let us go on and take no notice.

I and Nicolovius went up to the crowd, and there ſaw a handſome young man, who had received a deep wound with a knife in the chin, and another that went to the heart. During the night, he and the murderer had been heard quarrelling together. My wife's maid, who had ſeen him lie as ſhe paſſed by in the other chaiſe, thought ſhe recollected in him a young man whom ſhe had remarked at the inn the evening before; and who, being at play with another at *mora*, and having loſt, had been quarrelling.

This game has coſt many men their lives. It is played by two men, holding up more or leſs fingers of the right hand, each againſt the other, and both calling, while the hand is raiſing, the numbers which they reſpectively chooſe. This is entirely gueſs: yet the Italians maintain that a good player, the moment he ſees the hand of his opponent, before it is half opened, can tell how many fingers he will extend. The Italians are ſo paſſionately addicted to this game that no laws can induce them to renounce it; and the quickneſs with which they play is incredible.

The murderer of the man we ſaw eſcaped; and, during the laſt night, not far from the ſame place, another man was robbed and murdered. The Piedmonteſe are juſtly accuſed of a propenſity to drunkenneſs, and of being ſcandalouſly rapacious, which induces them to commit murder in cold blood. But how is it poſſible that, in ſo active a government as that of Sardinia, no deciſive regulations ſhould have taken place, ſufficient to redreſs this evil? How conſpicuous does this make the character of nations! Among the inhabitants of Savoy, under the very ſame government, the traveller is in perfect ſecurity: while, on the plains of Piedmont, and in the very neighbourhood of the metropolis, a man may be murdered at an inn, or on the high road.

We arrived at Turin before ten in the morning. Peace be with you.

L E T-

LETTER XXXI.

Turin, 25th October 1791.

TURIN is one of the moſt beautiful and moſt antient cities in Europe. Fable derives its origin from a pretended Phetontes, brother of the Egyptian god Oſiris, who is ſaid to have lived fifteen hundred years before the birth of Chriſt and to have founded this place. Its large river we are told derives its name from his ſon Eridanus. The later Romans called it Padus, and it is now called the Po. According to theſe fables, the city's name, Turin, was given it in honour of the Egyptian god Apis; whom the people worſhipped under the ſymbol of a bull: as if the antient Egyptians could have ſpoken Greek! It would have ſeemed more probable had a Grecian origin been aſcribed to the town, and its antient name Tauraſia derived from the junction of the Dora with the Po; or from the waters of the latter. It was cuſtomary, for the antients, to compare a ſtream with two arms, or with high waves, to the horns of a bull.

The accounts given by hiſtory are more worthy of attention; and from theſe we learn that Tauraſia, which was then its name, was the chief city of the Ligurians, and the firſt which Hannibal took, after his paſſage over the Alps. The fame of this wonderful man gives a greater ſplendour even to the people he conquered than any that fable could impart.

Some centuries afterward, under the reign of the Cæſars, the Romans ſent a colony to this place; and gave it the name of Auguſta Taurinorum.

The ſituation of Turin is uncommonly beautiful; and, as moſt travellers have remarked, very much reſembles that of Dreſden.

The

The charming Po winds along one part of the city, which is ſurrounded with hills, and mountains, that afford numerous proſpects; embelliſhed with vineyards, groves, country ſeats, and gardens. Beyond the neighbouring heights and hills, the long range of Alps, covered with ſnow and fearful in grandeur, riſe; and ſuperior, among theſe giants of the earth, the Viſo and the Rochemelon, with their beaming ſummits, tower. Theſe charming proſpects are beſt enjoyed on the walls of the city; and it is a pity that this ſpacious walk is interrupted, by the incloſed gardens of the royal palace.

We are aſtoniſhed to ſee the Viſo ſo near us; when we remember that the Po takes its riſe in this mountain, and is already become ſo powerful a ſtream. The expectations I form of ſeeing this river empty itſelf into the Adriatic, when it ſhall have attained its full maturity, are great; its youthful ſtream being ſo promiſing.

Immediately facing the gate, which takes its name from the Po, there is a bridge over the river, that neither correſponds with the beauty of the city nor the dignity of the ſtream. The Po ſtreet, which leads to this gate, is handſomely built. The plan of Turin is a noble one. The ſtreets are in right lines, and the gates and the houſes are built in a good ſtyle and taſte: though the ſtreets, in proportion to the height of the houſes, the Po ſtreet and the new ſtreet excepted, are not ſufficiently ſpacious. In the Po ſtreet, there are handſome and lofty arcades, on both ſides of the way. The outſide of the caſtle is not very promiſing: but the apartments are very magnificent. In a niche, at the entrance, there is an equeſtrian ſtatue of Victor Amadeus the Firſt: the horſe of marble, the duke of bronze. Amadeus is a noble figure: but I cannot ſay as much of his horſe.

I expected to have found more of the Italian maſters in the picture gallery, and not ſo many of the Flemiſh. I ſhall only mention a few of thoſe which principally drew my attention.

The Magdalen of Rubens, whoſe bold and expreſſive pencil, animated by truth, cannot eaſily be miſtaken, is excellent. The air of the head,

head, directed toward heaven, the negligence of the diſhevelled hair, the affliction of the up-turned weeping eyes of the Magdalen, and her half-opened mouth, denote her inward repentance, with ſuch lines and touches as the longer they are looked at the more they ſeem to live. Raphael himſelf could not have painted a Magdalen with greater truth; though he would have given her greater beauty.

The prodigal ſon, by Guercino, falling at the feet of his father, is painted with great ſtrength of feeling.

The ſick woman, by Gerhard Dowe, is executed with all the aſſiduity and with all that animated expreſſion, which this great artiſt combined in ſo wonderful a manner. She ſits, leaning backward, in an arm chair. The phyſician ſtands behind her, with a thoughtful countenance, and holding a urinal up to the light. Her daughter kneels by her ſide, tenderly claſping her maternal hand. Another daughter, with filial love and attention, preſents a ſpoon, with phyſic in it, to her pale lips. The mother looks at her, with a calm, mild, countenance; but ſhe appears as if ſhe would much rather thank her daughter for her attention than open her lips to receive the medicine.

The annunciation of the Virgin, by Albani, though a ſmall, appears to me an excellent picture.

Charles the Firſt, by a ſcholar of Vandyke, and the three children of that monarch, by Vandyke himſelf, are painted with much of the animated deception of life.

St. Jerome, meditating on mortality, with a death's head in his hand, by Guido, is aſtoniſhingly beautiful.

Among theſe pictures, Rubens and his wife, painted by himſelf, are found. How willingly we contemplate the picture of a man, who has given us the picture of ſo many other men! eſpecially while we diſtinguiſh ſatisfaction, genius, and benevolence, in every line of his face!

There are two landſcapes, by Claude Lorraine, which are characteriſed by that ſoft, true, living, nature with which this great artiſt repreſented every kind of tree, every time of the day, and every ſeaſon of

the year. He was as exquiſite, in the choice of his ſubjects, as he was accurate, in the repreſentation of them.

The hermit, ſitting in a hollow tree, is a fine proof of the animating and daring genius of Salvator Roſa.

An unfiniſhed Lucretia, by Guido, is a fine picture: though, as ſhe has juſt drawn the dagger from the wound, I do not ſee how ſhe could ſit upright.

A jovial fellow, by Gerhard Dowe, who triumphantly turns his glaſs upſide down, is excellent.

Wouwermans has ſome fine pictures here; and, among others, a horſe fair. A brown tiger-ſpotted horſe, ſomewhat ſtartled, and as if endeavouring to get free, has a wild look; which is preſerved from the head to the hoof, through his whole figure, with great harmony.

There are large and fine paintings, of the victories gained, by the warlike Dukes and Kings of Savoy, over the French.

Different landſcapes, of views in Italy and on the Rhine, are likewiſe ſome of them very beautiful.

Between the caſtle and the principal church, the chapel of the holy handkerchief is built; which relic the city believes itſelf to poſſeſs. The chapel is entirely of black marble. The capitals of the pillars, and the large ſilver candleſticks, by which alone the building is lighted, are gilded. The entrance inſpires holy ſolemnity. The ſuppoſed genuine handkerchief, which is conſiderably large, is only publicly exhibited at the beginning of a new reign, at the marriage of the prince royal, or when any perſon of great rank arrives at Turin, and makes the requeſt. We were here ſhewn a chalice of extraordinary value, ſet with jewels; ſaid to be the richeſt in Italy. It is in a good taſte.

This chapel ſtands immediately between the caſtle and the high church. Next to the caſtle is the large theatre, which is one of the handſomeſt in Italy. It is only open during carnival time; and I have not been able to form any good judgment of it, having only ſeen it by the light of a flambeau. The glimpſe I had, however, gave me plea-

ſure, by the noble ſtyle in which it is built. It is cenſured as not accurately conveying the ſounds; for, as it is ſaid, only the ſpectators in the boxes can hear.

The theatre of the Prince of Carignan is beautiful without pomp. The comic opera is performed here, during ſummer. There is likewiſe a third theatre in the city, and a fourth is to be added.

The celebrated palace of the Duke of Savoy, the façade of which is built with pillars of the Corinthian order, ſtands near the caſtle; than which it is a much finer building. Next to this, the palace of the Prince of Carignan is, in my opinion, the handſomeſt.

The arſenal, which is ſtill to be enlarged, is a fine and uncommonly capacious building, including five courts. The halls are ſupported by heavy pillars, ſimilar to thoſe of Gothic churches. Round each of theſe pillars a thouſand muſkets are ranged, in an ornamental manner. Pyramids are erected between them; on which horſe piſtols are piled, with great elegance. In the midſt of theſe halls is one of a large ſize, and circular form; the walls and pillars of which are ornamented with trophies, of antient armour, ranged in military pomp. Before the doors of this hall, the figures of old warriors ſtand, erect, in complete armour.

The arſenal contains arms for a hundred and twenty thouſand men. The cylindrical ramrod, for artillery, is not yet in uſe: the ramrods here are all of iron.

In an adjoining chamber, we were ſhewn a conſiderable number of ſmall light arms; which, from being very wide at the muzzle, are called tromboni, as reſembling a trumpet. The King has forbidden the uſe of them; they being deſtructive, and eaſy of carriage, and, therefore, well adapted for the banditti: for which reaſon they have all been bought up. They are capable of being loaded either with ſeveral balls or with cartridge ſhot; with which, by ſcattering, they make dreadful havock.

There is a cannon foundery, and likewiſe a chemical laboratory,

annexed to the arſenal. The whole is under the ſuperintendance of the learned Count Saluzzo; who has had ſo great a ſhare in regulating the improvements of the academy. This nobleman, who, to great learning and ſkill in war, adds the dignified manners and free deportment of an antient gentleman, is deſcended from the family that once held Saluzzo as a marquiſate. In the ſixteenth century, two brothers conteſted their claims to this diſtrict. One of them ſurrendered it to France: but the Duke of Savoy ſoon demanded it as a fief, dependant on him, and took it from the French. It was afterward conquered by Henry the Fourth of France; and again, in the year 1601, ceded to Savoy.

I and my wife, the firſt afternoon that was convenient, went upon the Corſo. This is the name of a charming public place; where, at this ſeaſon of the year, every evening, from five to ſix, the nobility aſſemble: though they come rather to exhibit themſelves and their equipage, than to converſe and enjoy the beautiful proſpect on the Po. Faſhion is honoured here, in preference to Nature. On the banks of the river, near the city, is the beautiful royal caſtle of Valentin; which the preſent King has granted to his chamberlain in chief, as a ſummer reſidence. The garden annexed to it is applied to botanical ſtudies.

Sluices are carried through the ſtreets, to cleanſe them, by means of a canal, which receives its waters from the Dora. Theſe ſluices flow through drains into the Po; by which means the city is always clean. There are many large ſquares here, among which that of St. Charles is the moſt ſpacious and beautiful. The buildings are handſome, and it has extenſive arcades on each ſide.

We went to viſit the Marquis of Caranzana, who is ſecretary of war, at his vineyard; from which we had a view of all Piedmont, properly ſo called, and a part of the county of Aſti. At a little diſtance on a hill below us, we ſaw the royal caſtle of Montecalieri, in the front of which two rivulets pour their waters into the Po. Here too we had a long proſpect of the Po, whoſe windings have a delightful ſerpentine appearance. The fertile plains ſeem like another paradiſe. Arable lands,

lands, vineyards, meadows, and paſtures, with interchangeable variety, are ſeen: while the poplar, the mulberry, and innumerable fruit trees, caſt their ſhades around, and look like ſo many pleaſure groves. The Po meanders through the plains; till, at laſt, it loſes itſelf, among the diſtant poplars, as if to relieve the flatneſs which might elſe fatigue the eye: and, at the fartheſt limits of the horizon, the proud Alps ſtand, linked with another chain of mountains that unite them to the Apennines.

It was here that Hannibal ſhewed his wearied army the rich European plains: or, if it were not here, it might well have been here. I muſt not forget to tell you that, owing to the extreme heat of the preſent ſummer, the foliage is nearly as much faded as it is in the north of Germany, or even in Denmark, at the ſame ſeaſon.

The mulberry, which having been deprived of its firſt leaves has ſprouted a ſecond time, is the only tree that is entirely green. The flowers ſtill bloom, in youth and beauty; and now, while I am writing, carnations, roſes, gillyflowers, and double violets, which the gardener on this delightful day has juſt gathered for my wife, are perfuming the chamber in which I ſit.

The grapes here are excellent, and of various kinds. The wine commonly drunk here is not agreeable to Germans: it is either too acid, too heavy, or too ſweet. I have now however drunk of the white and red *vino amabile;* both of which were made from the vineyards of the Marquis, and both of which are excellent: eſpecially the red, which, pearly, as the *œil de perdrix* of Champagne, unites the charming flavour of the raſberry with the fine glow of the grape.

The red and white veined truffle, which is peculiar to this country, is much preferred to the black, by the inhabitants; of which laſt they have plenty. The truffle hound was firſt brought to Germany from Piedmont.

The cattle of this country are more tame than thoſe of Switzerland, but equally large. They are all either of a clear brown or pale yellow colour:

colour: thoſe few of the Poliſh breed excepted which are of a white grey. For ploughing and for draft, the farmers prefer them to horſes.

Their waggons are low, and very ſtrong beneath; and I believe that, if they be loaded with a proper equipoiſe, it would be difficult to overturn them. The backward bent ſhaft, to the upper bending of which the chains of the ſhaft oxen are faſtened, riſes nearly an ell higher than their horns. It may be drawn downward by the ſtrength of the cattle; but does not run the danger, in that caſe, as is frequent with us, of being diſplaced, when the road is uneven, by the quick aſcent of the ſhaft. The pull of the cattle is entirely from the yoke: they have no ſide harneſs.

The farmers here, with a few exceptions, are not proprietors of the land: but they are not ſerfs. What follows is the general ſtate, in Piedmont, of the landlord and farmer. The ground and the houſe belong to the landlord. The farmer has a leaſe for three years; which leaſe may be continually renewed, but muſt not be made for a longer period. For the poſſeſſion of his farm, which is here called a *caſino*, the farmer gives half the produce of his lands, his wine, and his raw ſilk. He enjoys however the whole produce of a certain ſmall part of his vineyard, and of a number of mulberry trees. He pays a ſmall rent for his hay: but farmers dare neither ſell their hay nor their ſtraw. The firſt they uſe as fodder, and the laſt as litter; by which their cattle are kept in good condition, and their land is well manured. In the neighbourhood of the city, indeed, they are permitted to ſell a certain quantity of both; on condition that they load their carts back with ſome kind of rubbiſh.

The farmers gain conſiderable ſums, by their trade in cattle. They purchaſe young oxen, in Switzerland, in autumn; at which ſeaſon, for want of hay, they are cheap in that country. After they have been uſed in agriculture, the paſtures into which they are turned are ſo rich that they ſell to great advantage. They likewiſe ſell their calves at a dear rate: eſpecially to the inhabitants on the confines of Genoa.

The

The ſame kind of regulations, with local varieties, prevail through the general ſtates of Italy; and theſe regulations appear to me to have much good in them. I could only wiſh that, after the example of England, the leaſes were for a longer period. The precaution in favour of heirs, leſt the farms ſhould be leaſed at an undervalue, ſeems to have given occaſion to theſe ſhort leaſes.

LETTER XXXII.

Turin, 30th October 1791.

TWO ſhort leagues from Turin, is the height on which the church called *La Superga* is built; and which is one of the moſt beautiful places of Italy, conſequently of Europe. This height overlooks the plains of all Piedmont, as far as the utmoſt limits of the Alps and Apennines. The church was built on this height in the year 1706, in conſequence of a vow to the holy virgin, made by Victor Amadeus the Second, when the French were beſieging Turin, to induce her to aſſiſt him to raiſe the ſiege. This help was ſent him, in the perſon of the great Eugene, who led the imperial forces; and in that of the Prince of Anhalt, who commanded the Pruſſians.

There is a large building annexed to the church, which is inhabited by twelve canons, who are provided for as a part of the eſtabliſhment. The whole has a ſtriking appearance of grandeur, and magnificence. The church is ornamented with a cupola, on the ſides of which two ſmall towers are built. Facing the entrance there is an ornamental and noble row of pillars. The church is in the form of a Grecian croſs: that is, a croſs the length and breadth of which are equal. The pictures do not appear to me by any means ſo beautiful as the three baſs reliefs,

over

over the altars. The largeſt, over the high altar, repreſents the raiſing the ſiege of Turin. The holy virgin, with the child Jeſus, is ſuſpended over the army: at the head of which are Victor Amadeus, and Prince Eugene.

The beauty of the well diſpoſed ornaments, the pillars, of the white marble of Carara and the red of Piedmont, and the height of the cupola, produce altogether a grand effect. Whether, as ſome affirm, offences have been committed againſt the rules of architecture is a queſtion which I am not qualified to decide: but great beauty is not incompatible with defect; and the former has certainly been attained, in a building the aſpect of which, at its entrance, inſpires a ſenſation of grandeur and benevolence.

Over the inner entrance of the church is the following inſcription:

VIRGINI GENITRICI VICTOR AMADEUS SARDINIÆ REX BELLO GALLICO VOVIT, PULSIS HOSTIBUS EXTRUXIT DEDICAVITQUE.

Vowed to the Virgin Mother, by Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia, when at war with France: and, his enemies being vanquiſhed, erected and dedicated.

The royal ſepulchral vault is under the church. The coffins are grand, and nobly ornamented. It is a ſingular cuſtom, which is eſtabliſhed, that the King who died laſt is to be buried in one particular grave, out of which his predeceſſor is to be removed. The preſent king ſeems to have felt the inconvenience of this cuſtom. The body of his father, which has indeed been buried as the laſt deceaſed in this dedicated grave, is incloſed in a magnificent coffin; on which is an inſcription, that begins thus:

SEMPITERNÆ MEMORIÆ ET QUIETI——

Sacred to eternal remembrance and repoſe——

The canons have an excellent library; which is particularly rich in the writings of the fathers; and is well provided in the claſſics, and in the works of good modern authors.

We

We were not ſatisfied with the grand proſpect from the terrace, but aſcended the ſmall ſtaircaſe, which leads to the narrow outlet at the top of the cupola; where, at a ſingle view, we beheld one of the ſublimeſt ſpectacles in nature: the plains of Piedmont, the meanders of the Po, the whole ſhining circle of the ſnow-covered Alps, and after theſe a range of the Apennines. The ſky was entirely clear, and the dazzling brightneſs of the ſnowy mountains drew our attention from the cupola of Milan, which may ſometimes be diſcovered from this place: but our eyes were fixed on the more grand and beautiful objects, by which we were ſurrounded.

Judging from the ſituation of the country, we imagined that we could diſcover Mont Blanc, among this magnificent ridge of Alps; but our guide could give us no information on the ſubject. I need not inform you that the glaciers, ſeen from this place, do not appear to be the fartheſt limits of the horizon, but as confining it; as grand objects; fearful, yet ſublime in their approach. Beneath us lay Turin; next to that Rivoli; and afterward many cities, towns, villages, and caſtles, as upon a map. All that is produced by the hand of man here looks diminutive; and nature, eternal and ever youthful nature, ſeems only to be viſible. The Po, in all its beauty, winds along the laughing plains: the Alps, in all their grandeur, tower like the walls of God.

La Veneria is the principal country palace of the King; and is ſituated about two leagues and a half from Turin. The Royal Family always remain here fifty days, in the ſpring of the year. The church is beautiful: the palace contains handſome apartments, and the garden is very large; but entirely laid out in the French taſte, and probably by Le Notre himſelf, who was at Turin.

The orangery is a noble building; and the trees that belong to it were not returned into the green-houſe till this week. We have lately had ſome cold days. Reaumur's thermometer has frequently, at an early hour, been only five degrees above the freezing point; and at ſeven o'clock this morning it was only two degrees.

Count Morozzo, who is the director of the academy, has ſhewn us that building and the high obſervatory. From this, we could overlook the whole city, and the country, far around. We were delightfully ſurpriſed, while the Count, who is well acquainted with the geography of the country, pointed out the whole courſe of the gigantic Alps; which begin on the limits of Provence and Dauphiné: then, in different directions, ſeparate Savoy from Piedmont, and from Valais, afterward loſe themſelves in the country of the Griſons, and divide Tyrol from Italy.

Count Morozzo ſhewed us the model of a ſmall turret, which is to be built over the academy. It is to be convex at the top and pointed; and ſo contrived that, by the aid of eaſily governable machinery, it can be turned in any direction. By this means, the teleſcope may ſo be placed that the whole canopy of heaven may be ſeen through a few openings at the top.

This morning, I was preſented to the king and the royal family, at Montecalieri. His majeſty is ſixty-five years old, and has an animated appearance. He is much honoured and beloved by his ſubjects; which he has well deſerved, by his dignity of character, and faithful adminiſtration of public affairs. The prince royal of Piedmont appears to have much animation; and certainly has, at preſent, the welfare of the country at heart.

The politeneſs with which the nobility of this country receive ſtrangers is conſpicuous in the royal family.

Henry the Fourth prided himſelf on the honour of his being the firſt gentleman in the kingdom; and France found itſelf happy under the government of a poliſhed hero, who was a patriot king; or, at leaſt, to his people he has fully realized this imaginary character, and given them as much ſatisfaction as perhaps ever was, or ever will be, within the power of a king.

The muſeum of the univerſity contains many curioſities. Among its valuable collection of antiques is a ſleeping Cupid, of white marble, of the ſize of life; and of uncommon beauty. He lies extended, with

drooping wings, on a lion's hide; his left leg turned under his right, while the gentle life of ſleep breathes through the whole form of the charming boy.

Two Egyptian figures, ſeated, one of which repreſents the goddeſs Æluros with a cat's face, the other apparently a prieſt, appear to be of the higheſt antiquity.

The table of Iſis is the moſt remarkable curioſity. It is of black marble, with many Egyptian figures and hieroglyphics encruſted in ſilver. It was diſcovered at Rome, in the place where formerly a temple of Iſis ſtood. The Egyptian worſhip, which, in deſpite of the oppoſition made by the ſenate, more than once gained a footing in Rome, was openly indulged, or rather favoured, in the times of the Cæſars. This table was once in the poſſeſſion of the learned Cardinal Peter Bembo; and afterward of the Duke of Mantua. In the year 1630, when Mantua was taken and plundered by the Auſtrians, Cardinal Para obtained it, and preſented it to the Duke of Savoy. It has ben ſomewhat damaged by the rapacity of the ſoldiers; who tore away a few of the inlaid figures, for the ſake of the ſilver. The drawings that were made of it having been thought imperfect, it has now been engraved.

I ſaw ſome beautiful moſaic works, that had been diſcovered in Sardinia. Having been damaged by age, they have moſt of them been repaired. The art of repairing them is no leſs ingenious than that by which old paintings have been transferred to new canvas. Canvas is ſpread upon a table, and rubbed over with pitch: the cement which holds the ſmall ſtones together, on the other ſide, is then looſened, and the ſtones are placed upon the canvas in the pitchy maſs, which is ſo prepared that, though moiſt at the preſent, it will harden. The canvas is then ſeparated from it, and the work afterward appears in all its recovered beauty. People are at preſent employed in thus recovering an Orpheus, playing upon the lyre. Various wild animals, which, according to the fable, are ſuppoſed to have liſtened to Orpheus, the ferocity

of which monſters his muſic had the power to tame, have been entirely reſtored.

The cabinet of medals contains many beautiful antient coins. There are fifty-five thouſand volumes in the library, and about two-thouſand manuſcripts. Among the latter is a Pliny, of the fifteenth, and a Dante of the fourteenth, century; both remarkably beautiful. The Pliny is ornamented with well executed illuminations, which are conſonant to the ſubject.

Among the printed books is a bible, in eleven folio volumes and four different languages: the Hebrew, the Chaldaic, the Greek, and the Latin. Philip the ſecond King of Spain made a preſent of it to the Duke of Savoy. I think I never have ſeen ſo beautiful an impreſſion.

There are various curioſities, in Turin and its neighbourhood, which I have not been able to examine. I have not only left the rake at home, which a certain deſcription of travellers uſe, whoſe purpoſe is a trading voyage; but I have likewiſe neglected many things that might be worthy the notice of a rational gleaner. I have neither ſeen the country ſeat called Stupinigi, which is very celebrated, nor the Queen's vineyard. I have ſeen but a few of the churches, and thoſe only curſorily.

Turin is very populous. The ſtreets are full of people; though the court, the greateſt part of the nobility, and many ſtudents and profeſſional men, to the number of three thouſand, are abſent; it being now vacation. In winter, the number of inhabitants is eſtimated at nearly one-hundred thouſand.

The high arcades, which adorn the Po-ſtreet and various others of the beſt ſtreets, are filled with ſhops. The number of tradeſmen and mechanics, who expoſe their wares for ſale, is extraordinarily great.

In the great ſquare, the people aſſemble to gaze at the tricks which are played by jugglers; or to liſten to the quack doctors, who ſtand on a high ſcaffold with monkeys by their ſide. The quack appeals to his monkey, who pretends to be ſick, for the recommendation of his medicines; and by this mummery addreſſes himſelf to his wiſe auditors.

tors. I was not ſo much ſurpriſed at the ludicrous gravity of the doctor, who had a part to act, as at the ſerious attention of the gaping multitude. Though I do not think they conſider him as a great conjuror, yet they do ſeem to rank him as one of their virtuoſi; and of a peculiar kind. It appears to me that whatever relates to the art of acting is a thing of great importance, among the Italians. Either I miſtake, or, what Cicero ſaid of the Greeks of his age may, with great truth, be applied to this people: *Natio comœda eſt.*

LETTER XXXIII.

Genoa, 3d November 1791.

WE departed for Villa Nova on the 31ſt of October, in the afternoon; and journeyed through the pleaſant and fertile plains of Lombardy. The following day at noon, we were at Aſti; which is a very antient and in part well built town; and, in the Roman times, was called Aſta Pompeia.

We paſſed the evening at Felizzano. Between this little place and Aleſſandria, we found the next morning the road was bad; various rivers, and particularly the Tanaro, which runs through Aſti and Aleſſandria, had overflowed from the rains, and injured the roads and bridges. Aleſſandria is a tolerable town. It lies in the Piedmont diſtrict of Milan; which, in the year 1703, was ceded at the treaty of Turin by Auſtria to Savoy. It was built toward the end of the twelfth century, by the citizens of Milan, Cremona, and Placenza; as a place of refuge againſt the Emperor Frederic the Firſt. You may remember that moſt of the Italian cities were of the party of the Guelphs, and were in favour of the Popes, whoſe excommunications were iſſued againſt the Emperors

of

of Germany; and eſpecially againſt the powerful houſe of Hohenſtaufen; though ſometimes ineffectually. The new town, Aleſſandria, in the year 1178 was named after Pope Alexander the Third. The title of *della Paglia* (of the ſtraw) was given it, not as ſome have falſely maintained becauſe the inhabitants of this place burn ſtraw inſtead of wood, but becauſe the Ghibelin faction mocked at the builders of a town, the walls of which were compoſed of clay and ſtraw. Frederic notwithſtanding, after a tedious ſiege, was obliged to quit theſe walls.

The Latin inſcription in the interior of the high church, which mentions this occurrence, does not mention the Emperor with the offenſive epithet Barbaroſſa; but the more elegant Latin, *Ænobarba:* which in the Roman ages was applied to the race of Domitian.

The town has a conſiderable trade; particularly in cotton, ſilk, and the merchandize of the Eaſt. It is ſituated between the Tanaro and the river Bormia, in a fruitful plain, that is very rich in mulberry trees. It is no proof of the induſtry nor much to the honour of the country of Piedmont, that it barters much raw ſilk for ſilk after it is manufactured. The fields and paſtures, in this country, are cut through with drains; which receive the water and prevent the bad effects of inundations. The ſides of theſe drains are planted with hedges, which ſupply the inhabitants with firewood. The large dark-blue grapes of theſe parts are excellent. One regiment of cavalry, and two of infantry, are ſtationed in garriſon at Aleſſandria.

Yeſterday afternoon, we left Aleſſandria, and proceeded to Novi; and ſaw the Apennine mountains, with their tops covered with ſnow, immediately before us. Theſe famous mountains appeared to us but a row of hills, compared to the towering white Alps; which, although at a diſtance, ſeemed as if they were in our neighbourhood, whenever we turned to look at their beaming ſummits.

The territories of Genoa began at a ſhort diſtance before we reached Novi; which is a well built little town. Here we found, what we had ſo much wiſhed for in Piedmont and Savoy, a cleanly inn.

We

We ſet off early in the morning, that we might reach Genoa before the gates were ſhut. The road leads through valleys, and over ſome heights of the Apennines; the moſt celebrated of which form what is called *La Bocchetta.* As we proceeded over theſe mountains, we met an uncommon number of loaded mules, and aſſes. Some of the heights are rude and craggy; but moſt of them are planted with the genuine cheſnut tree. We had all along anticipated the pleaſure we ſhould have at the Bocchetta, by viewing from theſe heights the Mediterranean ſea: but a thick cloud diſagreeably robbed us of this noble proſpect; for we had deſcended into the valley before it had diſperſed.

There is a very diſtinguiſhable difference in the ſeaſons, between the north and ſouth ſide of the Apennines. On the north, the leaves were all faded; here they were ſtill green. The cheſnut trees are of a ſuperior growth: the mulberry and the fig tree are uncommonly large; and in Campo Marone, where we baited at noon, we ſaw in the open air a tall laurel tree.

A continued and heavy rain robbed us of the beauty of our journey from Campo Marone to Genoa. Our way led us beſide the river Biſageo; which empties itſelf into the Mediterranean, not far from Genoa. This country muſt formerly have been very difficult to travel; but, in the year 1778, a magnificent road was made, which, for the ſpace of three years, employed from five to eight hundred men, and at the expence of the patrician family Cambiaſi. The republic is indebted to the nobility for public buildings, and foundations, which would do honour to a monarch.

Immediately before we came to Genoa, we had at laſt a ſight of the ſea; the expected delight of which we had been ſo long indulging. We paſſed many beautiful country houſes, belonging to the Genoeſe, before we came to the city. The ſite of Genoa is theatrical in its form, riſing from the ſhore in a curve like a ſickle. The rain and the duſk of the evening greatly concealed a proſpect, which, in ſpite of theſe diſadvantages, was ſtill highly grand, and beautiful.

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LETTER XXXIV.

Genoa, 4th November 1791.

THIS city is of very high antiquity, and of very doubtful origin. Though ſome of the antients have called this the chief city of Liguria, they have taken the name in its limited ſignification, as it is now applied to the territory of Genoa. In thoſe times, the name of Liguria was given to the whole extent of country which lies between the Rhone and Arno. I am of opinion that the antient writers, who have called Tauraſia, or Turin, the chief city of Liguria, meant by the latter, that part of the great Liguria which extends from the Po to the Apenniñes, and is now called Piedmont. The Greek and Roman name of this city was the ſame: we call it Genoa; the Italians Genova. In the barbarous ages, there were ſome who gave it the name of Janua; and hence derived its origin from the antient Janus, who reigned in Italy fifteen hundred years before the birth of Chriſt.

Genoa was early allied to the Romans; and, in the ſecond Punic war, was deſtroyed by Mago, the brother of Hannibal. An antient inſcription proves that it afterward became a Roman municipal city. When the Oſtro-Goths overran the Roman Empire, this city fell under their juriſdiction; but was again recovered by Beliſarius. It was afterward laid waſte by the Saracens, and Lombards. Charlemagne was the laſt who took it; and he reſtored it to its antient freedom. His ſon Pepin, however, gave it to Adhemar, a Frenchman, with the title of Count. The yoke of theſe counts was ſhaken off by the Genoeſe, in the eleventh century; and they then appointed Conſuls. Even in theſe times, the city was ſurrounded with walls; and divided into ſix parts, with a tribune over each diviſion.

Quarrels ſoon divided the citizens, who choſe a foreigner to be their podeſta,

podeſta, or chief magiſtrate; but, weary of this, they appointed a governor; and afterward elected a doge, from the nobility and the citizens.

They were induced, by new diſturbances, to put themſelves under the power of Charles the Sixth, of France. In the year 1409, they broke the chains with which they had fettered themſelves, put the French garriſon to death, and ſubjected themſelves to the Marquis of Montferrat. Four years afterward, they recovered their liberties, and once more elected a doge: but they ſoon became tributary to the Duke of Milan; and again, in the year 1436, regained their freedom. In the year 1458, they once more ſubjected themſelves to the French; and in three years the people aſſerted their former rights, and reinſtituted the doge. They once more offered themſelves to Lewis the Eleventh; who replied that, if Genoa were his, he would conſign it to the Devil.

After this, the city was torn by inteſtine diviſions; by the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelins, and by the conteſts between the families of Adorno and Fregoſo. The emperors of Germany, the kings of France, and the dukes of Milan, governed it in turns; and it was on the brink of deſtruction when the naval hero, Andrea Doria, one of the greateſt men Italy ever produced, snatched it from the arms of France, and once more reſtored it to freedom. It was in his own choice to have been the monarch of his country: but he nobly declined the ſovereign rule; and was more honoured by the thankful citizens, when they gave him the high title of Father of his country, than he could have been, had he obtained the empire of the world. Since that time Genoa has uſually been allied with Spain.

In the year 1684, it was bombarded by the French; and obtained peace only on the moſt humiliating conditions. The doge, who, according to law, was never to be abſent, was obliged, with four ſenators, to make a journey to Verſailles; there to pay homage to the arrogant Lewis the Fourteenth. While they were ſhewing him the parts of this new magnificent

palace, he was aſked, what of all the things he had ſeen he thought the moſt ſurpriſing? He replied, with a ſatiric ſmile, It was to ſee the Doge of Genoa at Verſailles.

The conſtitution of this free ſtate is an ariſtocracy: or rather an oligarchy. The government is in the hands of the patricians; who are divided into the old and new nobility. This diſtinction firſt began with eight-and-twenty families; that, in the year 1588, were ſeparated by Doria from the reſt. However, the antient nobility do not date higher than the twelfth century. Since that time, other noble families have been added to the antient nobility. The new nobility conſiſt of about five hundred families; at the head of whom are the Giuſtiniani, who are properly of the antient nobility.

The new nobility was formerly excluded from the chief offices of the State. Their privileges are now equal to thoſe of the antient race; though the latter enjoy more power and reſpect. The doge is elected once in two years; and is alternately choſen from the old and new nobility. He has the precedence of ſpeech and place, in all their public aſſemblies; and, after his two years have expired, complaints may be lodged againſt him, for the ſpace of eight days. Should judgment be given in favour of the accuſers, he is excluded from any ſhare in public affairs. No doge can be re-elected, till after a lapſe of ten years.

The two principal public bodies are the *governatori*, and the *procuratori*. The *ſignoria*, or ſenate, conſiſts of the twelve *governatori* and the doge. The *procuratori* are eight, with the addition of thoſe doges who have been in office, and who enjoy this privilege for life. Official appointments are only granted for two years.

The ſignoria deliberates on the moſt ſecret affairs: but the moſt important muſt be ſubmitted to the deciſion of the great council, to which muſt be likewiſe added the conſent of the procuratori. To the latter the ſuperintendance of the treaſury and the public revenues is entruſted. All the nobility who have attained the age of twenty-two, have been three years citizens, and are of unſullied reputation, may belong to the great

great council; which muſt not exceed the number of four hundred. This council it is true is annually elected; but the ſame members are always re-choſen.

The legiſlative power reſides in the great council: but the little council, which conſiſts of the governatori, the procuratori, and two hundred counſellors, has a predominating influence.

The college of the *ſupremi ſyndicatori* reviſes the adminiſtration of the doges, the governatori, the procuratori, and other magiſtrates, as ſoon as they have laid down their dignities. Three conſervators of peace, and two conſervators of laws, are choſen every other year. The latter ſuperintend elections: the former enquire into private diſputes; particularly of the matrimonial kind.

Among various colleges, or committees, which I ſhall omit to deſcribe, I muſt not forget one, whoſe office is worthy of univerſal imitation. It is to enquire into and defend the rights of poor priſoners. The adminiſtration of juſtice, which is called *rota civile*, is entruſted to a college of five doctors; who are foreigners, and who are elected to their office once in two years. Whether the college of penal judges, *rota criminale*, conſiſts of foreigners is more than I know. The reaſon that they chooſe foreigners for the adminiſtration of public juſtice is, no doubt, that they expect more impartiality from people who have no connection in the country, than from natives: but it ought to have been recollected that judges, who continue only two years in the country, are the more liable to be corrupted. Nor can it, certainly, be any good policy, thus degradingly to miſtruſt their own citizens. We indubitably poſſeſs very excellent courts of juſtice, in Germany; on which no ſhade of partiality has been caſt.

The bank of St. George is a kind of government within the government: for it has its own laws, magiſtrates, and aſſemblies. The perſons who are the ſtock-holders are the members of this government. Their revenues are greater, by one half, than thoſe of the republic; the income of which does not exceed a million of dollars.

In the year 1746, this bank advanced five millions of dollars to the State; and, in the year 1751, it was in great danger of bankruptcy: but the great council granted it aid, by eſtabliſhing a poll tax for twenty years.

The council of the republic annually elect a procurator, and eight protectors; who ſuperintend the affairs of the bank.

The territories of the republic contain ninety German ſquare miles, allowing fifteen miles to a degree; and its population is eſtimated at four hundred thouſand ſouls. The country is mountainous, and ſterile; the people laborious and hardy. This is teſtified of them by Diodorus Siculus*. Their grain is inſufficient for their own conſumption: but this is amply compenſated, by their vineyards and their orchards of excellent fruits. Protected from the north winds by the Apennines, they enjoy a mild climate; which produces fruits ſuperior to thoſe of Tuſcany, and only equalled by the ſouthern provinces of the Church ſtates. The lemon, the orange, and pomegranate, ripen on trees that ſtand in the open air. Of almonds and figs they have great abundance; and their mulberry and olive trees are innumerable.

The ſilk manufactory of the city is ſo extenſive that the raw ſilk, produced in their own territory, is an inſufficient ſupply: they are therefore obliged to purchaſe more from the two Sicilies, and Piedmont. The oil produced at the preſſes of St. Remo is acknowledged to be the beſt in Europe.

From the multitude and beauty of its palaces, the city deſerves the epithet of *La ſuperba*, or the magnificent; which it has obtained. Were it not for the narrowneſs of the Strada Balbi, and the Strada Nuova, they would be the moſt beautiful ſtreets in the world. There is no place from which their lofty palaces can be properly ſeen. The pavement is of ſtone, with three rows of flags: one of them, in the middle, broad; and the two ſides next to the houſes narrow. The ſtreets are

* Diodor. vol. i. p. 265—66. ed. Weſſel.

kept

kept clean with remarkable care. Many of them are uncommonly narrow; and, as the town is exceedingly populous, the throng is exceedingly inconvenient. The houſes are from five to ſix ſtories high: and I have even counted ſome that were ſeven and eight.

A little French work, entitled *Deſcription des beautés de Génes*, 1781*, enumerates and deſcribes forty-three palaces, beſide the palace of the Doge, which are moſt of them built in a noble ſtyle: though many of them are disfigured, by painted pillars and other intended ornaments. The ſituation, on the ſhore of the Mediterranean, is certainly one of the grandeſt and moſt beautiful in the world. Built in the form of a creſcent, the ſhore itſelf having the ſame form, the city riſes on its little hills, which are overhung by rocks. The haven is uncommonly ſpacious, circular, and bounded by a high ſtone wall; round which the citizens walk.

Two lighthouſes ſtand at each end of the entrance into the haven: from which the eye loſes itſelf in the expanſe of waters. A much higher lighthouſe is likewiſe built, on a rock which has the form of a cone.

No ſooner does the town end than the country houſes of its rich citizens begin. The high gardens afford repoſe to the eye, when, not ſo much fatigued as terrified by viewing the wild waves, it turns in ſearch of more tranquil objects. Yet it cannot long refrain from reverting again to the mighty deep; the charms of which, to me, appear irreſiſtible. We were ſtanding on a wall, that was at leaſt ſixteen ells above the ſurface of the ſea. The air was calm, yet the motion of the water was grand. We ſaw the ſwelling waves proceeding from a great diſtance, till at laſt they came daſhing, with the noiſe of thunder, againſt the walls; and ſprung, vaulting ſo furiouſly that they ſaluted us with their ſpray †.

When

* A deſcription of the beauties of Genoa.

† I have ſince often remarked, in Sicily, that one of the general ſigns of the Sciroccо is, that,

When the ſky is clear, the coaſt of Corſica may be ſeen.

Genoa is a free port; but not ſo much frequented, by foreign nations, as Leghorn: partly becauſe it is not quite ſo ſafe, and partly becauſe the privileges of foreigners are not ſo great as in the latter town. The limitations here are, that each foreign merchant may keep warehouſes; in which, during a year, he may admit, or from which he may export, his merchandize duty free: except that, if this merchandize ſhould be purchaſed in the ſtate or city of Genoa, he muſt in that caſe pay a heavy duty.

The number of the inhabitants of the city is ſuppoſed to be eighty thouſand. The fineſt proſpect of the haven, toward the Mediterranean, is from the garden of the great palace of Doria; which is built fronting the gate on the eaſt ſide of the city. In the centre of the garden, and in the middle of a large fountain, is the ſtatue of Andrea Doria; under the figure of Neptune, ſtanding in a chariot of ſhells, and drawn by three horſes. He holds a trident in his right hand; and his attitude and mien are commanding: as if, in the words of Virgil, he were ſaying *Quos ego!* He is ſurrounded by box ſhrubs and cypreſs trees, cut and clipped in a wretched taſte, equally unworthy of the grandeur of the place and of the man.

On one ſide is a charming alley of the large evergreen prickly oak; the leaves of which, in form and colour, reſemble the dark laurel leaves, or the ſhining foliage which we occaſionally find in the prickly holly-oak. The acorn is like that of an oak, only ſomething leſs.

On the other ſide is an orange grove; the trees of which, in the ſevere winter of 1788-89, were almoſt frozen to the root: but have ſince ſo far recovered, and become ſo fruitful, as ſcarcely to leave any trace of this misfortune. Some of the ſweet orange trees, which have ſuffered a little, are of a conſiderable ſize; and are now, in their growth

that, when this wind prevails, the ſea is in great motion though the air is calm. It blows from the ſouth-weſt.

and

and beauty, richly adorned with the golden apples of the Heſperides. Though it is November, roſes and carnations are in bloom; and ſo continue to be, during the whole winter. The ſpectator imagines himſelf in the gardens of Alcinous; or tranſported to the iſland of Calypſo. I take it for granted that the difference of climate, between Genoa and Turin, is as great as that between Turin and Frankfort.

You would be ſurpriſed to ſee ſprouts of the fig, and the laurel, growing between the crevices of old walls. The fruit and vegetable market is now, in November, amply ſupplied. Among other fruits, there is a cheap berry which exceedingly reſembles the ſtrawberry: except that it is ſomething larger, and of a deeper red: though in taſte and ſcent it is much inferior. The plant that bears it is called the *Arbutus unedo.* The Reaumur thermometer at preſent is twelve degrees above the freezing point. In the ſevere winter of 1788, which is here ſpoken of as a remarkable event, it was never lower than the fifth degree below the freezing point.

Our time is limited, and it would require a long ſtay to examine all that is worthy of being ſeen, in the churches and palaces. The church of St. Charles is built in the form of a Greek croſs: the ſide chapel, which is on the left of the high altar, is of black marble. There is a large bronze crucifix, of great beauty. There are likewiſe twelve buſts of bronze. The whole chapel is the work of Algardi.

The church of the Annunciata is rich and magnificent. The nave is ſupported by large indented pillars, of white marble, the hollow parts of which are incruſted with a mottled red and white marble. I did not think the pictures very admirable; except that, over the entrance, is a Chriſt adminiſtering the laſt ſupper, the maſter piece of Giulio Ceſare Procaccino, which is really excellent. We ſaw it indeed to a diſadvantage; for the church itſelf is not light, and the day was on the decline. The whole cieling is painted. The church appeared to me to have two faults; which, being combined, mutually increaſe each other: it is dark, and of different colours.

The

The Exchange is not ſo magnificent as might have been expected, in an antient wealthy and commercial city, like this: but it is light, ſpacious, and convenient. It is ſurrounded by the retail ſhops of the citizens.

The Jeſuits' college, which, ſince the abolition of the order, has been inhabited by other learned men, ſtands in the Strada Balbi. One of the Balbi family gave this palace to the Jeſuits, in the laſt century. The pillars of the court, the ſtaircaſe, the high galleries, which are likewiſe ſupported by pillars, and the two large lions of white marble, which catch the eye at the lower ſtaircaſe, as ſoon as you paſs the portico through which you enter, produce altogether a great effect.

The great place, Aqua Verde, which is much celebrated, I thought very indifferent.

About noon, as we were ſitting at table, a well dreſſed man entered the room, and threw before us a little unbound book. This book contained poems, that he had compoſed. He likewiſe announced himſelf as an *improviſatore*, and deſired me to give him a ſubject. I gave him the fall of Phaeton. Scarcely had I uttered the word, before he began, with incredible volubility, and with a very animated geſture, to ſing. Not being ſufficiently familiarized with the Italian pronunciation, and leſs acquainted with the language than was neceſſary for the occaſion, we found it difficult to follow the inceſſant flow of the words of a ſinging improviſatore: however, I underſtood ſufficient to admire the fertility of his verſification, the fervour of his imagery, and the enthuſiaſm of his imagination.

I own to you that, till I had heard this man, I had no great reſpect for what may be called a legerdemain exhibition of genius: and I am ſtill very far from comparing this kind of facility of intellect with thoſe inſpired moments when the poet feels himſelf involuntarily ſeized, with a grandeur of conception and a flow of thought which he cannot reſtrain. There is however an innate fertility, which ſeems peculiar to a people whoſe animation is univerſal, whoſe productive power is great,

and who have proved their ſuperiority in works of every kind; which are immortal *.

Erneſt has, at laſt, had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing a giant. He is a German, who comes from ſome place near Frankfort on the Main. He is more than two heads taller than the common ſize of men: but, like the other giants whom I have ſeen, he appears to be weak and helpleſs. I could not forbear laughing at a man, who, although he ſaw the boots the giant uſually wore, and that his hands and arms were of a proportionate ſize to the reſt of his body, yet fell into the abſurd perſuaſion that he made himſelf tall by the height of his boot heels. The giant, by pulling off his boot, put him to the bluſh. I mention this incident as characteriſtic of a certain kind of obſtinacy of unbelief. The man imagined himſelf wiſer than we were, becauſe he had the wit to doubt of the ſize of a giant, who ſtood before his eyes.

* The Portugueſe likewiſe have their improviſatori. The Spaniſh comedians poſſeſs a ſimilar talent. I am informed that their poets only furniſh ſketches for their plays: and that the players add dialogue of their own, which is not preconcerted. They not only vie with the wit of the poet, but endeavour, by the ſallies of genius, to rival each other: ſo that the ſame piece, every time it is performed, is played with new variations.

LETTER XXXV.

Genoa, 7th November 1791.

THERE appears to me a ſingular difficulty, my friend, while innumerable beauties of every kind are floating before me, ſo to ſelect and deſcribe them as to give you pleaſure. Out of this multitude of objects, which ſolicit attention in Italy, a traveller can but chooſe a few. Their number and their worth oppreſs him

Velut unda ſupervenit undam :*

Wave impelling wave:

and embarraſs recollection. How difficult likewiſe is it to ſatisfy ourſelves, when we would wiſh to communicate the pleaſure we have received, while contemplating the works of nature or of genius!

The day before yeſterday, we began with the palace of Brignole; which is called the red palace, to diſtinguiſh it from another, that likewiſe belongs to one of the family of Brignole, and that ſtands oppoſite to it. We did not viſit it for the ſake of its magnificence, but to view the paintings: though our aſtoniſhment was excited by its grandeur, and good taſte. The moſt famous palaces of private perſons, among us, are poor, compared to theſe. If we except the hall of the knights, in the palace of Copenhagen, and the very extraordinary new palace of Prince Potemkin, at Peterſburg; it appears to me that all that I have beheld, in the palaces of princes and kings, is trifling, compared with the magnificence of thoſe of Genoa.

Of the many paintings, which I have ſeen here in palaces and churches, there are only a few that I can now remember ſufficiently to deſcribe. In the Brignole palace is a Phœbus, in his beaming car; with the four Seaſons, as little Genii; and the Hours, ſtrewing roſes. One of the Hours is inexpreſſibly lovely, and graceful. The picture is by Dominico Piola.

A portrait of one of the Brignole family, on a white horſe, and, oppoſite, his wife, are both by Vandyke.

Chriſt driving the money changers, and ſellers of doves, out of the temple, is by Guercino. The countenance of Chriſt is moſt excellently expreſſive, of ſacred ſolemnity and commanding dignity. A female ſeller of doves looks at him with aſtoniſhment. A money changer appears very unwillingly impelled by apprehenſion to depart. Fear characteriſes all the fugitives.

* Horace.

Chriſt

Chriſt with the tribute money, by Vandyke, is a dignified painting. The countenance and attitude of Chriſt are noble, and beautiful, in the higheſt degree. The two ſcribes are marked by a natural and ſtrong expreſſion of deceitful knavery. The traits of comedy, which are viſible in their countenances, do not offend. Cunning diſappointed, and knavery outwitted, excite an inclination to laugh; however unwilling you may be. The ſteady eye of Chriſt penetrates to their very ſouls. It is a great picture.

A beautiful Holy Family is by Giulio Ceſare Procaccino.

Theſe are the works which I perfectly well remember. The palace may contain about a hundred and fifty pictures; and among them are many maſterpieces: but the impreſſion they made on me was weakened by their number.

The church which formerly belonged to the Jeſuits, and which is now the church of St. Ambroſe, is a grand building. It is entirely painted in freſco, by Carlone.

Over the high altar is a large picture of the Circumciſion, by Rubens. It was painted in Antwerp; and he was deceived in the height at which it was intended to be hung: ſo that it is not now ſeen to good advantage.

I was better pleaſed with an Ignatius Loyola, exorciſing a woman poſſeſſed, and raiſing dead children. The calm mild grandeur of the ſaint is moſt excellently contraſted with the rage of the poſſeſſed woman; in whoſe attitude, backward diſtorted neck, and inflated throat, there is an expreſſion of great terror.

The Aſſumption of the Virgin, by Guido, is of heavenly beauty; and appears to me at leaſt equal to the famous Aſſumption, by the ſame maſter, which is at Düſſeldorf.

She is here high among the clouds, with angels hovering around her, and the apoſtles regarding her with aſtoniſhment and love.

The palace of the Doge is grand; but not to be compared with the palaces of many private individuals. The pillars are daubed over with

paint, and the marble is concealed. The whole building appears to me rather to pretend to grandeur than to poſſeſs it. Fronting the ſtaircaſe in the court, there are marble buſts of Andrea and John Andrea Doria. They are ill executed; perhaps no better than the buſts of the Pruſſian generals, which are placed in William's Square in Berlin.

The halls of the little and the great councils are in this palace. That of the latter is very capacious, and reſts upon columns. The large ſtatues do not appear to me beautiful: neither did I think the pictures excellent. There are places left for many others, with which it is intended to ornament this hall.

The hall of the little council is beautiful: but I thought the pictures ſpotted and poor. There is an arſenal in this palace; which is formidably ſtored, and well arranged. Among other things, they here ſhew about thirty coats of mail; which, as it is ſaid, the Genoeſe women cauſed to be made for themſelves, toward the beginning of the fourteenth century, that they might make a cruſade. This warlike expedition was prevented by the Pope. Here too is a cannon of leather.

The iron head of a ſhip, as uſed by the antients, and which had been found in the haven, is kept in this arſenal. It is a roſtrum in its proper ſenſe; for its form is that of the head of a wild beaſt, worked to a point.

In the way from the palace of the Doge to the church of Carignan, we paſſed over a broad high ſtone bridge; the intention of which is to connect the hill of Carignan with the hill of Sarzano. It is ſo lofty that houſes of ſix ſtories high are built under its arches; between the roofs of which and the bridge there is ſtill a very conſiderable ſpace. On one ſide of the bridge, we could overlook a great part of the town; and on the other the haven, with a part of the weſtern coaſt. This bridge was erected by a perſon of the family of Sauli.

The predeceſſors of this noble citizen were the founders of the church of Carignan. The architect that built it was Galeazzo Aleſſi Perugino. It is beautiful, light, and grand; and is adorned by four coloſſal ſtatues

of marble, the fineſt of which is Saint Sebaſtian, bound naked to a tree, with two arrow wounds in his ſide. The dignity of the martyr, his foretaſte of heaven, and the pangs of ſuffering nature, are united, and fully expreſſed, in his countenance. The body is of great truth and beauty.

Peter and John with the lame man, at the gate of the temple, by Dominico Piola, is a fine picture. The lame man is excellent: but I do not think I diſcover all the grandeur and apoſtolic dignity of Peter, when, to the diſeaſed man who is expecting an alms from him, he utters the words that precede the miracle: "Silver and gold have I "none: but ſuch as I have give I thee. In the name of Jeſus Chriſt "of Nazareth, riſe up and walk."

We yeſterday ſaw three palaces; each behind the other. The firſt, belonging to Marcellino Durazzo, in royal magnificence excels even the red palace of Brignole. In Genoa, you perceptibly feel that you are in the palaces of the creditors of the princes of Europe. In one of the firſt halls, we ſaw three large pictures, by Luca Giordano: one of Seneca dying, another of Olindo and Sophronia, and the third of Perſeus, with the head of Meduſa, turning Phineas into ſtone. They are full of genius. The ſecond repreſents Clorinda coming on horſeback, and the two lovers, who were both to have been burnt, being bound to the ſame ſtake, in the act of being ſet free. Where is the reader of Taſſo, who has forgotten this ſcene?

A Magdalen, waſhing the feet of Chriſt, when he was ſitting at the feaſt of the Phariſees, is by Paul Veroneſe. The picture is well preſerved, and very beautiful; though the two principal characters do not appear to me equal to ſome of the others. The owner of the palace has a copy of this picture; which is ſo like the original that no man could affirm it to be a copy.

Juno, transferring the eyes of Argus to the tail of the peacock, is by Rubens. The body of Argus, lying before the car, is excellently painted. The painter was very right, in taking care to conceal the bleeding

part

part of the body: but the repreſentation of a female taking the head in her hand, and tearing out the eyes, is exceſſively diſagreeable: as likewiſe are the eyes which Juno holds in the palm of her hand, where they lie like colours on a pallet.

The whole haven, and beyond that the Mediterranean, are ſeen from a high and large balcony of this palace. The roofs of the houſes of Genoa are not flat, but are covered with ſlate a little elevated. The palaces have open large balconies, on which the poſſeſſors may enjoy the freſh air, ſurrounded by flowers and orange trees. After having been examining numerous pictures, the quick ſucceſſion of which is injurious to the pleaſure they give, you feel a deſire again to taſte undiſturbed the freſh air; and the proſpect of great nature, as ſhe is, revives the heart. Of her we were not eaſily wearied. We returned from the works of art, like a child from its doll to the arms and lap of a kind careſſing mother.

The palace of Marcello Durazzo is not ſo magnificent as that which I have before deſcribed, by the name of Marcellino: but it is no leſs rich in paintings. Of theſe I will mention only a few.

The Hiſtory of Achilles, in ſix pictures, by ſix different maſters, to me appears very cold. A man would imagine that theſe painters had read the argument of every book of the Iliad, but not the Iliad itſelf. The grand image of the hero they have neither felt nor produced.

A Chriſt with the tribute money, by Guercino, in my opinion, may contend the garland of victory with that of Vandyke; which I ſaw the day before yeſterday. I own the Chriſt of Vandyke has the moſt power: yet that of Guercino is full of ſoul and dignity. It is one of the few heads of Chriſt which can ſatisfy the eye of a chriſtian; as far as it can be ſatisfied, by the efforts of the painter.

Three of the ſcribes are excellently contraſted with the dignified grandeur of the Saviour. One who looks him in the face, while he ſhews him the tribute money, wiſhes to aſſume the appearance of honeſty: but you viſibly read the cunning knave in his countenance. A little

little behind him ſtands another, with an artful malicious air; and a third lurks and leers from behind a pillar.

Samuel anointing David king, by I know not what maſter, if I miſtake not, is a very good picture. Aſtoniſhment and humility, but not terror, are expreſſed in the countenance of the ſhepherd youth: who is excellently repreſented, with a dark complexion, fine eyes, and a handſome figure.

Chriſt with the woman taken in adultery, by Giulio Ceſare Procaccino, is a noble painting; and in a great ſtyle.

Heraclitus and Democritus, by Spagnioletto, are two fine pieces, and full of character.

There is a weeping philoſopher, by the ſame maſter; perhaps another Heraclitus.

In the palace of Franceſco Balbi there are likewiſe many beautiful pictures.

A picture of Chriſt with his diſciples in the garden, by Michael Angelo Buonaroti, proves that men of the greateſt genius, of which claſs this painter undoubtedly was, ſuffer themſelves to be led away by the taſte of the times. Chriſt is here repreſented twice in the ſame piece, and both times in the foreground; once kneeling at prayer, and again haranguing the diſciples.

Maria with the little Jeſus, various men, women, and children, St. George with the banner, and an old man, is a compoſition by Rubens; in which he has introduced himſelf, his wife, his children, and his father. St. George is the character he has choſen for himſelf. He ſtands, full of vigour and ſatisfaction, with the banner; which ſeems to be beautifully waved by his muſcular arm. There is another picture of the ſame ſubject, which is ſtill more maſterly, at Antwerp; and this is very probably a copy, by one of his ſcholars.

Joſeph, interpreting the dream of the chief butler, is an excellent performance, by Capucino. We are in want however of the chief baker;

baker; who it is true, in the ſtory, acts but a tragical part: however, for that very reaſon, it would be well contraſted with the chief butler.

Chriſt and the Samaritan woman, by Guercino.

I ſhall omit deſcribing ſeveral churches which we have ſeen. The church of St. Stephen is not remarkable in itſelf, except that it poſſeſſes a great treaſure in an altarpiece; which repreſents the ſtoning of St. Stephen, with the heavens open, and Jeſus ſitting on the right hand of God. The upper figures are by Julio Romano: thoſe of Stephen and the ſtone flingers are by Raphael. Anger and rage are conſpicuous in ſome of the latter. An old man is inflamed with zeal. The noble martyr, kneeling, a beautiful and youthful figure, fixes his enraptured eyes on heaven. Saul, not yet converted, kneels beſide the garments of the executioners; looking likewiſe toward heaven, but with an aſpect very different from that of Stephen. To the things which Stephen beheld young Saul was blind: however, we diſcover in his countenance great zeal for the truths he knew. We perceive in him the future apoſtle; which the painter well knew how to delineate. Oh Raphael! Raphael!

The great hoſpital has been built by the grandees of Genoa. Its marble pillars, its handſome ſtaircaſe and avenue, and the greatneſs of the whole, excite our admiration. The ſick, of every nation and of every faith, are here admitted; and the number of them, in winter, frequently amounts to ſixteen hundred.

This hoſpital is ornamented with about ſeventy ſtatues, of perſons who have given donations; and the kind of rank which theſe ſtatues maintain, among each other, is remarkable. Thoſe who have beſtowed fifty thouſand livres of Genoa have each a marble buſt; thoſe of a hundred thouſand have whole length ſtatues; and thoſe who have given a greater ſum are ſeated.

In the evening, we went to the playhouſe; where we ſaw Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Brighella, as the chief characters in the piece. Partly for

for want of being familiar with the Italian language, and partly becauſe of the different dialects, we miſſed underſtanding many things. However, we thought the entertainment ſhort. Germans pretend to diſdain Harlequin: but can they, if they wiſh for real humour, entirely ſuffer his abſence? I do not aſk what is poſſible to man; but what is poſſible to us. Among many buffooneries and not a little abſurdity, there ſtill was a true comic vein that ran through the piece. For my own part, I conſider the Italian comedians, generally ſpeaking, as poſſeſſed of more comic humour than our own. There is leſs to blame in them; though they are not blameleſs.

In the palace of Giacomo Balbi are likewiſe many noble pictures.

Luca Giordano has painted three, of a large ſize. One is the rape of the Sabines. This is a fine ſubject, and managed with great dignity, by the painter. The numerous paſſions here have free play; manly love, female anger, terror of a high degree, and determined courage, are well contraſted with each other.

Perſeus, with the head of Meduſa, is a ſecond; and Jezebel, torn by the dogs, a third, by this maſter. Jehu reins in his horſes, and attentively regards the dreadful ſpectacle: dreadful, yet nobly handled, and without exciting diſguſt.

Vandyke, with that art which was peculiarly his own, has here likewiſe painted three children; with all the beauty, animation, and characteriſtics, of childhood.

A very fine Magdalen, by Guido, with a death's head in her hand. Deep felt ſorrow is moſt excellently expreſſed, in her beautiful countenance.

Two very noble large landſcapes, by Rubens. A fine choice of objects, rich, and grand, with the foregrounds excellently made out, ſo as to make them riſe from the canvas, with ſoftening ſhades, till we come to the moſt diſtant blue in which the horizon is loſt to the ſight, give theſe pictures a ſtrong appearance of nature.

A Holy Family, by the ſame maſter; from which the ſpectator cannot tear himſelf without great difficulty. Few pictures have afforded me equal pleaſure. The child Jeſus is extended in a cradle, careſſing John the Baptiſt. They are two beautiful boys. The dawn of heavenly grace is viſible, in the ecſtatic mien of the godlike child. John looks, with infantine aſtoniſhment, at Jeſus in the cradle. The virgin is ſitting; and, with tender emotion, employing both her hands to rock the cradle. Her beauty is not exquiſite; but her youthful countenance is very agreeable. The more you look at it, the more you are intereſted, by the expreſſion of purity of heart, devotion, and maternal delight. Joſeph, a venerable old man, ſtands behind, looking over her ſhoulder; his body humbly inclined, regarding the child Jeſus. Elizabeth kneels behind John; with the ſweeteſt expreſſion of devotion, and the nobleſt countenance of a handſome matron that can be imagined.

We have viſited the haven, where the gallies lie; beſide which there are ſhops, where the Turks, who are enſlaved, vend all kinds of wares: coffee, chocolate, ſugar, diſtilled waters, pipes, tobacco, ſlippers and ſtraw mats. They are ſuffered to go free in the haven; but muſt not walk through the city, except chained two and two, and under the guard of an overſeer. In this manner, they offer their wares to ſale in the city; and particularly red and yellow ſlippers. At night they are obliged to ſleep on board the gallies. Thoſe priſoners that have been condemned to the gallies for their crimes are much more rigorouſly treated than the Turks; who are juſtly conſidered only as priſoners of war. The latter therefore can only purchaſe their redemption. The others are ſentenced to the gallies for a certain number of years, equivalent to the greatneſs of their offence. None but great criminals remain fettered on board the gallies.

Six months in the year, the priſoners are at ſea. They are, beyond all compariſon, better treated than the galley ſlaves of the French. I ſpoke with ſeveral of them, and the only complaints I heard were of their

their cold ſtations, in winter nights, on board the gallies; and of their food. Their daily allowance is two pounds of bread, and three ounces of large beans.

During the ſix winter months, they are in harbour; and often have an opportunity of earning ſome trifle in the city. They are ſeldom, and but for a ſhort time, put to labour at public works. The Turks do not eaſily obtain their freedom: probably, becauſe they have no intercourſe with their relations; or that they want connections in Genoa. They purchaſe their own redemption with the money which they earn, during their impriſonment. Some of them have been priſoners from thirty to forty years; and theſe muſt either have been indolent, or ignorant of trade.

You may recollect how very much we both were moved, by the deſcription which is given, in Du Paty's Account of the condition of the poor impriſoned Turks, at Genoa. I have made ſtrict enquiries, both of a Swiſs, who has lived here five years, and of a merchant from Geneva, who has been fourteen years in this city. Both are men deſerving of credit; and the merchant was the friend of Du Paty, and bound to him by the ties of mutual hoſpitality: yet both declared that Du Paty's relation was wholly ungrounded. His friend alleged, in his defence, an overheated imagination; and an exceſs of ſenſibility; by which he had been miſled.

Thouſands bleſs the memory of Howard, the friend of the human race, who travelled over kingdoms and ſeas, viſited hoſpitals and priſons, and with noble fortitude oppoſed avarice and oppreſſion. He was indeed the benefactor of the wretched; numbers of whom, before his time, were treated either with ſhameful neglect or with the moſt hard hearted and pernicious avarice. Writers of travels do well who cenſure abuſes, after a careful examination: ſome of which abuſes, indeed, are ſo ſelf-evident that, to be proved, they require only to be ſeen. Numberleſs cuſtoms deſerve cenſure; but contempt is the lot

of that traveller, who aſſumes the maſk of humanity, or philoſophy, to calumniate a nation.

Sick Turks are generally brought to the hoſpital, which is appointed for the reception of priſoners; where they are not treated as priſoners, but as perſons ſuffering under diſeaſe. I yeſterday ſaw one, in the great hoſpital.

I have no where ſeen ſuch a multitude of beggars, as in Genoa. What is moſt remarkable, they ſcarcely ever addreſs themſelves to the Genoeſe, but to ſtrangers only. The number of the lame and blind is uncommonly great. A foreigner is followed by beggars in every ſtreet; and he meets them again in the churches, and on the ſteps before the church. It is no uncommon thing to find in the church a beggar, all in rags, who will name you the maſter who painted each picture, point out the beſt place from which you may examine it, nay frequently detail the ſubject of the painting, and relate its whole hiſtory.

A knowledge of the arts, to a certain extent, is here very common; and yet we find, among their moſt beautiful works, in the Italian churches, not only very indifferent but frequently very wretched ornaments, which are in a high degree unworthy of religion. I very lately ſaw, in a church, a beautiful figure of the virgin, by Guercino if I do not miſtake, diſfigured by a tinſel crown with gold ſtars, as a decoration to her head; and a white ſun, of the ſame deſcription, which they had faſtened upon her boſom.

The Genoeſe ladies of diſtinction appear chiefly to employ themſelves in painting, and drawing. In three of the palaces that we viſited, we were ſhewn copies of the pictures; which had been made by the ladies to whom they belonged. We likewiſe ſeveral times ſaw, in their chambers, the works with which they amuſed themſelves, and the books they read: ſome French, and ſome Italian.

The government of Genoa is eſteemed to be mild. The people of the

the country pay very few taxes: particularly thoſe of *Riviera di Ponente;* where almoſt every village, at the time that the State ſhook off foreign oppreſſors, made its individual conditions with the city. Every foreigner who has been ten years an inhabitant of Genoa may be accepted as a citizen: the proteſtants themſelves are not excluded. With the Turks, and eſpecially with the people of the coaſt of Barbary, this State wages eternal war. The governors do not however riſk the gallies of the republic in the open ſea: neither have they taken any ſhip, or made any priſoners, for theſe two years.

More than a hundred priſoners, who had paid their own ranſom, were releaſed this month; and ſent home. A merchant of this city lately ranſomed about twenty Moors; to ſhew his gratitude to the emperor of Morocco, who had done him ſome favour.

LETTER XXXVI.

Pavia, 12th November 1791.

THE thermometer, on the ſixth, was twelve degrees above the freezing point; and on the 8th, as we left Genoa, the ſnow fell with a cutting wind; which we felt more ſenſibly than we ever remember to have felt cold in November. Changeableneſs of weather is attributed to Genoa. Hiſtory alſo ſhews how very unſettled the people were. The Ligurians were repreſented, by the antients, as a remarkably unſtable, rugged, and laborious, people.

On the noble high road, which leads to Campo Marone, the inconvenience of the bad weather was more ſupportable than at the Bochetta; where the wind from the mountains frequently blew with a cutting

ting ſleet, and made the road ſlippery; over which the ſlow-paced ſtaggering mule was obliged to go.

In the evening, we came to Voltaggio; which is ſeated on the northern declivity of the Bochetta. On the 9th, the air was cold: but the ſun ſhone very pleaſantly. We left Cavi, with its high mountain fortreſs, on the right, arrived at Novi about noon, and continued our journey through a fertile plain, which is in Sardinian Milan, till we came to Tortona; a conſiderable town, which once was a Roman colony, at which time it was called Dertona.

The day before yeſterday, after a cold night, we travelled on under a very clear ſky. Beſide us, on the right, the Apennines roſe; on the left, the diſtant chain of the Alps. We not only ſaw plates of ice in the morning, but even in the afternoon we met with ice in the deep ruts of the road; which had been injured conſiderably in October, by an overflowing of the Po.

This inundation had laid a part of fertile Lombardy under water; and had every where occaſioned conſiderable damage. I conſider this country, the extraordinary fertility of which is ſo juſtly celebrated, as very unhealthy. The many rivers by which it is watered, like a garden, often overflow their banks; and leave ſtagnant ditches. The induſtry of man endeavours to correct the miſtake of nature. When the waters begin to ſtagnate, they are drawn off from the rice fields; and, though vegetation is increaſed, the air is filled with inſalubrious vapours. This great plain is fatiguing to the eye, and in ſummer muſt be painful. It is planted indeed with numerous mulberry trees; but we look in vain for the ſhady foreſt. The large trees, which here and there occur, have but a melancholy appearance; and only remind us of the foliage which nature is ſo prompt to beſtow. The leaves are given to their cattle; for which reaſon the branches are lopped to the very top, and nothing larger than twigs is ſuffered to ſprout in return. The mulberry trees are cut, as in our village paſtures, that they may be the more productive in foliage.

We were glad again to meet the charming Po; on the banks of which the poplar was permitted to grow uninjured. Having received many ſtreams during its courſe from Turin, it is here become of a very conſiderable breadth; and we paſſed it on a moveable bridge of boats. The beautiful ſetting ſun, and the poplars on the banks of the river, reminded us ſtrongly of the fable of Phaeton; who was precipitated from his chariot into this ſtream, and his weeping ſiſters were changed into poplars.

A quarter of a league before we came to this town, we made a trip over the canal of Ticinello; which was dug by order of Francis the Firſt of France, and which divides the Sardinian diſtrict of Milan from the Auſtrian. Before we came to Pavia, we likewiſe croſſed the great bridge over the clear and rapid Ticino; which was built by Galeazzo Viſconti, firſt Duke of Milan, who died in the year 1402. On the banks of this river, which is not far from the Po, and into which it empties itſelf, Hannibal gained a victory over the Romans, in a battle of the cavalry. It was at this battle that the great Scipio, who was then very young, ſaved the life of his father; by whom the Romans were commanded.

It was after the river Ticinus, now called Ticino, or Teſſino, that the Romans named this town Ticinum. It afterward took the name of Papia, before it was, as it now is, called Pavia. When it was the ſeat of the Lombard kings, it is probable that, in proportion to the times, it was a more conſiderable city than it is at preſent. The number of its inhabitants is computed at about thirty thouſand.

It is famous for its univerſity; which was founded by Charlemagne, renovated by Charles the Fourth, and about twenty years ago, under the government of the good Maria Thereſa and the inſpection of the meritorious Count of Firmian, placed in its preſent condition. The divines of this univerſity are famous for their rectitude, their zeal, and their talents; but are not regarded favourably by the Papal chair, becauſe, like loyal and enlightened Catholics, they ground their doctrines

more

more on the deciſions of the general councils than on the mandates of the Roman Pontiff. In ſome of the ſciences, as juriſprudence, philology, and philoſophy, the German univerſities may perhaps ſurpaſs this; but ſcarcely will equal its learning in medicine, natural hiſtory, aſtronomy, and experimental philoſophy. In favour of this aſſertion, I need but mention the names of the preſent learned profeſſors of Pavia: Spallanzani, Franke, Fontana, Volta, Scarpa, and others, who, though they have not obtained ſo great a name as theſe among foreigners, are yet celebrated, as excellent men, among their aſſociates.

Our countryman Franke, as worthy a man as he is an eminent phyſician, was our guide to the muſeum; which is rich in anatomical preparations and injections by Scarpa, who is the profeſſor of anatomy, and in various claſſes of natural hiſtory. Under a glaſs cover, which is removable, in the firſt chamber, there is a beautiful female figure, in wax, of the ſize of life. Surpriſed as we were, at the workmanſhip of the external parts, how much more fearfully were we aſtoniſhed, and how was our curioſity excited, when, after removing ſucceſſively the outward membranes of the body, which are in different diviſions, the entire internal ſtructure of a pregnant woman was exhibited! The muſeum is kept in the largeſt building of the univerſity; which likewiſe contains the hall of auditory. Near the auditory of our countryman, Franke, is a little hoſpital; in which are twenty beds, for the reception of patients ſelected from the great hoſpital: which latter receives three hundred of the ſick. Franke takes his pupils, the number of whom frequently amounts to a hundred and fifty, round with him, when he viſits theſe patients: while nature, whoſe interpreter he is ſo worthy of being, affords them inſtruction in the moſt expreſſive and indubitable manner.

Franke gives the hiſtory of each caſe to his pupils; one of whom is always choſen to attend each patient. Theſe diſcourſes are made in Latin; that the poor diſeaſed people may not be diſturbed. A particular ſtatement of the caſe of each perſon is written, by Franke, and entered

entered in the regiſter. The patients that die are anatomiſed; and the whole faculty, as well as the ſtudents, are ſummoned to be preſent, when the body is diſſected. The hiſtory of the diſſection is likewiſe entered in the regiſter: ſo that the judgment which Franke delivered upon the patient, while living, is ſubmitted after death to this public inſpection, and reviſion.

To him is committed the ſuperintendance of all the hoſpitals in the duchies of Milan and Mantua. It is the duty of the phyſicians to ſtate the caſes, and ſend them to him; and theſe caſes likewiſe ſerve for the inſtruction of the pupils. The hiſtory of the caſes of his hoſpital patients is to be publiſhed, with anatomical engravings.

The number of ſtudents amounts to about twelve hundred. There are ſix different colleges, in which ſtudents are inſtructed gratis: one of them was founded by the great Carlo Borromeo. The collegians are diſtinguiſhed by the colour of their robe, and by an embroidered ornament, which they wear upon the right ſhoulder. The revenue of the univerſity is annually four-and-twenty thouſand Dutch ducats; and it poſſeſſes a very fine botanical garden.

We have become acquainted with the Abbe Bertola, who is known in Germany by his work on German literature, and his eulogium on Geſſner. He is an admirer of our country, has already made three journeys into Germany, and, as he deſigns to write his travels, he likewiſe means to make a fourth. He is a man of intereſting and friendly manners.

In one of the ſquares of this city, which is called the Little Square, there is an equeſtrian bronze ſtatue of Antoninus Pius. Statues in bronze, of the antients, are uncommon; but this does not need the caſual merit of being rare to make it remarkable.

The horſe is not ſo beautifully faultleſs as that of the coloſſal ſtatue of Frederic the Fifth, at Copenhagen: nor is his attitude ſo bold as that of Peter the Great, at Peterſburg: but it every moment gains

upon the eye of the ſpectator. Full of impatience, he appears to neigh, and tear up the earth with his hoof—

Stare loco neſcit, micat auribus, et tremit artus,
Collectumque premens volvit ſub naribus ignem *.

Starting with a bound,
He turns the turf and ſhakes the ſolid ground:
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his noſtrils flow.

DRYDEN.

The induſtry of art, combined with talent, may give a general repreſentation of nature; and, by opening the noſtrils and ſwelling the veins of the neck, may denote the courage of the horſe: but true genius alone can produce a figure which in every part, from the erect and expreſſive ear to the firm hoof, can communicate life to the whole animal. We muſt remember that, in the time of Antoninus, the Greek ſculpture was on the decline. The horſe reſembles a fine, animated Turkiſh charger.

The attitude of the emperor is well imagined. In contraſt to the impatience of the horſe, he ſits full of tranquillity; and ſtretches out his right hand, with a gentle bend of the arm, as if appeaſing the riotous multitude: but his figure, taken as a whole, is cold, ſtiff, and inanimate.

In another ſquare, there is a large bronze ſtatue of Pope Pius the Fifth; which I think beautiful. If I do not miſtake, there is a copy of this ſtatue, in marble, in ſome public building: but this latter I have not ſeen.

The proſpects on both ſides of the bridge, toward the Ticino, are very charming. On one ſide, we ſee the diſtant Alps, with the banks of the rivers decorated with lovely poplars; and a ſmall iſland ſhaded with lofty trees.

On the oppoſite ſide, the clear ſtream loſes itſelf between poplars that cover its banks.

* Virgil's Georgics, III. 84, 85.

The

The land is low, and in many places eighty feet under the *Laco Maggiore* *. The art of watering the lands, by the aid of rivers and canals, is more eaſily effected here than in other places. This art has attained great excellence, in theſe parts; and communicates to the earth, which in many places, and even in the famous diſtrict of Lodi, abounds in ſand, its great fertility. The graſs in this country is five times mowed each ſeaſon. The late King of Pruſſia uſed to compare all Lombardy to an artichoke; from which every one has long been willing to take a leaf. The duchy of Milan may very well be compared to the heart of the artichoke; and the neighbouring princes have moſt of them contemplated this country with a longing eye.

I have become acquainted with the Chevalier Volta: famous for his experiments in electricity; and likewiſe with the great Spallanzani. The latter is a friendly, animated man; whoſe moral virtues are as excellent as his ſcientific acquirements. You are not ignorant that he is one of the greateſt men of the age, in philoſophical diſcoveries.

Although the weather is cold, and the thermometer is five degrees below the freezing point, yet ſeveral of the trees are tolerably leafy and green. We muſt not conclude, from the early cold, that it will be a ſevere winter. In the winter of 1788, Reaumur's thermometer only fell ten degrees below the freezing point. You freeze here in the chambers, becauſe you are unprotected from the cold. The Italians endure much more cold, in their chambers, than we do; and the ſame is ſaid of the Spaniards. I am told that our Empreſs, when ſhe went laſt year from Florence to Vienna, not only rejected the uſe of ſtoves but of fires altogether: and I was acquainted with a chaplain to the Spaniſh Ambaſſador, in Copenhagen, who kept no fires. Every morning when he roſe, he drank ſome glaſſes of water, icy cold; then wrapped himſelf up in his thick mantle, and ſat down to his deſk to read, or write.

Here is a very antient church, which is conſecrated to the Arch-

* The chief Lake.

angel Michael, of as rude a kind of architecture as any I have ſeen, and in which the kings of Lombardy were uſually crowned. It is ornamented on the outſide, or rather diſfigured, by images cut in ſtone. Among the beaſts and monſters of a bewildered or rather of a wretched imagination, we ſaw an angel quarrelling with a devil, about a heart.

The air, which is not healthy throughout Milan, is particularly unhealthy in Pavia; and eſpecially in ſummer. Young Germans, who come here to ſtudy the ſcience of medicine, or of natural hiſtory, may avoid the exceſſive heats; for the lectures begin in November, and end in June. I readily grant this regulation prolongs the courſe of ſtudies from four to five years; but, to young men who know how to employ their time in the purſuits of ſcience, this vacation might be very profitably employed.

LETTER XXXVII.

Milan, 15th November 1791.

THE day before yeſterday, on our way from Pavia to this city we viſited the great Carthuſian monaſtery; which is a ſhort German mile diſtant from Pavia. It lies near the high road; from which there is a very charming alley of Lombardy poplars, that leads to the monaſtery. I never before ſaw trees of this kind that were ſo fine. The building, at a diſtance, certainly conveyed an idea of its grandeur: but this idea was greatly magnified by its truly Gothic but awful magnificence, as we approached.

It was built toward the end of the fourteenth century, by Giovanni Galeazzo Viſconti, the firſt Duke of Milan; whoſe monument ſtands in the church. His ſtatue, cut in white marble, lies extended on the

the monument; next to which is the ſtatue of Franceſco Sforza. The façade of the church is of white marble; on which there are many inſipid *baſſi relievi*. The workmanſhip is, generally ſpeaking, rude; and there is a very uncommon mixture of ſacred and prophane hiſtory, about its parts. In the latter, they have betrayed great ignorance: I ſaw a medallion of Alexander, with the following inſcription

Imperator Alexander Magnus *.

Over another head was written

Magnus Pompejus Theſſaliæ Rex †.

The church is uncommonly ſpacious, and magnificent. It has ſeventeen altars; each of which, if I do not miſtake, is adorned by a painting. Some of theſe altars are of white marble; and very artfully inlaid, with uncommonly beautiful moſaic work, of variegated marble, jaſper, onyx, lapis lazuli, and other ſtones.

Among the pictures, there is a large one, by Perugino; the maſter of Raphael.

The late Emperor took this monaſtery from the Carthuſians, and gave it to the Ciſtercian monks.

The whole country, between Pavia and Milan, is one entire flat; which would be more inſupportable to the eye than it is at preſent, were it not relieved by a tolerable number of trees. A canal, which unites the Ticino, and the Po, flows, or rather, in this level country, ſtagnates, beſide the high road. This canal was dug in the time of Philip the Third, of Spain.

It was on this plain, under the reign of Charles the Fifth, in the year 1525, and not far from the Carthuſian monaſtery, that the famous victory was obtained over the French, by the Imperialiſts; in which Francis the Firſt was taken priſoner.

* The Emperor Alexander the Great. † Pompey the Great, King of Theſſaly.

Milan

Milan is a very antient city. The Gauls, having overrun the country from Tuſcany to the Ticino, founded it about four hundred years before the birth of Chriſt. It was the chief place of the Inſubri; and, in the time of Polybius, was of a conſiderable ſize. In the age of Trajan, it was numbered among the municipal cities of the Romans; and in it the ſciences, even at that time, flouriſhed. It was the archi-epiſcopal ſeat of St. Ambroſe; who had the noble fortitude to refuſe the Emperor Theodoſius the Great all entrance into the church, till he ſhould firſt have done public penance, for having in a fit of anger put to death many of the inhabitants of Antioch, after an inſurrection. Theodoſius revered the zeal of the ſaint, acknowledged and repented of his offence, and eſteemed Saint Ambroſe ſo highly that, on his death bed, he recommended his ſon to his care.

Milan became the ſeat of many of the Emperors, after the diviſion of the Empire. About the middle of the fifth century, it was laid waſte by Attila. It was again recovered by Beliſarius. In the year 539, it once more fell into the power of the barbarians. After Charlemagne had driven the Lombards out of Milan, the city recovered its proſperity, under the archbiſhops; who reſiſted the papal authority, and were conſidered as the chiefs of the Ghibeline faction.

The inhabitants rebelled againſt the Emperor Frederic the Firſt; and inſulted the Empreſs, by tying her on an aſs, and, placing her with her face toward the tail, leading her through the city. Frederic marched againſt them with an army; the city was obliged to capitulate; and the enraged hero took an indignant and terrible revenge, for the inſults that had been committed on his wife. The inhabitants, with their hands tied behind their backs, were obliged each to take a fig, with their teeth, from under the tail of an Aſs; and the city was laid in ruins *.

In the year 1171, at the requeſt of the Pope, the people of Milan

* This hero, if hero be his proper title, totally demoliſhed the city, three churches excepted, burnt it to the ground, and plowed and ſowed the land with ſalt. T.

were

were again permitted to rebuild the city; and it ſoon recovered its former importance. The town and territories of Milan, afterward, were governed by *podeſtas*, of the houſe of Turriani. This family was expelled in the year 1313, by Mattheus Viſconti; who aſſumed the government. His grandſon, Giovanni Galeazzo, was named Duke; and was of the greateſt ſervice to this country. By him military diſcipline was reſtored in Italy. He likewiſe gave life to agriculture, and commerce; and enjoyed a very commanding reſpect, among the Italian princes and free ſtates. He died in the year 1402, and left a daughter, named Valentina, who was married to Lewis, Duke of Orleans, the ſecond ſon of Charles the Fifth, and father of Lewis the Twelfth of France; and he, by the extinction of the houſe of Viſconti, was conſidered as the heir. Lewis the Twelfth wiſhed to take poſſeſſion; when Franceſco Sforza, who had married a natural daughter of Philip Marcus Viſconti, the ſon of Giovanni Galeazzo, by the ſupport of the archbiſhop and the favour of the people, although he was but the natural ſon of a peaſant, acquired the Dukedom.

From Franceſco the family of the Sforzas deſcended; whoſe courage in war, and high ſpirit, have had ſo much influence on the affairs and the fate of Italy.

Franceſco died in 1466; and, in 1499, Lewis the Twelfth firſt ſeized on the city: but the Sforzas ſoon recovered their power. This ſudden revolution happened within a year.

Francis the Firſt, the ſon of Lewis, conquered Milan; and loſt it again, in 1525, by the battle in which he was taken priſoner.

It was ſubdued in 1734 by Marſhal Villars; but two years afterward, at the peace, was reſtored to the houſe of Auſtria.

The city is ſuppoſed to contain a hundred and forty thouſand inhabitants; and laſt year, the people of Auſtrian Milan and of Mantua, being numbered, amounted to one million three hundred and ten thouſand.

At the ſpoiling of the city under Frederic the Firſt, called Barbaroſſa,

or Red Beard, the antiquities were likewiſe deſtroyed: except about ſixteen uncommonly large pillars, which remain, of a temple that was dedicated to Hercules.

The cathedral here was built by Giovanni Galeazzo Viſconti. It is exceedingly large; and, after St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's at London, is eſteemed the largeſt in Europe. The aſpect, as you enter, is very grand; and this church is not, like ſo many others, disfigured by falſe ornaments. The treaſury of the church is of ineſtimable value. The ſilver, gold, pearls, and precious ſtones which this treaſury contains, are ſuppoſed to render it the richeſt in Italy, that of Loretto excepted. I was chiefly intereſted by the ſilver ſtatues of St. Ambroſe, and Carlo Borromeo, who were both great, ſincere, and holy men; the benefactors of their country, and of the human race.

In the church of *Santa Maria delle Grazie*, there are many beautiful pictures. Chriſt crowned with thorns, by Titian, and the Holy Virgin with the child Jeſus, are both of them placed in ſuch dark ſituations that they can ſcarcely be ſeen.

St. Paul, by Gaudentio of Ferrara, is a beautiful piece.

As appertaining to the church, in the refectory of the Dominicans, we were ſhewn the Laſt Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci; which was once a moſt excellent painting, in freſco. It was injured by the audacious bruſh of a painter, who inſolently undertook to renew it: yet notwithſtanding many traces of its original beauty remain. Its excellence is more indubitably proved by a copy, which Baptiſta Bianchi painted, in the library of St. Ambroſe.

This library, which was founded by Charles Frederic Borromeo, Archbiſhop of Milan and nephew of the great Carlo Borromeo, is exceedingly deſerving of the attention of travellers. I cannot conceive how Addiſon, when examining this collection, could ſay that "books are the leaſt part of the furniture that one ordinarily goes to ſee in an Italian library." Is it any juſt cauſe of reproach, that they have decorated it with many noble pictures? The number of books is very great.

Here

Here are above fourteen thouſand manuſcripts; and about forty thouſand volumes of authors in print. The manuſcripts, which conſtitute the richeſt part, are kept in an apartment by themſelves; and among them I ſaw a Latin verſion of Joſephus, which is ſaid to be thirteen hundred years old. The books are arranged in a ſpacious gallery, which has windows only on the top at both ſides, and which is yet very light. By this method, much room is gained; which in our libraries is occupied by the windows, though they do not give ſo much light as theſe high uninterrupted ſky-lights. The library is open four hours every day, for the uſe of the public. Among other things, the collection of paintings contains a large original drawing of Raphael's School of Athens, executed by himſelf in black chalk, and which is very well preſerved.

I was particularly delighted with a Holy Family, by Titian; a Magdalen, by the ſame maſter; and his own portrait, painted by himſelf: and no leſs ſo by a John the Baptiſt, when a child, careſſing a lamb; a lovely piece by Bernardino Luino; and a half length female figure, with a ſmall urn, by the ſame maſter.

I was likewiſe ſhewn two drawings, faſtened on a board; the one by Andrea del Sarto, the other by Raphael, both when young. They repreſent two men on horſeback; and both drawings afford tokens of the future great painter.

In a hall of the Ambroſian library, plaiſter caſts are kept of the principal ſtatues of the antients; and of one by Michael Angelo.

One of the works moſt precious to artiſts is that of Leonardo da Vinci, in twelve volumes folio; which are kept here. It diſplays an uncommon knowledge of anatomy, perſpective, mechanics, mathematics, and architecture, by which this great painter had ſtudied, with very ſingular induſtry, to improve his art.

That which was formerly the Jeſuits' college, and which is now a celebrated gymnaſium, has a ſquare court; in which there is a continued colonnade with a double row of pillars. The upper pillars are of the Ionic order; and the under of the Doric. Theſe kind of colon-

nades, which are here common to many buildings, are not only beautiful but exceedingly convenient, in ſummer, for the ſhade they afford. You are aſtoniſhed to find ſhady places erected in their cities at ſo great an expence; when, at their country ſeats, the Italians care ſo little for ſhade. This ſeeming paradox is ſolved by the cuſtom they have, of ſpending the heat of ſummer in the city. Toward the end of autumn, they go into the country; but rather from habit than for the purpoſe of enjoying the beauties of nature; and return to town in December. The winter, which in this country may be called the ſpring time of Paradiſe, and the ſummer, when they might guard themſelves from heat under the duſky foliage of their groves, and recline on the banks of their rivers, they ſpend in the gloomy walls of their cities. Artificial amuſements are ſubſtituted, to the more gentle and dignified joys of nature. A capricious crowd of fictitious follies come limping along; and, wherever they once gain admiſſion over the threſhold, all true joy is baniſhed. Thoſe who impriſon themſelves in their houſes, at the ſame time impriſon vice, and abſurdity; and with them a long train of miſeries.

We now come from viſiting the church of *Santa Maria del Celſo*; at the entrance of which two beautiful ſtatues, of Adam and Eve, in white marble, are placed in niches. The ſerpent has a woman's head and breaſt; and the body of the deceitful animal winds round a tree behind Eve.

There are ſome good and ſome indifferent pictures in this building: its chief ornament is a copy after Raphael. It is a repreſentation of the Virgin and the child Jeſus, under a palm tree. The child is at play with the infant John; and Joſeph in the back ground is leaning over Mary. The original was ſent to the late Empreſs, Maria Thereſa; and this copy is by Martin Noller, a German painter from the county of Tyrol. So much does the copy prove the heavenly ſpirit of Raphael that, in my opinion, it is equalled by very few originals. Inexpreſſible innocence and dignity are diſcoverable, in the features of the beautiful Virgin;

Virgin; and I have never ſeen the child Jeſus more finely imagined, nor with more of heavenly piety; which Raphael, better than any other painter, knew how to expreſs. The infant John, and a noble figure of Joſeph, are no leſs worthy of Raphael.

Near the two children, at play, there is a goldfinch, among flowers. Raphael executed nothing with a thoughtleſs hand. This profound and feeling painter well knew that, in treating a dignified ſubject, it would be diſgraced by unneceſſary ornaments: but theſe flowers do not bloom in vain. This bird is a bird of good augury. The preſence of the godlike child inſpires peace and love through all nature: birds loſe their fear, and flowers ſpring under his feet.

Oppoſite to this of Raphael is a picture by Leonardo da Vinci, repreſenting the Holy Ann, the mother of Mary, careſſing the child Jeſus. The child is very beautiful; and Maria, who ſtands behind her mother, beams with maternal delight. The idea is good, and well expreſſed: yet the picture of Raphael, though but a copy, allures you back, before you have well examined the work of Da Vinci.

It is our intention at preſent to depart to-morrow, for Lodi. Time, and the innumerable objects that are to be ſeen in Italy, preſs upon us: although there are many here that I ſhould willingly have viſited. Among them are the Seminary, the Helvetian college, both of them founded by the great Carlo Borromeo, the large hoſpital, the archiepiſcopal palace, the Duke's palace, the door where Theodoſius was denied entrance by the undaunted Ambroſe, by which it is become remarkable, and ſome other of their churches.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Parma, 19th November 1791.

WE arrived at Lodi the evening of the day on which we left Milan. The broad high road proceeds, in a right line, through fruitful plains; which are interſected with numerous canals. Throughout Milan, trees are every where planted, to divide the fields from each other. I did not meet with ſo many mulberry trees, here, by far, as in the Sardinian diſtrict of Milan: but more paſtures, and poplars. The government recommends, or rather commands, the planting of trees: that the unwholeſome air may be rendered leſs noxious.

Milan is one of the richeſt provinces of the houſe of Auſtria. Its lands are very productive to their owners; but I do not envy them their wealth. One endleſs uniformity fatigues the eye, and the heart. A large tree, with its inviting ſhade, is ſeldom ſeen. Seldom do we meet any of thoſe charms of nature which ſhe, in ſportive and free good will, would preſent: all here is the effect of formal labour.

I am likewiſe informed that moſt of theſe rich lands are poſſeſſed by the nobility. I grant that the countryman is not here a ſerf: but he is not a landholder. He works partly as a day labourer; and partly that he may be permitted to live in the hut he inhabits.

It is to this cauſe that the frequent highway robberies may be aſcribed. Were robbers here, as in many other places, ſometimes to unite, like banditti, and ſometimes to rob without aſſociates, in this level country, they would not be able to eſcape the active vigilance of the Auſtrian government: but the high roads are peculiarly unſafe, becauſe the robbers, watching their opportunity, expert from practice, and well acquainted with the country, ruſh from their neighbouring huts; to which it is difficult again to trace them, for, in appearance, they

are in no manner different from thoſe of the other inhabitants. The traveller has nothing to fear by day; but, in the dark, theſe high roads are dangerous.

The nobility have likewiſe great power, in the towns of Milan. Ten or twelve men are choſen, from their order, to be the chief magiſtrates: who, in other countries, are choſen from among the citizens. The adminiſtration of the conſiderable revenues of all poor houſes, hoſpitals, and other inſtitutions, is in the hands of the nobility. A regulation like this muſt have pernicious conſequences. It is oppreſſive to the citizen, and makes the noble hateful; and, in all probability, often with good cauſe.

About a mile on this ſide Milan, looking behind us toward the city we had left, we ſaw the Alps once more towering: a proſpect which delighted us the more by being contraſted with the flat lands, of which we were heartily weary.

Lodi is not the antient Laus Pompeia; which owed its foundation to the Gauls, and to which the father of Pompey led a Roman colony; for that town was deſtroyed, by the people of Milan, in the twelfth century. When Frederick Barbaroſſa had razed Milan to the ground, he built the preſent Lodi on the Adda; with a fortreſs upon a height, which height itſelf is ſcarcely viſible, though the moſt commanding in theſe level plains. The town is well built. Büſching tells us that, in the year 1773, it contained above ſixteen thouſand inhabitants. It is ſituated about half a mile from the antient town; which now is called Lodi Vecchia. It is at Lodi and in the neighbouring country, which is called after it, that the celebrated cheeſe is made, which has unjuſtly obtained the name of Parmeſan.

On the 16th in the forenoon, we travelled to Placenza. The country between Milan and Lodi was every where one continued level. The horned cattle were all of a dark red colour. I have no where in Italy ſeen any motley coloured cattle. The ſheep are large, entirely white,

white, and with hanging ears. The ſwine are all black, like the Indian hen.

We croſſed the Po over a bridge of boats; beyond which the town roſe, with a noble aſpect. It was from its charming ſituation, on the banks of this broad river, that the Romans gave it the name of Placentia. It was founded, and a colony was ſent hither, in the year 569 of the Roman æra; under the conſulſhip of P. Cornelius Scipio, and Tiberius Sempronius Longus. It was burnt, during the ſecond Punic war, by the Carthaginians; and rebuilt by the Romans. In the time of Cicero, it was a municipal city. When it was beſieged by Cæcina, in the war of Otho againſt Vitellius, the amphitheatre, which ſtood in the front of the city, was laid in aſhes.

It again ſuffered a dreadful ſiege from Totila, king of the Goths. Alboin, king of the Lombards, took it; in the year 570 of the Chriſtian æra.

In the time of Charlemagne, it fell under the dominion of the kings of Italy. It afterward became ſubject to the changeable fortune of the Guelphs and Ghibelins, as each party prevailed; and from them deſcended to the families of the Scotti, Turriani, Viſconti, the kings of France, and the Popes.

Pope Paul the Third, of the houſe of Farneſe, gave to his natural ſon, Peter Aloyſius Farneſe, Parma and Placenza, with the title of Duke. Philip the Fifth, king of Spain, married a princeſs of this family, of which ſhe was the heireſs; and his youngeſt ſon, Don Philip, father of the preſent Duke of Parma and Placenza, was put in poſſeſſion of theſe lands, part of which were in the hands of Auſtria, and part of Savoy, by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748; after his elder brother, Don Carlos, who was king of Naples and Sicily, had been four years in poſſeſſion of them, from 1731 to 1735.

Placenza, as a city, is not ſo beautiful as its ſituation would promiſe; when we view it from the Milan ſide of the Po. It rather appears in a ſtate of decay.

The

The cupola of the cathedral is painted entirely by Guercino. The church of St. Auguſtine is a fine building; eſpecially the façade, which has lately been erected. There is a beautiful performance, in the ſacriſty, which is the work of a German. It is Chriſt on the croſs, with a great multitude of people, ſome of whom are on horſeback, carved out of a ſingle piece of wood. The figures are fine; and ſome of them, for their reality and freedom of action, maſterly. Under this performance, and if I do not miſtake on the ſame piece of wood, there is a carving of the Nativity.

In the church of St. Sixtus, over the high altar, there is a copy of the beautiful picture by Raphael, which is in the gallery of Dreſden: the Virgin with the Holy Jeſus ſtanding on a globe.

There are two bronze equeſtrian ſtatues, ſtanding in an open place, of two princes of the family of Farneſe. The riders are, in my opinion, better executed than the horſes. The artiſt was deſirous of communicating ſtrength and fire, to the latter; but, inſtead of theſe, he has given them an expreſſion of wildneſs, which is leſs difficult to obtain than the mild and full expreſſion of life; and in which, if he fail, the pretenſion and vanity of the maſter are but the more eaſily detected. Theſe ſtatues, however, are not without merit. At ſome diſtance from Placenza, the Trebia, which is celebrated by the ſecond victory of Hannibal over the Romans, falls into the Po.

The day before yeſterday, we left Placenza; and have been two days on our journey to this city. The overflowing of the waters had very much injured the roads; and when we arrived at Borgo San Domnino, which was about noon, we were informed that the next ferry was impaſſable; becauſe of the inundation of the Taro. We were obliged to remain in this ſmall town all night; where we found what in this country may be called a tolerable inn, but which in Germany we ſhould accuſe of not being cleanly.

During the night, the rain was ſo heavy that we were yeſterday obliged to make a circuit, that we might croſs at another ferry; but the river

was ſo high, and ſo impetuous, that we remained five hours, in a vile inn, in the village of Porto Grugno, on the banks of the Taro; and expected that we ſhould have been obliged to ſtop there perhaps ſome days. The waters however very ſuddenly fell; and we paſſed the river, and arrived at Parma.

The country of the duchies of Parma and Placenza is not quite ſo flat as that of Milan. It likewiſe has more trees; many of which indeed are lopped, but ſtill there are ſome that have been permitted to attain their full growth: among others, we found large oaks and poplars. The fertile lands appeared to be well cultivated. We thought it remarkable here, as we had done in Piedmont, to ſee the young flax in this month; while, in Germany, this tender plant is often injured by the night froſts of ſpring.

Theſe roads are never ſafe, by night. About a mile on this ſide of Placenza, we ſaw a ſkull incloſed in an iron cage, that was faſtened to a tree; that the terror of the ſpectacle might deter other robbers. The air was yeſterday extremely mild. It was a ſoft ſouthern breeze, which was very diſagreeable, and a ſpecies of the ſcirocco: a wind which, in Africa, is frequently deadly; and which, traverſing the kingdoms of Sicily and Naples, is extremely irkſome, during the ſummer, and is felt even to the foot of the Alps.

The city of Parma is very antient: it was founded by the Etrurians; and was afterward in the poſſeſſion of the Gauls. In the year of Rome 569, when M. Claudius Marcellus and Q. Fabius Labio were conſuls, a hundred and eighty-four years before the birth of Chriſt, a Roman colony was ſent to this place. After the depredations committed in Italy, under the third triumvirate, Auguſtus ſent a new colony to Parma; and gave it the name of Julia-Auguſta-Parma. Time ſeldom ſubſtantiates the uſurpations of tyranny, or of ſelf-conceit: Parma, the antient name of this city, is only remembered.

Alboin, king of the Lombards, in the year of Chriſt 570, ſeized on this place. About two hundred years afterward, Parma and Placenza were

were both taken from Aſtolf, one of the ſucceſſors of Alboin, by Pepin king of France; who preſented them, with the duchies called after them, as he likewiſe did Modena and Reggio, to the Pope. It is affirmed, by ſome, that Charlemagne confirmed this gift of his father.

Mutual pretenſions, on Parma and Placenza, were maintained; by the kings of Italy, the ſucceſſors of Charlemagne, and the Popes.

In the middle of the thirteenth century, Parma ſuſtained a ſevere ſiege of two years, from Frederic the Second; and the citizens preſerved themſelves by a courageous ſally; which obliged Frederic to raiſe the ſiege, and in which they took the imperial crown. In revenge, Frederic laid waſte Placenza.

The fate of theſe cities was variable. They ſometimes maintained their freedom, were ſometimes ruled by tyrants, and were now devoted to the Guelphs, and now to the Ghibelins; with or without their conſent, as it happened.

Alexander Farneſe, who as pope aſſumed the name of Paul the Third, in the year 1545, beſtowed both theſe duchies on his natural ſon, Peter Lewis Farneſe. Two years after this, the Duke was murdered, for his tyranny: yet his ſon, Octavius, was as great a tyrant as himſelf. The Pope was hurried to the grave, in the year 1549, by grief; at the ill conduct of his ſon and grandſon. This branch of the houſe of Farneſe continued to reign till the year 1727. Don Carlos, Infant of Spain and ſon of the Princeſs royal Elizabeth of Farneſe, was duke of both theſe countries. When he afterward became king of the Two Sicilies, his brother, Don Philip, ſucceeded to the government of them; and likewiſe to the duchy of Guaſtalla; and they are now governed by his ſon.

Parma was the native place of Caſſius; the brother in law and friend of the great Marcus Brutus, and the firſt who joined him in the conſpiracy. A poet Caſſius, who, according to a line in Horace, was a very voluminous writer, was likewiſe born here.

The river Parma flows through the city; which is large, and may

well formerly have contained about ſixty thouſand inhabitants. Its preſent number is ſuppoſed to exceed forty thouſand.

There are ſome beautiful paintings in the churches. The cupola of the cathedral is painted by Correggio; but, as the church is very dark, neither theſe paintings nor thoſe of the cupola of St. John the Evangeliſt, which are likewiſe by Correggio, are ſeen to advantage. It is not without good reaſon that the churches of Italy have been accuſed of being dark: nor can I conceive how ſo many great painters could ſo frequently have determined to ſacrifice their talents, on the cupolas of churches like theſe; where the fineſt ſtrokes of the pencil muſt be utterly loſt.

The martyrdom of St. Conſtantia, and of St. Placidus, in the church of St. John the Evangeliſt, is likewiſe by Correggio. Both the Saints are excellently painted. Oppoſite to this picture, there is a dead Chriſt, ſurrounded by the holy women, by the ſame great painter.

In this church there is St. John writing the Goſpel, painted in freſco, by Correggio; in which the expreſſion of holy enthuſiaſm is moſt inimitably delineated, in the beautiful head of the apoſtle.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre is decorated with the Flight into Egypt, by Correggio. This picture is called *La Madonna della Scodella* (Our lady of the cup): becauſe the Virgin holds a cup in her hand, to feed the child Jeſus. Chriſt ſtands before her, with one hand holding the hand of his mother, and the other that of Joſeph. Joſeph is plucking dates from a palm tree; the branches of which are ſwayed down by hovering angels; and the beautiful idea is excellently conveyed.

There were formerly ſome fine paintings in the new palace of the Duke, which is built very near the city; but they were taken by Don Carlos to Naples. Only one chamber, which is painted in freſco, and which therefore could not be ſtripped, eſcaped the plunder. The roof is painted by Agoſtino Caracci, who died during the work; and the Dukes have rather ſuffered it to remain unfiniſhed than to truſt it to another hand. The walls, which, as well as the roof, contain ſubjects taken

taken from mythological hiſtory, are painted by his ſcholars; whoſe works do honour to their great maſter.

The old palace of the Farneſe family is rich in curioſities. Here is the immenſe theatre; the moſt famed for its beauty, and grandeur, of any in modern times. The architect of this building was Bernini. It will contain upward of twelve thouſand ſpectators; and is ſo admirably contrived that neither the loweſt whiſper of the performers eſcapes the ear, nor do the loudeſt ſhouts occaſion any confuſing echoes. The front of the theatre, containig the ſeats of the ſpectators, has a gradual aſcent, in ſemicircles; and the boxes conſiſt of a gallery, decorated with pillars. The ſtage is aſtoniſhingly large, which muſt be exceedingly advantageous to the ſcenery. The ſinking under the ſtage is of a great depth; and the old Dukes of the houſe of Farneſe have frequently taken away the flooring, and had water conducted through pipes from the Parma, to fill up the cavity and repreſent battles at ſea. The whole theatre is built of wood.

As the lighting up of this theatre was very expenſive, and the number of the ſpectators not adequate to its ſize, another has long been built; and this maſterpiece of art is beginning to decay. The academy of arts and the library are both kept in the above-mentioned palace. The library is very reſpectable. It is rich in beautiful editions, and muſt contain about fifty thouſand volumes. It has been fifty years in collecting; for Don Carlos, who carried away the whole contents of the picture gallery to Naples, likewiſe took the former library. The only picture which the library now contains is a painting in freſco, by Correggio; which repreſents God the Father crowning the Virgin with ſtars.

The moſt ſuperb ornament of the hall of the academy, and indeed of all Parma, which Don Carlos would certainly not have left if it had not belonged to a nunnery of the city, is that which is eſteemed the maſter-piece of Correggio. It repreſents the Virgin, holding the child Jeſus on her lap. Mary Magdalen, half kneeling, reclines her cheek

on the foot of the child; before whom ſtands an angel, holding a book open. In the fore-ground is St. Jerome, with his half-appearing lion; and behind Mary Magdalen a youth, with a vaſe containing the nardus. Heavenly beauty and grace are communicated, in rich abundance, to the whole picture. The manly St. Jerome, and the holy family, are here dignified by the moſt bewitching harmony of colours. Although the picture is above two hundred and fifty years old, it breathes all the freſh charms of youthful beauty; eſpecially at a little diſtance.

The ſickle, in the hand of the dignified St. Jerome, who is contemplating the godlike child with veneration, ſuggeſted to me the idea of Time, contemplating this maſter-piece of art; and, out of veneration, forbearing to commit his uſual ravages on the picture.

LETTER XXXIX.

Bologna, 1ſt November 1791.

EARLY yeſterday morning, we departed from Parma. The air was mild, and we arrived at Reggio in the forenoon; where we remained ſome hours.

This town may contain ſeventeen thouſand inhabitants: but it is not well built. It was probably founded by the Romans, in the year of Rome 565, under the conſulſhip of M. Æmilius Lepidus and Flaminius Nepos. It was at firſt called Forum Lepidi; though Cicero calls it Regium Lepidi. The father of M. Brutus was murdered here; becauſe of the hatred borne him by the father of Pompey. Thoſe people, who aſcribe its origin to Lepidus the triumvir, are miſtaken. This city is the chief place of the duchy of Reggio; which is united

to

to the duchy of Modena. In the year 1474, Arioſto was born in this city: one of the greateſt poets that ever lived.

On our road to Modena, we paſſed the little town of Correggio; at no great diſtance, but not ſufficiently near to be ſeen. Here was the great painter, who formed himſelf by the efforts of his own genius, born: he took his name from the place of his birth. Having ſeen a picture by Raphael, his whole ſoul was moved: *Anch'io ſono pittore* !* ſaid he. The love of his art inſpired his labours; and, with little ſtudy either of the antique or the works of Raphael or of Titian, he became a painter whom poſterity has ranked immediately next to Raphael himſelf.

The whole country between Parma and Modena is fertile and well cultivated. The fields are ſeparated from each other by rows of large trees; round each of which a vine plant clings, winding its luxuriant tendrils among the branches of the neighbouring tree, or extending in ſinking curves its prodigious length from one tree to another.

We ſaw whole fields covered with young growing horſe beans; which here can withſtand the winter, though with us they cannot endure the froſts of ſpring, and are not ſet till the month of April. As I approached Bologna, I ſaw more of them, that were taller and in full bloom: they are uſed here as green fodder, for the cattle.

Modena is a handſome city. The chief ſtreets are ſpacious, and in a right line. The houſes are beautiful; and ſo flat roofed that the roofs cannot be perceived from the ſtreets. Lofty arcades, projecting from the houſes, give the town a noble appearance; and afford the foot paſſenger a dry as well as a ſhady walk. The population of the city may be about twenty thouſand perſons; and of the two duchies of Modena and Reggio, taken together, three hundred thouſand.

Modena was likewiſe a Roman colony. It became famous during the civil war of the laſt triumvirate, by the ſiege which D. Brutus ſuſtained here, againſt Anthony. He was relieved by Octavius, with the aid of the two generals of Cæſar, Hirtius and Panſa.

* I too am a painter!

In

In the year 1288, it fell under the government of the houſe of Eſte. It was next ſeized on by the Buona Corſi, tyrants of Mantua: then by the princes of the houſe of Ferrara. The houſe of Eſte recovered poſſeſſion of it, in the year 1450; and it was erected into a duchy by the Emperor Frederic the Third. It is now governed by the laſt male deſcendant of the Italian branch of the houſe of Eſte; whoſe daughter and heireſs is the wife of Ferdinand archduke of Auſtria, the governor of Milan, and brother to the Emperor.

In the cathedral the bucket is kept, which the people of Modena took from the people of Bologna; and carried with them as a proof of their victory. It is become famous by the favourite poem of Taſſoni, called *La Secchia rapita* (The rape of the bucket); which is very highly eſteemed, by the Italians. In my opinion, however, it has few charms for readers of the preſent age; who cannot underſtand the numerous alluſions which the ſatiriſt made to his contemporaries. Beſide which, it is diſgraced by equivocal impurities. In a French book which I lately read, Taſſoni was confounded with Taſſo; the immortal author of *Jeruſalem delivered*. I cannot boaſt of having ſeen the bucket, that remarkable token of victory, which is a valuable monument of the ſpirit of the middle ages.

Not far from the city of Modena, there was formerly a ferry, over the Panaro; at preſent there is a magnificent bridge. The Panaro ſeparates the territories of Modena from the territories of Bologna. The road we travelled, from Placenza hither, was the old Roman Æmilian way, renewed and made wider; which had been conſtructed in the times of the republic. It leads from this place to Rimini.

From Modena to Bologna, both ſides of the road are planted with large mulberry trees. The fields are ſeparated, in right lines from each other, by elm trees; round which the high vine branches twine. The land is fruitful; and, immediately round Bologna, we meet with many well cultivated kitchen gardens. In this mild climate, the vegetables

tables of ſummer and of autumn are ſeen in great plenty, ripening at the ſame time.

The city is very pleaſantly ſituated on the river Rene. A row of cultivated hills, adorned with country ſeats and cloiſters, runs by the ſide of Bologna; and behind theſe hills the Apennine mountains riſe.

Bologna is a very antient place. In the times of the original Etrurian inhabitants, its name was Felſina; and it was the chief place of the Etrurian confederacy. As early as the reign of the firſt Tarquin, the Gauls began to make war on the northern limits of the Etrurians: Felſina was conquered by them, and they called it Bononia.

In the year of Rome 563, a Roman colony was planted here. The people of Bologna attempted to ſhake off the Roman yoke, under the reign of the emperor Gratian; but they were ſoon obliged to return to obedience.

Theodoſius the younger founded the univerſity that is here. The city was ſeized on by the Lombards; but Pepin, of France, obliged Adolphus, king of Lombardy, to yield it to the Pope; together with the exarchate of Ravenna. It once more fell under the dominion of the Lombards: but it was again recovered, by Charlemagne, when he took Dietrich, the king of this people, priſoner. Bologna rebelled againſt Lotharius, the ſon of Charlemagne; but was reduced to ſubmiſſion by famine, and remained for ſome time afterward under the government of the Emperors.

After it had long been ruled by tyrants, like ſo many other of the old towns of Italy, it ſhook off its chains, and maintained its freedom. During the middle ages, the free ſtates of Italy well knew how to profit by the wars of the Emperors, their contentions with the Popes, and the commotions excited by the Guelphs and Ghibelines, to recover their independance. The Emperors, in general, being more formidable than the Popes, the people willingly gave their ſupport to the latter:

ſo that the cities were generally of the faction of the Guelphs, which was the party of the Pope: but their aid was not without wavering or without exception.

Proud of its proſperity, Bologna conquered Imola, Faenza, Ravenna, and Modena, with ſeveral little towns, and was the chief of a powerful republic. Internal quarrels put an end both to their grandeur and their freedom. The faction of the family of Lambertazzi, being oppreſſed by the family of Geremei, demanded help from Pope Nicholas the Third. Nicholas, and the following popes, interfered rather indirectly, than immediately, in the affairs of this city; and perſuaded the other cities to renounce its alliance: but, in the year 1324, the Pope ſent a legate hither, who lorded it at will; and, ten years afterward, he was driven from Bologna, by the citizens.

They once more recovered their independance, with a ſacrifice of ſome part of their antient freedom, which they were not very capable of maintaining, and choſe Taddeo Pepoli for their chief magiſtrate; who governed them twelve years with wiſdom. The unworthy ſon of a noble father ſold the city to the archbiſhop, Viſconti, of Milan; whoſe deputy, John Oligio, reigned deſpotically, and, after the death of the archbiſhop, would have ſubjected it to a ſucceſſion of tyrants. Foiled in this attempt, he ſurrendered it to the papal legates; who were baniſhed, in the year 1376; and Bologna once again had a ſhort enjoyment of liberty.

It was then ſeized on by John Bentivoglio, and he was maſſacred. John Galeazzo Viſconti, following his example, took it and delivered it over to the Pope; and it became ſubject to frequent changes, now being in the poſſeſſion of the Popes, and now of the family of Bentivoglio.

At laſt, in the year 1513, the citizens willingly ſubjected themſelves to the Pope; and made conditions, which ſtill left them in the poſſeſſion of valuable privileges, after they found themſelves unable to obtain or perhaps to endure freedom.

By

By virtue of theſe conditions, no fortreſs was to be built in Bologna: and the city appoints a repreſentative, who has a ſeat in the principal tribunal of the Pope, which is called the *Rota*. The city keeps an envoy at Rome. The citizens are not to be diſturbed in their poſſeſſions; and Bologna coins its own money, on which the word *Libertas* is impreſſed.

The Pope's legate muſt always be a cardinal; and he and the vice legate, who is the next in rank, preſide in a ſenate conſiſting of fifty ſenators, one of whom always has the title of Gonfalonier, and which dignity every two months he is obliged to reſign to one of his peers. Eccleſiaſtical affairs are ſubjected to the archbiſhop; whoſe juriſdiction extends over ſix Italian biſhops.

LETTER XL.

Bologna, 24th November 1791.

THIS city is ſuppoſed to contain ſeventy thouſand inhabitants; and, next to Rome, is the principal of the States of the Church. The arcades, that project from the houſes, are ſome of them high, and conſiderable; but, in general, the town is ill built.

The grand inſtitution for the encouragement of the ſciences and the fine arts, which was founded in the year 1712 by Count Marſigli, and nobly endowed by Clement XI, Benedict XIV, and many private perſons, is an enormous building; which contains above forty apartments, with many halls under them, and a proviſion for the ſupport of the arts and ſciences, rich beyond all that I have ever ſeen. The learned have aſſured me that the cabinet of natural hiſtory is not only amply

provided with the wealth of nature, in every diviſion of her three kingdoms, but that the ſpecimens are peculiarly fine; eſpecially the foſſils. The library is ſaid to contain above a hundred and twenty thouſand volumes; not including the numerous and valuable manuſcripts, which fill an entire apartment. Beſides which, thoſe apartments that are dedicated to ſtudy are furniſhed with an individual library for each ſcience. The celebrated hall of anatomy is large, and well ſupplied with all parts of the human body; which are admirably imitated, in wax. The large and valuable collection of philoſophical inſtruments, which belonged to the late Lord Cowper, was laſt year purchaſed by ſome private citizens of Bologna, and preſented to the Inſtitution.

What ſhall we ſay, of thoſe travellers who repreſent Italy as a country in which the arts and ſciences are neither known nor valued? Had authors like theſe, who have endeavoured to throw contempt, nay odium, on this nation, gained credit in Germany, we ſhould at leaſt have been ſubject to the bitter retort of ignorance: but our countrymen are too well informed, and too juſt, to be thus deceived. Contempt more generally falls on thoſe who, ſometimes from ignorance, ſometimes from malice, are diſpoſed to contemn. The works of young artiſts, both painters and ſculptors, as well diſplay the genius of the pupils as the induſtry and talents of their teachers.

There is a hall in which Turkiſh arms are kept, that were taken by Marſigli; who was in the imperial ſervice. Though engaged in war, the love of ſcience did not forſake him; for he took ſome valuable Eaſtern manuſcripts, which he preſented to this Inſtitution.

The public palace is a very large building, the foundation of which was certainly laid in the thirteenth century. It is inhabited by the cardinal legate, and the gonfalonier who is in office.

There is a beautiful collection of pictures here; among which is a Samſon, graſping the jaw bone of an aſs, and ſurrounded by the bodies

of

of the ſlain Philiſtines, by Guido. There is likewiſe a Holy Virgin, holding the child Jeſus in her arms, and repoſing on a rainbow, ſurrounded by hovering angels and ſaints, who are regarding her, by the ſame maſter; which is an admirable picture.

Bologna is immortalized by the number of noble maſters it has produced; who formed a grand epocha, in the art of painting, and after whom the Bologneſe ſchool took its title: though by ſome it is called the ſchool of Lombardy, becauſe many of the maſters were natives of that neighbouring country. The Roman ſchool, in the beginning of the ſixteenth century, having, through the works of Raphael *, attained to what was ſuppoſed to be, and what perhaps really was, the ſummit of the art, many imitators of this great man aroſe; but few rivals. Correggio alone poſſeſſed that full, that glowing, conviction of his own powerful genius, which made him exclaim *Anch'io ſono pittore:* yet this great man was by no means valued according to his deſert, while he lived. The painters of his own age carefully purſued the path which, they imagined, only led to the temple of Fame: they were imitators of Raphael: but imitators never can approach the great original, for they are ſtill no better than imitators. Wings are the property of genius, and of genius only. He that encounters genius in its flight muſt himſelf be upon the wing. What advantage is it to the man on foot that he ſhall take the ſame direction; ſince, though he can creep, he cannot ſoar?

Ludovico Caracci was born in Bologna, in 1555; and, rouſed by the works and the fame of Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Correggio, and Julio Romano, he did not ſubmit to the vexation of being an imitator, but had the courage to be a rival. He ſtudied theſe immortal maſters, and the antients, with aſſiduity, and paſſion; with burning zeal, and an attentive love of nature. Agoſtino Caracci was formed in his ſchool: as likewiſe were his brother Annibal Caracci, and his

* Raphael was born at Urbino, in the territories of the church, in 1483; and died, in 1520, at the age of thirty-ſeven.

couſin Guido, who were ſtill more excellent. Perhaps there never was a bolder pencil than that of Annibal Caracci. But, though he was bold, he was not raſh. He was not, like many modern artiſts, who, by their unmeaning and unneceſſary traits, and their impotent attempts at that which they have not the genius to attain, wiſh us to believe that they underſtand how to tranſgreſs the laws which Nature herſelf has given; and that they are audacious enough to ſoar beyond that which they never could reach. Thoſe men of daring yet delicate perception who can diſtinguiſh the true line of beauty, who do not injure the free harmony of ideal perfection, either by timid touches that ſink into inſignificance or ſwelling exceſs that defies truth and nature, they only underſtand how, when, and what, to dare.

By critics we are truly told
Inſects are raſh, eagles are bold.

Guido, perhaps, was not ſo inceſſantly daring as Annibal Caracci; but he was inexpreſſibly lovely, and full of grace. His truth of repreſentation is exquiſite; even in his figures that hover in the air, which no painter ever touched with ſo light a hand.

In this famous ſchool, Guercino, Dominichino, Albani, Cavedone, Tiarini, and other great maſters were formed: each of whom had a manner of his own, which not only collectively acquired fame for themſelves, but communicated it to their inſtructors. The ſchool of Bologna was diſtinguiſhed by this great and peculiar quality, that thoſe who attained a certain degree of perfection had each a manner that was truly original.

Next to Rome, there is no city in the world ſo rich in excellent paintings as Bologna. Here we find noble ſpecimens of all the great artiſts of Europe; and the maſter pieces of thoſe painters who formed themſelves in this ſchool. Of about two hundred and fifty churches, there are few which do not contain ſome of the works of theſe great artiſts; and many are full of them. The ſight of theſe pictures che-

riſhes

riſhes a love of the art, among the citizens: ſome of whom truly feel their beauties, and others pretend to feel them; which occaſion the galleries of the palaces of Bologna to be richly furniſhed.

From what I have ſaid, you will perceive how much employment there is here, for any traveller who ſhould viſit Italy for the ſake of the pictures it contains. Of this multitude, I ſhall only examine a few; and ſome only of thoſe I ſhall ſelect to mention. It would be well for good taſte, were it to paſs over mediocrity, and examine only the beautiful: nay to paſs over the beautiful itſelf, and contemplate none but the moſt beautiful.

I muſt here remind you, requeſting you to remember, that I may not have to repeat it at Florence, Rome, and Naples, I ſhall view many pictures with admiration, which I ſhall paſs over in ſilence.

I am wandering in the Heſperian garden; where I behold the fruits of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, Caracci, Guido, Michael Angelo, and I know not how many other immortal men. The poor commemoration, which I can beſtow on ſuch miracles of art, you muſt conſider as a few flowers that I have plucked in Paradiſe: but flowers alas that, having been torn from their roots, wither in my hand.

In the Sampieri palace, I ſaw a picture by Guido, which is eſteemed one of the moſt beautiful this maſter ever produced. The ſubject is Peter weeping, after having denied Chriſt, with a diſciple ſtanding before him, wiſhing to afford him conſolation. Profound grief is expreſſed with inimitable force in the manly countenance of Peter. His cheek is bedewed with a tear; and the whole attitude of the body, correſponding with the convulſive motion of one of his arms, is inexpreſſibly fine. The diſciple ſtands facing him; full of compaſſion, and anxiety. I thought I ſaw his embarraſſment, wiſhing to conſole yet feeling the whole guilt of his friend. It was Lebaus ſtanding before Peter; as Klopſtock has deſcribed—

——"Here, here, I bleed! This is my burning wound!"

were

were the words which every line in the countenance of the penitent ſeemed to utter, while Lebaus was troubled to find an anſwer that ſhould afford relief—

"The heart o'erwhelmed of Simon to conſole."

The head of an angel, by Guido, is full of heavenly grace. The cieling, painted by the three Caracci and Guercino, is inexpreſſibly bold. The ſubject is the labours of Hercules. None but artiſts like theſe ſhould dare to paint cielings. They have a peculiar charm, by the deception of their foreſhortening.

The architecture of the church *Del Santiſſimo Salvatore* is fine; the nave of which is ſupported by very large Corinthian pillars. Being entirely white within, it has a more light appearance than is uſual, in the churches of Italy. Over the altar is the Aſſumption of the Virgin: a beautiful picture, by Agoſtino Caracci.

In the church which is dedicated to St. Dominic, the body of this ſaint is buried; and his ſepulchre is adorned with a magnificent monument of white marble: the work of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, and other great maſters.

There are many excellent pictures in this church; one of which is the Murder of the Innocents, by Guido. Here a mother preſſes her infant to her boſom, hovering over it, kneeling, as if hoping to eſcape the eye of the murderer! Here another, impeding the blow with her right hand; and claſping her babe with the left! One appears as if eſcaping: extreme anguiſh is in her countenance, and you think you hear the ſhriek of deſpair, from her opening mouth, while, in her flight, ſhe is ſeized behind by the veil. In the foreground, a beautiful young mother kneels, with her hands claſped, and her eyes directed to heaven, with unutterable agony; while her murdered child is lying at her feet. The murdered innocents, on the ground, are ſtill lovely in death. The pallid hue of death is lightly expreſſed, on the fading cheeks of the gentle ſleepers.

The Dying Virgin is likewiſe ſhewn in the church. The drawing is ſaid to be by Guido; and the colouring by Elizabeth Serani, who died at the age of ſix-and-twenty. Be it as it will, it appears to me a heavenly picture. Twenty holy people ſtand, or kneel, round her bed: one is reading, with a noble mien; but they pay little attention to him: the whole ſoul of each is fixed on the dying Virgin. The ecſtacy of approaching heaven beams in her upward-directed eyes. A young man ſtands cloſe by her ſide; whoſe joyful expectation is moſt excellently contraſted, with the grief of the reſt. This no doubt is St. John. Angels are ſeen hovering in triumph; and the opening heaven pours down its ſources of eternal light on the expiring Virgin.

In this church, Taddeo Pepoli, Ludovico Caracci, Guido, and Count Marſigli, the founder of the univerſity, are buried.

The famous St. Cecilia, of Raphael, is in the church *Del Santo Giovanni in Monte.* To denote her invention of the organ, ſhe holds a row of pipes in her hand; and is looking toward heaven with mild ecſtacy. St. Paul, St. Auguſtin, and Mary Magdalen, ſtand round her; the latter of whom, in the dignified calm of her countenance, I think much more beautiful than Cecilia.

There is likewiſe a Holy Family in this church, finely painted, by Perugino; the maſter of Raphael.

In the Ranuzzi palace, there is a St. Agatha, by Raphael, which I prefer to the ſo much celebrated Cecilia. In her countenance there is that full expreſſion of dignified tranquillity and female grace, which no painter knew how to repreſent equal to Raphael.

Beſide its gallery, in which among many other maſter pieces there are a Sybil and an Iſaiah, by Guercino, the palace of Caprara has a hall that is ornamented with Turkiſh trophies; which were the ſpoils taken by Æneas Caprara, Field Marſhal of Leopold the Firſt.

There is a charming road, that leads to the handſome monaſtery of *S. Michele in Boſco*, which ſtands about a quarter of a league from the city; on a hill from which the whole city, and its environs, are over-

overlooked. There was formerly an ancient temple ſtanding on this height. The monaſtery contains ſeveral fine pictures; among which there are paintings in freſco, by Guido and Annibal Caracci, which would have been very remarkable, had it not been for the great injuries they have received from time and the air. They are the decoration of a circular portico, which ſurrounds the court of the fountain. There is a copy, after Guido, of a Mary Magdalen, in the ſacriſty of this church, which is finely executed, by Canuti. When I come to Rome, I hope to ſee the original. The church of *Gli Mendicanti di Dentro* is remarkably rich in paintings, by Guido, Annibal Caracci, and others of the ſame ſchool.

A noble painting, by Guercino, embelliſhes the principal altar of the church of *Geſù e Maria*; the ſubject of which is the circumciſion; and it contains ten manly figures of inimitable force and truth, ſuch as were the peculiar characteriſtics of this great maſter.

The greateſt part of yeſterday morning was ſpent by us in reviewing pictures which we had ſeen before; and, in the afternoon, we viſited a monaſtery, that is called *La Santa Madonna di Luca*. It is ſuppoſed to contain the picture of the Virgin, by the Evangeliſt Saint Luke. Poſſibly, the painter's name might be Lucas. The picture became known by the name of the artiſt, and it would not be at all wonderful that it ſhould afterward be called the work of Saint Luke. The church is magnificent, and the architecture noble. It ſtands on a hill, a ſhort league from the city. There is an arcaded walk all the way to it, which is ſpacious, and ſupported with pillars on one ſide. This and the church have both been erected by a voluntary tax, and by the donations of individuals, and of various companies and communities. The benefactors are denoted by arms and inſcriptions. The very ſervants of the city have taken a ſhare in this expence; and, what is more extraordinary, a company of French comedians, who performed in Bologna, were likewiſe contributors. The ſanctified picture is a rude performance; and, like all miraculous paintings, exceedingly

ceedingly black. Nine Dominican nuns live in a cloiſter near this church; who every two years are replaced by nine others from the city. Their mode of living is exceedingly recluſe and ſevere.

The celebrated Caſſini has drawn a meridian line, upon a pavement of white marble, in the church of St. Petronius. The ray of light paſſes through a ſmall aperture, in the upper part of the building. The meridian paſſage of the ſun and the moon may here be taken in a very convenient manner.

Near Bologna, the famous ſtone called after the city is found; which, when calcined and expoſed to the daylight, acquires the property of ſhining for ſome time in the dark.

There are two ſmall ſquare towers in the city, which are named after the noblemen at whoſe expence they were built: Aſinelli, and Gariſendi. The height of the firſt is three hundred and ſeventy-ſix feet; and that of the tower of Gariſendi a hundred and thirty. The latter ſtands ſo obliquely that the top is nine feet from the perpendicular. The people of Bologna eſteem this as a wonderful effort of architecture; though probably it is nothing more than a conſequence of the ſinking of the ground. However, though leſs than the other, and ſinking, it will live the longeſt in the memory of man: for it is mentioned in the immortal poem of Dante *.

Here, as in many parts of Italy, the men wear cloaks; and the women, as in Modena, have them of black ſatin. At a diſtance from various of the gates, arcades are built, as walks. During ſeveral days, while we were here, the weather was ſo mild that we had no need of fires; and, though the windows were left open all day, we felt no cold or inconvenience from the ſtone floors of the chambers.

The young gentlemen exhibit themſelves frequently in this city, as ſo many Phaetons, in their high carriages. They are well dreſſed, drive

* Like Gariſendi's tower the giant ſtood
Portentous leaning o'er Bologna's flood.
Inferno, canto xxxi. Boyd's tranſlation.

ſtanding, and have ſervants behind. This in itſelf may be a good and a proper exerciſe, for a young nobleman: but to have the vanity of attracting attention, by their theatrical attitudes, is only a proof that they have no better mode of making themſelves known; nor any talents more valuable than theſe, when they palpably court public admiration by ſuch means.

I had almoſt forgotten to remark that Salvani reſides at Bologna, who has made himſelf ſo famous by his new diſcoveries in Animal Electricity. I was informed, by a learned friend from Italy, that he finds the muſcles poſſeſs poſitive and the nerves negative electricity. Signor Volta, of Pavia, has gone ſtill farther; and has proved that the nerves, ſet in motion by electricity, likewiſe move the muſcles.

LETTER XLI.

Florence, 7th December 1791.

I EXPECTED to have left Bologna on the 25th of November; but was attacked by a cold and fever, which detained me nine days: and I was obliged at laſt to ſet out before my fever had left me. I hope that the mild change of air, and the advice given me by Signor Bicchierai, who is as intereſting a man as he is a ſagacious phyſician, will be of ſervice to me.

My journey over one of the Apennines might have been very dangerous to me, had not the weather been extraordinarily mild. We found ſnow on the top of the mountain, which is in part planted with cheſnut trees, which however are of very poor growth, and part is open. A few oaks are ſcattered here and there, which, being lopped as is the cuſtom in this country, afforded but a gloomy aſpect.

The

The day before yeſterday, we were ſurpriſed by a very unexpected appearance: we ſaw a fire, which, as we were told, proceeded from a volcano. It burns continually, and I wonder that it ſhould be ſo little known.

We perceived the air grow milder, as we approached Florence; and it was ſo like ſummer, yeſterday evening, that we ſaw the glow worm ſhining in the graſs. Although indiſpoſed, here I ſit without a fire, and with my windows open. The balſamic mildneſs of the air entirely exceeds my expectation: it is the garden of Heſperia.

Perhaps you will not be diſpleaſed to be briefly reminded of the origin of the antient inhabitants of this country. They were called *Etrurians;* and *Tuſcans;* and by the Greeks *Tyrrheni;* or *Tyrſeni.* The cradle of all nations is ſtrewed with the flowers of fabulous hiſtory. Various writers impute their origin to various ſources: but who among them is ſo deſerving of belief as Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus? that profound enquirer into antiquity!

According to him, as far as the uncertainty of hiſtory and the darkneſs of former times might be depended upon, the Etrurians had always been inhabitants of Italy: but not in the country which was properly called *Etruria.* They had lived more northerly, between the Apennines and the Po, from Bologna to Placenza.

The Tyrrheni were a very different people. They were Greeks, and by origin certainly the *Pelaſgi.* They were driven out of Theſſaly, by the *Cares* and the *Leleges;* and became wanderers, went to Lydia, and at laſt, above three hundred years before the deſtruction of Troy, or fifteen hundred years before the birth of Chriſt, they ſettled in Italy; extending themſelves from the two ſeas, as far as the Apennines and the Tiber: which includes the preſent Tuſcany, with a conſiderable part of the States of the Church. The Tyrrheni appear to have been a very flouriſhing people. The following is the account given us by Diodorus Siculus.

"The Tyrrheni, in early times, were valiant, conquered many coun-

" tries, and ſeized on numerous and large cities. Long maſters of the " ocean, they gave their name to the Tyrrhenian ſea. They im- " proved the military art, and invented the Tyrrhenian trumpet; which " is very excellent in war. They firſt gave their leaders lictors, the " curule ivory chair, and the purple embroidered toga. They firſt " built pillared-walks round their houſes. They made a great progreſs " in natural hiſtory, in mythology, and the fine ſciences. They were ob- " ſervers of the weather, and explained the lightning as denoting the " will of the gods; for which reaſon the all-conquering Romans ad- " mired and conſidered them as the interpreters of this will. They " induſtriouſly cultivated their fruitful plains; which not only afforded " them ſufficient food, but abundance, and ſuperfluity. They made " two meals each day: and the cuſhions on which they reclined, while " at table, were embroidered with flowers. They had numerous " drinking veſſels of ſilver, and a great number of ſervants to attend " them: who were all clothed above the condition of ſervitude. They " had many different houſes, and ſeparate chambers. They had ſunk " into inactivity and voluptuouſneſs; and, with the loſs of their admi- " rable valour, had likewiſe loſt their fame in war. This kind of in- " dulgence was not a little increaſed, by the fertility of their lands; for " the excellence of their ſoil afforded them great abundance, which they " ſtored in their granaries. Their fertile hills increaſe the beauty of " their wealthy plains; and their country is ſufficiently watered, even " in ſummer*."

Diodorus, in this paſſage, evidently confounds the Tyrrheni with the Etrurians. This however is the more pardonable ſince, in reality, the two nations mingled with each other, and gradually became one. What he ſays of their commerce belongs intirely to the Tyrrheni. Their enquiries into nature, mythology, and their reſpectful obſervance of the will of the gods, were qualities for which the Etrurians were

* Diodor. vol. i. p. 362, ed. Weſſel.

famed;

famed; whom the Romans, applying to them the Greek word, Θυειν, to ſacrifice, called Tuſcans, and employed principally to ſerve in their temples. We are told by Livy*, that it was aſſerted, in his time, that the Roman youths formerly uſed to be inſtructed in the Etruſcan language; as they afterward were in the Greek.

The Tyrrheni appear to have enjoyed a republican conſtitution; which, among the Etrurians, had ſomething of the monarchical form. Their government was divided into twelve branches; over each of which they appointed a chief, whom they called the *Lucumo*. Long before the Etrurians, forſaking their antient reſidence on the other ſide of the Apennines, had come into that country which had firſt been inhabited by the Tyrrheni, and afterward took the name of Etruria, they certainly had extenſive poſſeſſions in this country; which reached even as far as Campania, where they had built the city of Capua before the founding of Rome. We are informed, by Virgil, that Piſa, in the time of Æneas, was certainly an Etrurian town. Their removal over the Apennines happened at the time that the Firſt Tarquin governed in Rome. It was then that the Gauls attacked them, with a powerful army, and ſeized on their principal city, *Felſina;* which they called *Bononia:* the preſent Bologna. Though we may well imagine there were bloody wars, between the Tyrrheni and the Etrurians, when the latter attacked the Tyrrheni in the country they enjoyed beyond the Apennines, yet the people became ſo mingled, with each other, that at length they formed but one nation.

They carried on a great trade, ſeized on the coaſts of Sardinia and Corſica, and from thence ſailed into the great ocean, beyond the pillars of Hercules. Here they diſcovered an iſland; to which they would have ſent a colony, but they were oppoſed in this project by the Carthaginians.

By degrees, the Etrurians became ſhamefully vitiated; and therefore were the more eaſily ſubjected, by the Romans.

* Liv. lib. xi. 36.

Whether

Whether Florence had with certainty been an Etrurian city, or, as others affirm, was built by the ſoldiers of Sylla, and was called *Fluentia*, afterward *Florentia*, it is difficult to determine. It was deſtroyed by Totila, king of the Goths; and rebuilt by Charlemagne. It maintained its liberty for ſeveral centuries; but at length became neither capable nor worthy of liberty, and was therefore continually diſtracted by different factions. The Guelphs and Ghibelins aſſaulted each other, with unextinguiſhable rage. The party ſubdued was obliged to fly the country; and was induſtrious in exciting enemies againſt it.

Jealous of their freedom, the Florentines took the ſingular reſolution of excluding the nobility from all public offices; and conſequently the nobles had no other road open, to power, than that of becoming of the rank of citizen. This rank very ſoon included all the power and dignity that had formerly appertained to the rank of noble; and there can be no doubt but that, after the degradation of the nobility, the reign of riches, which is certainly the moſt rigorous and the moſt degrading, muſt have taken place.

The family of the Medici ſoon predominated, by its wealth and influence; and Coſimo Medici, a man of great talents, governed Florence without poſſeſſing the title of prince. The government was continued in his family, till at laſt its power was publicly acknowledged by the people.

Freedom is an ineſtimable bleſſing: but, if it be not promoted by purity of manners, it ſoon degenerates into anarchy, and the deſpotiſm of the multitude; which, of all others, is the moſt dreadful misfortune that can befall a country. Whoever will read the excellent hiſtory of Florence, by Machiavel, will be convinced that the Florentines were incapable of freedom; and that the change, which happened in their conſtitution, was evidently a bleſſing.

At the extinction of the family of the Medici, Francis of Lorraine, grand duke of Tuſcany, was the huſband of Maria Thereſa; and ceded Lorraine to Staniſlaus, who had been king of Poland. Tuſcany is now

governed by the grandſon of Francis; who is the ſecond ſon of the Emperor.

P. S. I have obtained further information, concerning the volcano I mentioned, from the learned Signor Bicchierai; who has viſited the place himſelf. He does not believe it to be a volcano; as he can neither find traces of any crater, of ſtones that it has thrown out, or of lava. He has only diſcovered cavities in the earth, which exude a petrol, or liquid bitumen. This oil probably gives the air an inflammatory quality. He believes that it is often enflamed by violent guſts of wind; and that then it catches fire: though it does not conſtantly burn: but that very frequently this inflammatory air catches fire by the torches that are brought thither. A ſlight degree of warmth is felt in theſe places. Sir William Hamilton had this air bottled, and ſent to England: experiments were made upon it, and it was found to be of the ſame kind as the inflammable air, which is common to the coalpits at Newcaſtle.

LETTER XLII.

Florence, 17th December 1791.

THIS city, which in the time of its freedom was one of the moſt populous in Europe, does not now contain more than ſeventy-four thouſand inhabitants. Its ſite on the Arno is beautiful; and its four large bridges give it a grand appearance: but it is not well built. I allow that the ſtone houſes, of this as well as of all the Italian towns, are greatly preferable to our own: but their ſtreets are narrow and crooked.

I muſt

I muſt own, the famous Florentine gallery has not equalled my expectation. It contains pictures of the greateſt maſters; but they are not their beſt performances: and the remainder are of the Florentine ſchool; the works of which are inſipid and lifeleſs, compared to the full and powerful impreſſions we receive, from the Bologneſe artiſts: the three Caracci, Guido, and Guercino.

It is better provided with antient ſtatues; for it contains the fineſt productions of antiquity. I will not enumerate all the antient emperors, and the empreſſes, with which this hall abounds; but paſs on to the famous Venus de Medicis, an Apollo, the Roman ſlave or whetter, the wreſtlers, and the dancing Fauns. You have ſeen excellent caſts of all theſe ſtatues: but, oh, how inferior is the very beſt of them to the originals!

Ariadne ſleeping, of a coloſſal ſize, Hercules attacking Neſſus, the Centaur, and a ſleeping Morpheus, with poppies in his hand, are all full of expreſſion. The Morpheus is of black marble.

A coloſſal head of Alexander, dying, is of the higheſt beauty. I cannot imagine how Addiſon could have ſuppoſed the artiſt meant to repreſent Alexander weeping, becauſe he had no new worlds to conquer. A deſire of new worlds might paſs fleeting through his great mind; but ſuch a thought never could have been followed by ſuch an earneſt appearance. I could much ſooner believe that the ſculptor intended Alexander ſhould be repreſented in the moment of repentance, for the murder of Clytus. Be it as it will, we ſee evident marks of the approach of death. The genius of the artiſt has repreſented the ſtrength of the dying Alexander as ſinking before that approach.

Niobe, with her ſeven ſons and ſeven daughters, ſtands in a ſpacious hall. Her offspring are all as large as life; but the figure of Niobe is coloſſal. I know not how it happens, but this exception, with reſpect to the mother, diſturbs the harmony of the whole much leſs than you would imagine. The point of time, choſen by the artiſt, is when only one ſon is ſlain, by the arrow of Apollo. The figure of the fallen

youth is very fine. However, it appears to me unworthy of the great artiſt to have given him two large wounds. The Greek artiſts are generally careful to keep the diſagreeable out of ſight; and what need was there for more than one wound, from the bow of the far-ſtriking God, to lay the dying youth in the duſt?

The youth lies on his back, and there is a horſe ſtanding beſide him; from which it has been conjectured, with great probability, that the dead youth was ſhot from his horſe. The animal cannot in truth be praiſed: which is the caſe with many of the horſes of antiquity, though ſome of them are excellent.

The young women are much more beautiful than the youths; ſome of whom appear to me to be worthy neither of their mother nor their ſiſters. All are repreſented in different attitudes, in expectation of approaching death.

Ovid, who in his noble narrative gives a different picture to that of the artiſt, ſuffers more of the youths to be ſhot from on horſeback: but he appears to have ſeen theſe ſtatues, for he has caught the moſt lovely idea of the ſculptor, that of the youngeſt daughter flying to take ſhelter in the lap of her mother.

Ultima reſtabat, quam toto corpore mater,
Tota veſte tegens, Unam, minimamque, relinque!
De multis minimam poſco, clamavit, et unam!

The laſt with eager care the mother veil'd,
Behind her ſpreading mantle cloſe conceal'd
And with her body guarded, as a ſhield.
Only for this, this youngeſt, I implore:
Grant me this one requeſt, I aſk no more.

CROXALL.

The expreſſion of the mother, whoſe beauty ſhines viſibly through her grief, is inimitable.

There is a ſixteenth figure, that is ambiguous. Some affirm it to be Amphion, the huſband of Niobe; who, according to the fable, killed

himſelf for grief, after the death of his children: but the figure of this man does not appear to me to be ſufficiently noble for Amphion. He has a bonnet and a cloak, which are rather the coſtume of a ſlave than of a hero. Heyne, the aulic counſellor, it is ſaid, ſuppoſed it to be a ſlave, who had been a tutor to the ſons; and yet this opinion does not I think appear to be well grounded; for this ambiguous repreſentation of a ſlave, between Niobe and her fourteen children, would be a diſagreeable expedient; or ſomething worſe.

It appears much more probable that this figure, though it was diſcovered with the others in the ſixteenth century, is no part of the ſame ſtory*.

The muſeum of the Grand Duke is a very ample and remarkable collection, from the three kingdoms of nature. The anatomical preparations, in wax, are executed with great powers of deception.

I have no where ſeen ſo many ſpecimens of birds, which were equally well preſerved, and equally natural in their attitudes. It is likewiſe admirably rich in inſects, and ſhells; and connoiſſeurs affirm that the mineralogical collection is exceedingly ample. One apartment is entirely filled with plants, kept under glaſſes; and thoſe tender plants that cannot be well preſerved are repreſented, with uncommon art, in wax. They appear to grow, in all their beautiful bloom; and the ſilver coloured down, of certain leaves, is imitated with the utmoſt degree of reality.

The new palace of the Grand Duke, which is called the *Palazzo Pitti*, the name of its former poſſeſſor, is noble in appearance, without, and magnificent, within. It is moſt remarkable for its fine collection of pictures, only ſome of which I ſhall notice.

* When I wrote this, I had not ſeen a baſſo relievo, at Rome; in which there is the figure of Amphion, and likewiſe of the pedagogue, and the nurſe. In a ſarcophagus of the Villa Borgheſi at Rome, we likewiſe find the pedagogue and the nurſe. I therefore retract my opinion, and think it probable that Counſellor Heyne was right in his conjecture; but that, perhaps, the Amphion, as well as the nurſe, has not been diſcovered.

Here

Here is the ſo juſtly famed, and the ſo frequently copied, *Madonna della Sedia*, by Raphael; which our Preiſler, with his maſterly hand, has lately engraved. The picture is in excellent preſervation, and is kept covered with a glaſs.

A large allegorical picture, by Rubens, is full of poetic fire. A warrior iſſues from the open gate of the temple of Janus, tearing himſelf from the arms of a beautiful woman, who appears to be the figure of Peace. The Furies of war force him from her. Another woman follows him, ſhrieking, bearing a mural crown; and before him are extended, on the ground, various figures of men.

Two large landſcapes, by Rubens, poſſeſs all that life of nature which that great painter knew how to beſtow, as well on this branch of the art as on hiſtorical ſubjects.

Here too is a very beautiful painting, by Rubens, repreſenting himſelf, his brother, Hugo Grotius, and Juſtus Lipſius.

I found the ſame Holy Family, by Rubens, here, which I had ſo much admired in the palace of Giacomo Balbi, at Genoa. This of the Grand Duke may be the original; but I confeſs, if that at Genoa be the copy, it has ſomething in it of the lovely, which I cannot but prefer. I muſt not however omit to add that the picture here is in a bad light.

The portraits, by Raphael, are very fine; and I was exceedingly intereſted to find, among them, thoſe of Pope Julio the Second, and Leo the Tenth.

A Madonna, with the Holy Child, by Carlo Dolce, is excellent: but there are two pieces, by the ſame maſter, a Chriſt and a Madonna, which I think more excellent.

There are two Holy Families, by Raphael; one of which is very ſmall, and uncommonly beautiful.

Here are Martin Luther and his wife, by Holbein. We are ſurpriſed to meet our Luther, ſo frequently, in the galleries of Italy.

Another Holy Family, by Raphael, in his firſt manner. It is very intereſting to contemplate by what degrees the mind of this great man

ſoared beyond his maſter, Perugino. His firſt performances might be taken for the maſter pieces of his inſtructor.

A Saint Sebaſtian, by Andrea del Sarto, is one of the fineſt ornaments of this rich collection.

Four landſcapes, by Gregorio Fidanza, a painter now living at Rome, are excellent. Two of them are of ſummer: the third is a winter piece, and the fourth a view on the ſea ſhore.

There is a large garden, belonging to the *Palazzo Pitti*, which might be called a winter garden; for it is full of evergreens: among others are the prickly oak, the cypreſs, various pines, the olive, the common laurel, the *lauro-ceraſus*, the *lentiſcus*, and the wild laurel; which is in bloom about Chriſtmas in our hot-houſes, and then bears no fruit; but here, in the open air, at this ſeaſon of the year, it teems with its clear blue berries. Even the *philyrea*, and the black poplar, are ſtill in leaf in this garden.

There are ſeveral pictures in the church of the Annunciation, none of which appear to me very remarkable; except the famous *Madonna del Sacco*, in freſco; which is ſo called becauſe Joſeph is leaning on a ſack. The perſonages are the Holy Virgin, the child Jeſus, and Joſeph. It is painted by Andrea del Sarto, and is very fine.

The figure of Dante is in the cathedral, crowned with laurel. We often meet with him, here, and always crowned with laurel. This great man was not buried in his native city, but at Ravenna.

In the church *Della Santa Croce* are the monuments of three remarkable men of genius, all Florentines: Galileo, Machiavel, and Michael Angelo Buonaroti. The following inſcription is on the monument of Machiavel, which has been erected in modern times.

Tanto nomini nullum elogium par.
Nicolaus Machiavelli
Obiit Ao M.D.XXVII.

The church of St. Lawrence is famous, for being the burying place of

of the family of the Medici. They lie in the ſacriſty; in which there are two monuments, with beautiful ſtatuary, by Michael Angelo: but they are not quite finiſhed.

A large and magnificent chapel has long been building, in which the remains of the family of the Medici are to be placed. Its form is octagon, and it contains ſix large ſepulchres; four of Egyptian and two of oriental granite; deſigned by Michael Angelo. There are niches wrought above theſe ſepulchres, in which coloſſal ſtatues of the Medici are placed; ſome of which, by Giovanni di Bologna, are very excellent.

There is a fine library belonging to this church, the books of which are all chained to tables, and which may be reached with convenience. The number of volumes does not appear to be conſiderable; but it contains ſome choice manuſcripts. I ſaw a Latin bible, and a Virgil; the firſt of the ſixth, and the laſt of the fifth century. I looked into the beginning of the Æneid, and did not find the four firſt verſes; beginning *Ille ego qui quondam;* which the beſt commentators hold to be ſpurious. The poem begins with *Arma virumque cano.*

For my own part, I confeſs theſe four verſes do not appear to me unlike Virgil: but his fine taſte might diſcover that they were unneceſſary, and not worthy to begin the Æneid: he might therefore omit them.

The celebrated copy of the Pandects, of the time of the Emperor Juſtinian, is not allowed to be ſhewn, without permiſſion. I eaſily conſoled myſelf with the loſs of this ſight; and could not help recollecting the queſtion that once was put to me, with great vivacity, by a German profeſſor: who demanded whether the King of Denmark, then on his travels, had been to Florence, and had looked at the famous copy of the Pandects? The ſagacious pedant thought that no object was ſo worthy of remark, to a young prince, as this manuſcript.

There is a conſiderable collection of pictures, in the *Palazzo Riccardi:* among others the Four Evangeliſts, by Carlo Dolce.

A very fine portrait of Andrea Del Sarto, by himſelf.

The

The cieling of a large chamber full of ornaments is by Luca Giordano. The ſubjects he has choſen are all mythological; and the whole performance is of remarkable beauty.

On the walls of the *Palazzo Altoviti* are fifteen famous men, as Mercuries, cut in ſtone: among whom are Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, Guicciardini, Ficino, who is well known for his fine edition of Plato, and Amerigo Veſpucci. In the palace itſelf is a ſmall collection of pictures; which is remarkable for containing a noble portrait of Raphael, by himſelf, and preſented to the anceſtors of the preſent family.

I am juſt come from the ſtone of Dante *(Il ſaſſo del Dante)*; a place on a ſeat of ſtone, which is oppoſite to the cathedral, and is ſo called becauſe the poet uſed to delight to ſit there. The memory of this great man, who lived five hundred years ago, is very freſh among his countrymen; and will never be forgotten, while *la dolce favella Toſca*, the ſweet Tuſcan tongue, ſhall be ſpoken and read.

When his noble poem firſt became public, the people often pointed with aſtoniſhment to the man who had returned from viſiting purgatory, hell and heaven. They ſuppoſed the hundred cantos, of his *Divina Comedia*, to be the deſcription of a real journey.

The church *del Battiſterio* is of noble architecture, circular, and ſupported by Corinthian pillars. Tradition maintains that it was an antient temple of Mars. Its brazen gates are of remarkable beauty, adorned with noble deſigns in baſſo relievo, which repreſent the hiſtories of holy writ. It is the work of Lorenzo Ghiberti. Michael Angelo admired theſe gates ſo much that he called them the gates of Paradiſe.

I muſt not conclude this letter without noticing an inſtitution, which does honour to Florence; and which originated in the age of liberty. A community, which is called *La Societa della Miſericordia*, which conſiſts of all ranks of people, make it their duty to afford aid to the poor and helpleſs of the city. After enquiring into the diſeaſes of the ſick, they either take them to an excellent hoſpital or into their own

houſes. Any perſon, meeting with an extraordinary misfortune, may depend upon receiving ſuccour, from this community. When the ſociety aſſemble, or when any ſudden accident calls a number of them together, they appear in maſks: partly from prudence, to conceal themſelves, and partly not to put the poorer members of the ſociety to the bluſh, by the difference of dreſs in the more wealthy.

They afford their aid, when neceſſary, unaſked. When a diſtreſſed perſon meets with any accident, though he have never belonged to the ſociety, he is made welcome. Similar ſocieties, which are called *confraternita*, are common to the towns of Italy.

LETTER XLIII.

Piſa, 18th December 1791.

I COULD not withſtand the inclination I had to viſit this antient and famous city, though it was out of our road; and I was the rather induced, becauſe Piſa is not only well deſerving of notice, but is remarkable for the mild air it enjoys.

We ſet out early, yeſterday; for we had a long day's journey to perform. The road is pleaſant, and ſometimes led us to the banks of the beautiful Arno. The Apennines were ſeen on our right, and ſometimes the proſpect before us was very extenſive. The road itſelf is excellent; eſpecially the laſt half of the way. The land is cultivated with extreme care, and planted with numerous olive and mulberry trees; round which the vine riſes, and clings: the ſhoots of which there is no occaſion to lay, in winter.

The nearer we came to Piſa, the milder we found the air. The *Pyracanthus*, which we call the fiery buſh, and plant in gardens, was

here

here verdant, and covered with its glowing berries. We ſaw garden beans, that were about ſix inches high; and that, after growing all winter, are gathered in April. The men and women were employed in digging large fields with the ſpade. In theſe fields, a later kind of garden bean, *vicia faba*, is planted; which ripens in June. Many different trees have not yet loſt their leaves; particularly the oak, on parts of which we found green and tender ſprouts, as in ſummer.

Piſa muſt have been built ſome centuries before the deſtruction of Troy. Tradition attributes its origin to the Greek town of Piſa, in Elis, on the banks of the Alpheus, which was made ſo famous by the Olympian games. Virgil, ſpeaking of it, ſays, *Alpheæ ab origine Piſæ.*

Ariſtotle however, whoſe enquiries were much more extenſive and profound, and after him Strabo, both tell us that Piſa was founded by the Ligurians; who were a Celtic nation. It afterward became one of the principal cities of the Etrurians. In the year of Rome 572, the Romans ſent a Latin colony hither; and in later times it became a municipal city.

On the decline of the Roman Empire, Piſa obtained its freedom; which contributed, with its ſituation on the Arno, to raiſe it to a high degree of power and rule. When all Italy was overrun by the invaſions of the pirates, the people of Piſa took the iſlands of Sardinia and Corſica, from the Saracens, the town of Palermo, in Sicily, and likewiſe Carthago. They greatly aided the cruſaders, who followed the holy banners into the Eaſt, and, themſelves, raiſed the ſiege of the city of Alexandria, in Egypt.

Piſa did not eſcape the general misfortunes which befel the inland parts of Italy, during the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelins. Diſtracted by both theſe factions, its power declined; but its liberties received the moſt deadly wound during the war it waged with Genoa. In this war, Piſa loſt twelve thouſand men, forty-nine gallies, and, what was ſtill more fatal, its haven, *Porto Piſano*, and the navigation

of

of the Arno; for, from this time, the commerce of Piſa became dependant, and inſignificant.

Ugolino, count of Gherardeſca, a citizen of Piſa, for having favoured the faction of the Guelphs, was aided by them, and became the tyrant of his country. He was baniſhed, but reſtored again by the Florentines; was afterward ſeized, by the people of Piſa, and he and his three ſons were impriſoned in a tower, by the Archbiſhop Ruggieri; where they were ſuffered to die with hunger. This mournful ſtory Dante makes Ugolino himſelf relate, in hell, with all the ardour of poetry. Beſide, where is the German who is unacquainted with Gerſtenberg's terrifying tragedy of Ugolino? which, had the author never written any thing elſe, would have immortalized his name!

Piſa, afterward, more than once, was ſubjected to the Florentines; and, more than once, recovered its liberty: till it was finally ſubdued, by Florence; which did but act in obedience to the family of the Medici. Many of its citizens abandoned their native place, where they could no longer be free. The people of Piſa made an ineffectual attempt, a hundred years afterward, to recover their antient liberty; and, after this ſtruggle, Piſa declined ſo faſt that the number of its inhabitants was decreaſed from a hundred and fifty thouſand to fifteen thouſand. The Grand Duke endeavoured to afford it relief, and founded the order of St. Stephen; the knights of which order were to inhabit Piſa. He likewiſe made it a univerſity. But how ineffectual are means like theſe, to ſupply the loſs of benevolent and all fertiliſing freedom!

The preſent Grand Duke loves Piſa: and, in imitation of his father, the Emperor, paſſes ſeveral months of the year at this city.

The climate of Piſa is uncommonly mild. At ten o'clock this morning, our thermometer ſtood at twelve degrees above the freezing point. This was in the open air; and, at the ſame ſeaſon of the year, was one degree warmer than it was in my chamber in Germany, in which I had a fire.

We viſited the botanic garden; having a letter of recommendation

to the ſuperintendant, Signor Gregorio Santi, a very active man, which was given us by Doctor Bichierai, of Florence.

As we walked through the garden, we were charmed by the proſpect of large orange and lemon trees, teeming with the golden fruit of the gardens of Heſperia. A lovely laurel grove, of ſlender and tall trees, made the garden, at this time of the year, very pleaſant; and, in ſummer, its cool ſhades and innumerable ſinging birds muſt render it uncommonly delightful.

We ſaw the *Cactus Opuntia* in the open air, with its red fruit; the *Cactus heptagona;* ſeveral Aloes; a large now leafleſs *Morus papyrifera;* the *Chamærops humilis* with its fruit, which did not yet bear * becauſe the male tree was wanting; ſeveral *Jucca* with their fruit; the *Laurus Alexandrinus (ruſcus)* with fruit; and the *Gleditſia Triacanthus*, with its ſeed burſting through the large huſk, from which it is ſaid the crown of thorns was made. We likewiſe ſaw a large *Cactus cereus*, planted againſt a wall, which was thicker than a man's arm and full ten ells high. The *Oleander*, with its fruit; and the *Colutea* and *Cytiſus*, which here do not loſe their leaves till late in the winter: they are ſtill green; and the *Cytiſus* now bears its yellow flower; which does not hang in ſuch long bunches, at preſent, as it does with us in May.

The famous tower of Piſa, which is ſwayed fifteen feet from the centre, has a noble appearance: it is the belfry of the cathedral. This cathedral, like thoſe of Florence and of Aſſiſi, muſt have been the work of a German architect of the eleventh century. In this age, architecture flouriſhed among the Germans. The Gothic architecture travelled, from Spain, through France to Germany. The numerous rich and free cities of our country expedited its progreſs, and architects of the German ſchool found their way to Italy; till at laſt the Italians, from the great works of antiquity which remained among them, were induced to reſtore the fine arts. This they effected, and deſervedly became the tutors of Europe.

* The text is—*mit ſeinen früchten, welche doch nicht befruchtet waren*. This may ſignify *not yet impregnated*; or perhaps *not ripened:* but I pretend to no knowledge on the ſubject, and therefore quote the author. T.

In

In this church is the famous *Campo Santo*; which conſiſts of a ſpacious corridore within a court, the figure of which is an oblong ſquare. The inſide is painted in freſco; and the ſubject of the paintings is Dante's Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven; but the execution is very unworthy of the immortal poet. On the outward open ſide, ſupported by pillars, are ſepulchres of very rude workmanſhip; which denotes their high antiquity.

Among theſe monuments is that which the late King of Pruſſia cauſed to be erected, to the memory of Algarotti.

At the top is the following inſcription:

ALGAROTTO, OVIDII ÆMULO, NEWTONII DISCIPULO,
FREDERICUS MAGNUS.

Below is a marble buſt of Algarotti, with theſe words:

ALGAROTTUS NON OMNIS.

Above the monument is a Muſe, reading; and the owl of Pallas.

From this place, we went to the obſervatory; the different ſtories of which are provided with good aſtronomical inſtruments. The profeſſor of aſtronomy, who is a native of Tyrol, ſhewed them all to us with great politeneſs. From the top of the obſervatory, we ſaw the Apennines toward the north, by which Piſa is protected from the north wind; and this, added to the influence of the ſea air, produces that mildneſs of climate which the city enjoys. The famous marble of Carara is dug in a part of theſe mountains, which now appertain to the Duke of Modena: the Duke having married the heireſs of Maſſa Carara, though this lady is dead.

We once more had the pleaſure to ſee the Mediterranean; and to trace the courſe of the Arno, which empties itſelf into the ſea. We likewiſe ſaw Leghorn, the high iſland of Gorgona,* and that of Elva.

In

* Dante mentions this iſland; and another that is not far diſtant from it, which is called

In clear weather, Corſica may be ſeen; but the ſky was then too cloudy: and I was aſſured that Sardinia itſelf might ſometimes be perceived; though this appears to me impoſſible.

The people of Piſa maintain that the origin of their city was the Greek city of Piſa; and every three years, on the 12th of May, they have a game which they compare to the Olympic games. Three hundred and fifty men, from that quarter of the city which is called *Santa Maria*, aſſemble on the principal bridge of the Arno, in complete ancient armour; in oppoſition to three hundred and fifty other men, who come from another quarter, called *San Antonio*. A banner is placed on the centre of the bridge; and whichever party can drive the other beyond this banner is allowed to have gained the victory. The river uſed to be covered with boats; the purpoſe of which was to catch the falling combatants: but the fury of their ſtrife has been limited, and now nothing but armour falls into the ſtream.

There is a handſome quay on each ſide of the Arno; which would have a ſtill better effect, if the proſpect toward the river were not interrupted, by a ſtone parapet that is rather high. Several bridges are built over the Arno, which make the walks pleaſant. The houſes of the city are antient: the ſtreets however are wide; and, on one quay, there are ſome noble palaces, that were built by Michael Angelo.

The Exchange conſiſts of very handſome high arcades, built of ſtone, which on feſtival days are illuminated.

called Capraja. He wiſhes they both would riſe from their beds, and dam up the mouth of the Arno; that Piſa might be puniſhed, for the cruelties inflicted on Ugolino.

Muoraſi la Capraja e la Gorgona,
E faccian ſiepe ad Arno, in ſu la foce,
Si ch'egli annieghi in te ogni perſona.
DANTE, Inferno, xxxiii. 82—84.

Ye towers of Piſa, may Gorgona's ſtrand,
With lofty mounds, the coming flood withſtand;
And ſend it foaming down to whelm thy ſhame.

Bern

The

The market is ſupplied with fine fruit, vegetables, and with flowers, through every ſeaſon of the year: for they bloom here all winter in the open air. We ſaw roſes, carnations, hyacinths, gilly flowers, the ranunculus, anemone, and other flowers. Like as our common garden apples are ſold by ſcores, ſo here ſweet oranges are tied twenty together, and ſold for a very trifle.

The wine of this country would be excellent, were it not that, like moſt of the Italian wines, it has the quality of not keeping longer than from year to year. This defect does not appear to proceed ſo much from the preparation as from the quality of the air; for foreign wines will ſeldom keep, Rheniſh only excepted. Burgundy indeed may be kept; but then eſpecial care muſt be taken to purify it from the dregs which it depoſits.

We were deſirous of ſeeing *La Torre della Fame* (The tower of hunger) which had been ſo named after the death of Ugolino and his ſons: but there is no trace of it remaining, and the place where it ſtood is even diſputed.

LETTER XLIV.

Rome, 24th December 1791.

WE left Piſa early on the 19th; and travelled, through very fertile and well cultivated countries, to Sienna: where we arrived on the 20th. This diſtrict abounds in mulberry trees; round which the vine clings, bearing fruit of an incredible ſize. Sienna lies high among the Apennines, between hills that are planted with olive trees. This town is indebted for its cool ſummers to the height of its ſituation; but the winter is often very ſevere here; at leaſt it is ſo thought by the Italians.

Some affirm that Sienna was one of the twelve principal cities of the Etrurians: others maintain that it was founded by Brennus, during his war

war with the Romans. Some contend that it derived the name of Sena from the *Senones*, a tribe of the Gauls: but this opinion would be as difficult to prove as to deny. A colony was ſent hither in the time of Auguſtus, when it took the name of *Sena Julia*.

After the decline of the Roman Empire, this place underwent many changes; but at laſt obtained its freedom, and ſupported itſelf courageouſly againſt Florence, and Piſa. The citizens of this little free ſtate, in the year 1260, gained a famous victory over the Florentines and Guelphs.

Inteſtine broils were much more dangerous to Sienna than foreign foes; and Pandolfo Petrucci erected himſelf its tyrant. His ſucceſſors followed his example; till new diſturbances aroſe, and excited the deſire of ſubjecting it in France and Spain.

It is probable that France, according to its antient and modern cuſtom, encouraged theſe contentions: but Spain took advantage of them, oppreſſed the citizens, and gave them into the power of the Medici. The loſs of freedom occaſioned the decay of the city. Its circumference is computed to be a German mile, yet the number of its inhabitants is only ſeventeen thouſand. It formerly contained a hundred thouſand people.

Sienna is tolerably well built; but we miſs here, as in the other towns of Tuſcany, the arcades of the houſes; which afford ſuch cooling ſhades, and give ſo noble an appearance, to the towns on the other ſide of the Apennines. This appears the more ſingular becauſe, according to Diodorus, the arcade walks were the invention of the Tyrrheni.

The open place is handſome; and larger than you uſually find, in the cities of Italy. It is circular, and in the hollow form of a muſcle ſhell; being lower in the middle than at the ſides.

The cathedral is a good Gothic building, of white and red marble. The front is perfectly Gothic; and covered and diſfigured by numerous carved images. The pavement within the church is of great beauty. It repreſents ſtories from holy writ, in moſaic work; and is covered with boards, which are removed whenever ſtrangers come to viſit

viſit the church. The body of the cathedral is decorated with many ſigures, of the Popes, cut in ſtone.

In one of the chapels, there are two beautiful ſtatues, from the hand of Bernini, of Mary Magdalen and St. Jerome; both of white marble. An old octagon pulpit, of white marble, is ornamented with fine baſſi relievi; of the workmanſhip of Nicolao and Giovanni of Piſa.

Here too is what is called the library; but in which the only books now remaining are about thirty large folio volumes of church muſic; which have belonged to the cathedral more than three hundred years. They are decorated with finely illuminated figures, painted by a monk. The Spaniards have taken away more than half, which are now to be found in the great library of the Eſcurial.

The library of Sienna is moſt remarkable for ſome large paintings, in freſco, by Pinturicchio; in which Raphael muſt have had a hand. In fact, we diſcover his portrait in one of theſe paintings: but, what is more convincing, we diſcover the true ſpirit of Raphael; in the freedom of the outlines, and in the breathing animation of many of the figures.

Here is likewiſe an antique group, of white marble, repreſenting the Graces. It has been aſcribed to the father of Socrates. Although it is much damaged and is placed in a bad light, we ſtill could recogniſe in it the noble ſtyle of the antients.

Between Sienna and Rome, Tuſcany is chiefly barren, and mountainous. We travelled three leagues before day-break, on the 21ſt; and hoped to have reached Radicofani before night: but a torrent ſwelled by rains, and the melted ſnow from the mountains, occaſioned the waters to riſe; and we were obliged to turn back, and ſleep at a wretched inn. Fortunately, the weather changed; and we were able to paſs the ſtream in the morning. To be detained by the riſing of the waters is an accident to which travellers are frequently liable, in Italy. The inhabitants of this country allege, as an excuſe for the want of bridges, the rapidity of the torrents: but are the torrents of

Switzerland leſs rapid? And what power has a narrow ſtream of water over a bridge the arch of which is turned from bank to bank, ſo that the waters cannot reach it?

Radicofani is a fortreſs, built on the top of a hill. It commands an important paſs of the Tuſcan territories, on the borders of the States of the Church. No tree ſhades the inhabitants of this ſmall place; where, in ſummer, the heat is inſupportable. Many hamlets and villages are ſeen, as you travel through the country, round which there is not a ſingle tree. The people of Tuſcany do not appear to love the ſhade; and have very little conception of the beauty of trees. They plant but few; and thoſe they lop. The country houſes of the rich are only planted with a few gloomy cypreſs trees, mingled with the pale green olive. They live in the country only during the months of November and December, and ſpend the whole ſummer in their towns; where they ſeek the gloom of their houſes, becauſe their naked fields expoſe them to the heat of the ſun. This diſmal cuſtom prevails even in Lombardy, Modena, and Parma.

The country round Radicofani exhibits many traces of extinguiſhed volcanos. Naked rocks abound on the barren hills; and appear to point out the foregone deſtruction of nature.

Soon after we left Radicofani, we entered the States of the Church; and, before duſk, we paſſed over a tolerably ſteep hill, on the top of which the ill built little town of Acqua Pendente ſtands. The hill is very pleaſant. The prickly oak, and the olive, grow among the wild rocks on the right; and the intervals are rendered pleaſant with noble chefnut trees. The valley opened upon us, toward the left, ſmiling with the cluſtering vine. It afforded us ſome regret, when we were afterward told that this place derived its name from a waterfall, which ruſhes from the top of the mountain.

Yeſterday morning, we paſſed the lake of Bolſena; the woody ſhores and rocky iſlands of which, covered with trees, render it remarkably pleaſant. It took its name from the antient Volſci; Bolſena being

their principal town in theſe parts. Pliny mentions its woody iſlands*; but ſays they float in the waters of the lakes: whereas they viſibly reſt upon rocks.

This lake was called by the antients *Lacus Volſcinienſis*, and *Lacus Tarquinienſis*. In the States of the Church, you here and there find noble trees that have not been lopped. The cattle are large, of a light grey colour, as in Tuſcany, and have horns of an extraordinary ſize.

It is remarkable that, in theſe provinces as well as in all the provinces of Italy, through which I have travelled, though their grounds are cultivated by cattle, and the breed of the cattle is ſo fine, there is yet a want of milk. Probably they ſell the heifer to the butcher oftener than the ſteer: we do the reverſe.

Agriculture, in the States of the Church, is but ill underſtood. Stones, which lie unmoleſted, and unbroken clods of earth, interrupt the courſe of the plough. Whole fields are covered with high broom, fern, and thiſtles; which denote the goodneſs of the ſoil, and the negligence of the people†.

Notwithſtanding the time of the year, we occaſionally ſaw the broom in bloom. Yeſterday before noon, we arrived at Viterbo; a town that contains about ten thouſand inhabitants, among whom there appears to be much trade.

At four o'clock this morning, we went to Ronciglione; the ſituation of which, yeſterday by the light of a torch, had appeared to be pleaſant. We paſſed ſome places where the ſmell of the mephitic vapours was exceſſively diſagreeable. The whole country, from this place almoſt to Rome, containing a tract of thirty-five miles, ſixty to a degree, is for the moſt part barren; with here and there ſome ſigns of wretched cultivation, but almoſt forſaken by mankind. The eye was only re-

* Plin. Hiſt. Nat. lib. ii. c. 95.

† I was afterward convinced, as I travelled through the eaſtern provinces, that this reproach, though generally made without exception, is not deſerved by all the States of the Church.

lieved by a few buſhes, growing on the hills; on which goats and ſheep were paſtured.

The want of fertility, in the *Campagna di Roma*, has unjuſtly been entirely attributed to neglect in cultivation. I believe that the antient Romans, partly becauſe they held agriculture in honour, and partly becauſe they were regardleſs of the health of their ſeverely treated ſlaves, cultivated theſe lands as well as it was poſſible: but the ſoil, in their time, was poor and unhealthy. The republic early placed a Roman garriſon in Capua; and wiſhed to ſeize upon the fertile plains of the inhabitants. "Why," ſaid the ſoldiers, "ſhould this people, "who have not the courage to defend their poſſeſſions, enjoy the moſt "fertile territories of Italy? Why ſhould they not rather be ours, war-"like and victorious as we are; and who have driven out the Samnites "with our ſweat and blood? Is it juſt that they, who have ſurrendered "to us, ſhould enjoy the produce and pleaſure of the earth: while "we, fatigued with war, muſt again return to till the unhealthy and "barren lands of Rome; or ſuffer, in the city, the daily extortion of "uſurers *?"

It appears to me probable that the founders of Rome did not build the city on that ſpot from choice; but becauſe they had no other territory.

Sixteen Italian miles from Rome, we had a proſpect of this great city; the very name of which awakens ſuch innumerable ſenſations. The cupola of St. Peter's riſes, predominant, over every object, to a great diſtance. The other large buildings, compared to this church, appear like ſo many ſhops; built for the convenience of the pilgrims, who come and throng round St. Peter's.

Two miles from the city, we paſſed a bridge, over an arm of the Tiber; the waters of which had a yellow tinge. Horace rightly called it the yellow Tiber: *Vidimus flavum Tiberim.*

The entrance, through *La Porta del Popolo*, is grand. This gate is

* Liv. vii. 38.

likewiſe

likewiſe called *Porta Flaminia:* for here the Flaminian military way began. As you approach it, you ſee three ſpacious roads; which lead from the fine place through the gate into the town. This place is adorned with a lofty obeliſk, which was called after Auguſtus: it having been brought by that Emperor from Egypt to Rome, and erected in the large circus. It was found under the ruins of this circus, and Pope Sixtus the Fifth had it erected again here.

Two beautiful churches are built in this place, which add greatly to its magnificence.

The recollection of the former grandeur of Rome ſeized me, as I entered the city, and reminded me of the feeling of Horace while he ſang,

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis et celas, aliuſque et idem
Naſceris, poſſis nihil urbe Roma
Viſere majus!

HOR. Carm. Sec.

Fair Sun, who with unchanging beam,
Riſing another and the ſame,
Doſt from thy beamy car unfold
The glorious day,
Or hide it in thy ſetting ray,
Of light and life immortal ſource,
Mayſt thou, in all thy radiant courſe,
Nothing more great than ſeven-hill'd Rome behold!

FRANCIS.

On my arrival here, I found ſeveral letters from my ſiſters and friends; with accounts, which I ſo eagerly deſired, of my children. Their tender images ſwam before my eyes. They danced before me full of life, and baniſhed the ſhades of the Scipios, Catos, and the elder and younger Brutus. Immortal men, whoſe awful preſence had ruſhed upon and taken poſſeſſion of my ſoul!

LETTER XLV.

Rome, 25th December 1791.

THIS very Chriſtmas day, the firſt after our arrival, in the forenoon, we ſaw the Pope celebrate high maſs, in St. Peter's. Do not expect, at leaſt not yet, a deſcription of this temple: the largeſt and moſt magnificent on earth. I ſhall viſit it frequently, and then ſend you ſome few remarks; with a drawing of the outward building, and of the place in which it is erected. A place worthy of the temple: a temple worthy of the place. Each in its kind the moſt ſuperb in Europe. No work of man ever ſeized upon and filled my mind like this. Aſtoniſhment and delight fixed me, for a time, while I contemplated the objects without; and ecſtacy and awe, as I entered the church.

It is ſingular that both the outſide and the inſide of this church, although at the firſt aſpect they fill the heart with a ſublime ſenſe of majeſty, do not appear ſo vaſt as they are in reality. Some critics affirm that this is a defect in the ſtructure: others maintain that the gradual development of its grandeur, though it does not immediately convey to the eye an idea of its extraordinary magnitude, is but a conſequence of its perfect ſymmetry; and I believe that theſe laſt are in the right. You muſt frequently have remarked that beautiful human figures, as well male as female, appear leſs than thoſe of equal ſize, that are not ſo well formed. I have often made the ſame obſervation on trees. The fineſt oak I ever ſaw did not appear to me ſo tall, or ſo large, as others around it; which were leſs beautiful, and which in fact were leſs in ſize.

The Pope is a handſome old man, ſeventy-four years of age. He exerciſes his office with great dignity; and, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, when ſpeaking of ſo ſacred a trade, with native grace. The muſic,

muſic, which is performed by men, from fifty to ſixty in number, and without inſtrumental accompaniments, exalts and enraptures the heart of the hearer. The principal perſons ſtand in a circle round the altar; and ſurrounded by the Swiſs guard. This guard, which is really compoſed of men born in Switzerland, is a gigantic company; and, on ſolemn days, is clad in antient armour: which effectually contributes to increaſe the ſolemnity of the whole.

When the ſervice was over, the Pope was placed on a high throne, and borne out of church. The guards marched on each ſide of him; and two men followed the throne, who wore large plumes of white peacock's feathers. The Cardinals walked before the Pope, who beſtowed his benediction on the kneeling people. Our company, and ſome other Proteſtants, did not kneel; either to receive the benediction, or when the Pope at maſs raiſed the ſacred chalice, and ſhewed it to the people.

We ſuffered all the people to leave the church, in which we afterward remained about half an hour. The longer we ſtaid the more we found the building expanding itſelf to our view. Full of the impreſſion it had made upon us, at laſt we left it; but ſhall often return. I will lead you thither again, at leaſt in imagination, when the individual obſervations I ſhall have made, ſhall have aſſumed ſomething like the form of a whole. The firſt view has overcome my faculties. Like the king of the beaſts, it not only reigns but it devours.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

Rome, 28th December 1791.

THE very day after our arrival, we viſited our dear country-woman, Angelica Kauffmann. This diſtinguiſhed artiſt unites the ſimplicity of a great man with all the lovelineſs of the female. Kindneſs and dignity beam in her countenance; confirming all that had been told me of her, by my ſiſter and ſeveral friends.

From Angelica Kauffmann, we went to Counſellor Reifenſtein; who is an active open friendly man, and an enthuſiaſtic lover of the arts. He requeſted us to come to him the next morning; and he then ſhewed us a picture painted in wax colours. You know that the antients made uſe of theſe colours; but that the art had been loſt. A Spaniſh Jeſuit, whoſe name was Requino, recovered it, and wrote a book on the ſubject. Artiſts deſpiſed it; but Reifenſtein read the book, made ſome experiments himſelf, convinced himſelf of the truth of the diſcovery, and induced a young painter of talent to exerciſe the art. After ſome trials, he produced an excellent picture; the ſubject of which is Catullus conſoling Leſbia, for the death of her ſparrow; and beginning his excellent poem, *Lugete o Veneres Cupidineſque!* Catullus is ſeated: the beauteous Leſbia ſtands before him, weeping. A female holds a plate, on which is the dead bird. Something behind the latter, another figure peeps; mocking at the ſorrow of Leſbia, but unſeen by her. Leſbia is very lovely; and the figure of Catullus, who is looking at her and writing the firſt verſe of his poem in his tablets, is in my opinion excellent. Theſe colours are pleaſant, expreſſive, and animating; and have not that ſhining glare, which is peculiar to oil colours; and which obliges the ſpectator to remove from ſide to ſide to find the point of view.

The

The art of painting in this manner, if I have underſtood Counſellor Reifenſtein rightly, is as follows. Wax and gum are put in water, and placed on the fire. The *caput mortuum* is depoſited; and the remaining oily water is mixed up with colours. Theſe colours, when ſingly laid on, are entirely ſpiritleſs: but the picture is afterward coated with melted wax. It is then placed with its back toward a chafing diſh, properly prepared: by which the ſuperfluous wax is taken away.

Either I miſtake, or, the excellent production of this young painter leads us to hope that the loſt art will be completely reſtored: if I ought not rather to ſay that it is reſtored.

The paintings found in Herculaneum prove the durability of this art. They have lain under ground above fifteen hundred years, and are yet freſh: whereas our oil and water colours, ſo ſituated, would not have preſerved their beauty twenty years. I remember to have read in Plutarch that the paintings with which Pericles adorned one of the temples of Athens, and which Sylla brought to Rome, according to the teſtimony of hiſtorians, who had ſeen them, were as well preſerved as when they came freſh from the hands of the artiſts. Who can ſay the ſame of the pictures of Raphael; or of later maſters? Yet thoſe, which Plutarch ſaw, had been painted ſome centuries longer than thoſe of Raphael have now been.

I have made a viſit to Cardinal Bernis. This old gentleman, who ſo many years performed the ſplendid character of Ambaſſador from France, lives now retired in his palace. All Rome ſtill teſtifies great reſpect for him: and this behaviour muſt be much more flattering to him now than formerly; becauſe its ſincerity is much leſs liable to be ſuſpected. He is an agreeable man, though he begins to feel the weight of years.

You know that what are called *converzationi*, in Italy, reſemble our aſſemblies; and they well deſerve their name, for there is much more converſation in them than among us, who ſpend our time in gaming. Here they ſeldom play. Though the apartments, in which they aſſemble, are much more ſpacious than in other cities, yet, the nobility is ſo

numerous that they are often very crowded. People go from one *conversazione* to another: for, as they come uninvited, they are at liberty to ſtay or go.

Here, the animation of the Italians is diſplayed, in its full force. To liſten to their voices, to obſerve their attitudes and geſticulation, you would imagine they were diſcuſſing the moſt momentous queſtions: but, when you approach and liſten to their diſcourſe, you are amazed that the ſubject is ſo trifling.

Among the uninſtructed, this vivacity diſplays itſelf in a tempeſtuous manner. Would you imagine that an aſſembled crowd were on the very point of drawing the ſtiletto, and falling on each other with blind rage, only becauſe, while one had been telling a ſtory, others had been acting it with grimace? I muſt however do the Italians the juſtice to own, that they do not poſſeſs vivacity that is merely momentary; but that they have in general much more true ardour, than is common to other nations; and when, as it frequently happens, they are inſpired by the true and the beautiful, their converſation reſembles a ſtream of fire. The boldeſt and fineſt expreſſions crowd on each other. Imagery and metaphor rapidly hurry them away; and yet, amidſt all their heat, they will ſtrictly keep to the queſtion they are diſcuſſing. It is delightful to converſe with ſuch men. They do not poſſeſs the gravity of the antient Romans; but rather ſeem to have the argumentative, animated, and pictureſque, powers of the Greeks. The latter are the noble gifts of nature: the former were partly aſſumed, and partly the conſequence of the conſtitution of antient Rome.

I have become acquainted with an Abbate, of the name of Puccini, who is one of the moſt witty and animated men I have ever known. He has a fine ſenſe of the beauties of poetry; and is a great connoiſſeur in antient and modern art. He does not, like too many of his countrymen, browſe among the brambles; but enters at once the gates of Paradiſe, which here open to receive him.

The ſame vivacity is obſervable among the women; but the wretched education

education the moſt of them receive gives it a falſe direction. Beautiful faces and forms are ſeen, among the women of faſhion; but more among the lower orders. In all the parts of Italy that I have viſited, I have met with many women, who might well ſit as models for the greateſt painters. In reality, we immediately recogniſe the figures of Raphael and Guido, when we look at women with children in their arms, or handling the ſpindle; which, eſpecially in Tuſcany, is ſeldom out of the hands of the women among the poor.

To a ſtranger, who has but few acquaintance, the *converſazioni* are likewiſe intereſting by the beautiful pictures, with which the apartments are uſually adorned. In the palace of Prince Doria, I lately ſaw two large apartments, the walls of which were entirely covered with landſcapes by Pouſſin.

I do not mean Pouſſin the famous hiſtory painter; but his brother-in-law, whoſe true name was Dughet, who lived in the houſe of Pouſſin at Rome, and from that circumſtance was likewiſe called, by the Romans, Pouſſin. Few of the principal painters have retained their true names. Corregio was called Corregio from the place of his birth, in the territory of Modena: his proper name was Allegri. The name of Guercino was really Barbieri; and he was called Guercino becauſe he ſquinted: which the word ſignified. You may remember that, among the old Romans, it was not held diſgraceful to be named after ſome bodily defect; and this cuſtom they communicated to their deſcendants. Thus they had *Pætus*, the ſquinting: *Verricoſus*, the warty: *Varus*, the crooked-legged: and many others. Paul Veroneſe was called after his native city: his name was Cagliari. Alexander Veroneſe, whoſe true name I do not know, was called the *Orbetto*, the blind boy: becauſe, when a boy, he led a blind man. The great Raphael was much oftener called Raphael *d'Urbino*, from the place of his birth, than by his family name, Santio.

The works of great maſters, while they are modern, have frequently the fate not to be eſteemed equal to their worth. Theſe paintings by

Pouſſin were firſt made uſe of as ſkreens; and in ſeveral of them we ſtill perceive the folds.

Vernet has often related, with unaſſuming candour, what ſmall and contemptible prices were given at firſt for his moſt excellent pictures, and how little they were eſteemed.

I ſaw four beautiful pictures, by Albani, at the palace of the Prince of Santa Croce; and a noble Aſſumption of the Virgin, by Guido. I ſuppoſed it to be an extraordinarily beautiful copy of the picture at Düſſeldorf; but it is here affirmed to be an original. This may probably be the truth; for he was called the painter of the Madonna; and in the figure of the Virgin, we recogniſe the hand of Guido; who may well have painted the ſame ſubject twice: or, what perhaps is more probable, he has retouched a copy, that was painted by one of his ſcholars.

We went this morning with Mr. Hirt, who is learned in antiquities and arts, to viſit the remains of the *Thermæ* of Diocleſian. The word Thermæ may eaſily be miſunderſtood. It may be ſuppoſed to mean nothing but warm baths: but the baths were properly no more than acceſſory. The chief purpoſe of what was called the Thermæ was to form a place for the exerciſe both of body and mind. The plan and its execution exceed all expreſſion. Here, in one row of buildings, all in harmony with each other, there were four half circular halls; which were intended, two for philoſophers, one for poets, and another for orators. A Greek and a Latin library, a building for boys to play at ball in, the warm baths, three ſpacious open places, one for wreſtlers, one for the caſting of the diſcus, the third for throwing the lance, and a large bath for ſwimmers, all were here. At the two corners, were two round temples; dedicated one to Minerva, and the other to Hermes (Mercury); the firſt as the protectreſs of ſcience, the ſecond as the inventor of bodily exerciſes. Perhaps the laſt was dedicated to Hercules. One of theſe temples, which conſtituted but a very ſmall part of the whole, is now become the church of the Bernardines. The whole wall is antient; as likewiſe is a beautiful hemiſpherical cupola,

pola, at the top of which there was formerly an opening, but on which there is now a little covered cupola: which, in the language of architecture, is called a lanthorn. Within the outer row of buildings, there is an alley of green plane trees; that probably were planted for the recreation of philoſophers, poets, and orators.

The place which was deſtined for the wreſtlers is now a beautiful Carthuſian church, built in the figure of the Greek croſs. One ſide of the croſs now occupies the place where formerly the *Appodyterion*, where the wreſtlers undreſſed themſelves, ſtood. The large bath, for the ſwimmers, is dried up; and is now the garden of the Carthuſians. The Bernardine cloiſter, many large granaries of the Pope, and a great laundry, take up the remainder of the place which was formerly ſet apart for theſe buildings.

The walls of this laundry are decorated with orange trees; that now, on the 28th of December, not only bear fruit but are in bloom. A few days ago in the morning, we ſaw a little ice in the ſtreets. In this country, the trees ſtrengthen more in the open air than, with us, in the green houſe; and endure a degree of cold, which would be inſupportable in our climate. The difference between the climate of Italy and of Germany is ſo great that it is frequently* colder, here, at the end of December, than it is with us in October; when we find it neceſſary to remove the orange trees into the green houſe.

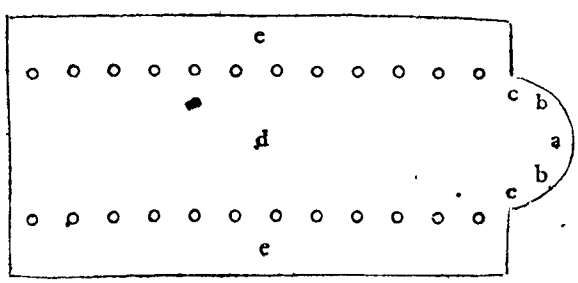
Near theſe Thermæ is the beautiful *Fontana del Aqua Felice;* ſo called after Sixtus the Fifth, whoſe proper name was Felix. This Pope reſtored the antient aqueducts; and likewiſe the fountain of *Aqua Julia*, that was erected by Agrippa. It is embelliſhed with four Ionic columns, between which there are three niches, cut in the hard lime ſtone, which the Italians call *Travertino*†. In the middle niche Moſes ſtands, of a coloſſal ſize; with his arm raiſed, in the act of commanding the water to ſpring from the rock. The two other niches are ornamented with baſſi relievi: one of which

* I ſuſpect the word *nicht*, not, has been accidentally omitted. T.

† This ſtone is found at Tivoli, the antient Tibur; and from *Tiburtino* the Italians have made *Travertina*.

repreſents Aaron, leading the Iſraelites to the fountain; and the other Gideon, chooſing his warriors at the brook, with whom he meant to fight the Midianites.

Leaving this place, we went to the church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*; which was built in the middle of the fourth century, during the pontificate of Pope Liberius, by Johannes Patricius, on the ruins of the temple of *Juno Lucina*. Within, it was entirely in the form of the antient *baſilica*, or court of juſtice; a form, which, according to the acute obſervation of Mr. Hirt, was choſen by the Chriſtians for two reaſons: firſt, becauſe of their diſlike to the Pagan temples: and ſecondly, becauſe the form of the Baſilic beſt correſponded with the church ſervice, and the liturgy of thoſe times. To render this idea the more clear, I here encloſe a little drawing.



a The place of the prætor, among the Romans.
b Places of the other judges.
c Places of the pleaders.
d and e e } Places where the people ſtood.

The order of this beautiful building was well adapted to the divine ſervice of the Chriſtians.

a The place of the biſhop.
b and c Places for the deacons.
d The congregation.
e In the body of the church, and between the pillars and the walls,

on

on one ſide the women ſtood: on the other the unbaptiſed converts, the catechumens, and probably the penitents.

The architects afterward added chapels, on each ſide. They then thought again, and enlarged the ſides of the ſtructure; till the whole building aſſumed the form of a Greek croſs: that is, a croſs the four ſides of which are equal.

By this means the churches loſt, not only much of their antient beauty, but likewiſe the advantage of the biſhop being ſeen and eaſily heard, by the whole congregation: which advantage they willingly ſacrificed for another; namely, that of erecting three altars, on each of which maſs might be read. I ſay three, becauſe one ſide was ſet apart for the entrance.

From this alteration they proceeded to another, and aſſumed the form of the long croſs; which has been called the Latin croſs; becauſe, in reality, the Grecian was not the true form of the croſs. The form of this croſs became diſfigured, by chapels erected on each ſide (in which they might place altars) to the number of five, or ſeven, or even more.

We Proteſtants ſhould do well again to revive the antient form of the Baſilic. This word is derived from the Greek Βασιλεύς; which, ſignifies *king*; becauſe, in antient times, the kings adminiſtered juſtice. Without regard to their form, from an abuſe of terms, the word *Baſilic* has been applied to the principal church. In conformity to a barbarous cuſtom, to-day being a feſtival, the beautiful white marble pillars were hung with red damaſk.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

Rome, 31ſt December 1791.

THE day before yeſterday, we ſpent a very pleaſant morning, in viſiting St. Peter's with the Abbate Puccini. But do not expect me to ſay any thing of this building at preſent. I muſt endeavour to underſtand it better; and how ſuperficial at laſt will be all I can have to ſay!

From the church, he took us to where the moſaic work is executed. This art has been brought to great perfection, by the moderns; and it may thank the works of the great painters that it will remain, as long as the names of theſe painters ſhall be known. I thought I had ſeen ſome very beautiful moſaic work, before I came to Rome; but how was I amazed, when I beheld that which is in St. Peter's church! At certain heights, where the joining of the inlaid pieces diſappeared, the degree of beauty and deception which is produced, is inconceivable.

Among the paintings, here copied in moſaic, is a very beautiful one by Angelica. The youthful Mary, while yet a tender virgin, is pouring water into a flower vaſe; in which are blooming lilies. A ray from heaven falls on the holy maiden: her father ſtands admiring: her mother is wrapt in maternal ecſtacy. The copy, in moſaic work, is intended for the chapel of Loretto. The deſtination of the original is not yet fixed.

We went in the evening to the *Palazzo Colonna*, at which there was a concert. This palace exceeds in magnificence all that I have yet ſeen. The palaces and apartments of our princes and kings are tinſel, compared to the grandeur of the principal Romans. I will not weary you with deſcriptions of common place pomp; the number of their ſervants, the richneſs of their liveries, the coſtly illuminations, and other

other ſuch trifles, not worth your notice: but will imagine the pleaſure you would receive from the pictures, which fill the various apartments; eſpecially the great gallery, one of the largeſt in Europe, which is entirely faced with marble, and embelliſhed with a noble collection of paintings and antique ſtatues. Here you find a profuſion of the black African marble; which was brought from the territories of Carthage, and from which quarries it is no longer dug; and likewiſe four fine antique pillars of *giallo antico*, as it is called, or yellow marble, from the ſame country, which is now become equally rare.

Our princes, as well as many private perſons, who pretend to pomp and grandeur, ſhould behold the Roman magnificence, and quit theſe pretenſions, by which they are ſo much eclipſed: their own are as detrimental as they are inſignificant.

Yeſterday morning, we viſited the Coloſſeum. Before I ſay any thing of theſe grand remains of Roman antiquity, I will requeſt you to accompany me, in imagination, through the triumphal arches of Conſtantine, of Titus, of Septimius Severus, of the ruins of antient temples, which you will recogniſe partly from hiſtory and partly from the deſcriptions of the poets, and thence through the Forum to the Capitol.

Here, which was properly the ſeat of antient Rome, the remains of antiquity ſeem collected; and only ſcattered through other parts of the city, though ſtill found in plenty. Having paſſed all theſe, we muſt repoſe at the Coloſſeum.

Chariot races, and exerciſes of ſtrength and activity, in the time of the elder Tarquin, were the delight of the Romans; who aſſembled, for theſe purpoſes, in a ſpacious oval place called the Great Circus. In thoſe days, the ſpectators ſtood; in later ages they ſat on wooden benches, placed in rows one above the other.

Dramatic repreſentations were not performed in ſtationary theatres; but on ſcaffo ding, which was quickly erected and removed. The law did not permit them to build durable theatres: but the law ſeldom can

repreſs the ſpirit of luxury, which here had the unfortunate property of combining the creations of genius with the madneſs of folly. In the year of Rome 599, the Cenſors, Marcus Valerius Meſſala, and Caius Caſſius Longinus, whoſe duty it was to reſtrain the increaſe of luxury, built a ſuperb theatre; which was pulled down before it was finiſhed, becauſe P. Scipio Naſica, whom the ſenate declared to be a man of juſt intentions, oppoſed it with his whole power.

In the year of Rome 694, Æmilius Scaurus, the ſtepſon of Sylla, built a theatre which would contain eighty thouſand ſpectators. The ſcenes were of three partitions: the undermoſt of marble, the middle of glaſs*, and the upper of gilded wood. It was adorned by three hundred and ſixty marble pillars, and three thouſand brazen ſtatues; and, when the performance of the games was ended, the whole was removed by Scaurus.

The expence, in pictures, tapeſtry, dreſs, and other articles, was ſo great that, when his country houſe was ſet on fire by his mutinous ſlaves, the loſs was eſtimated at three millions of rix-dollars; which unheard of ſum the theatre itſelf muſt have coſt. Theſe ſums were the fruit of the robberies which Metella, the wife of Sylla, had ſhared with her blood-thirſty huſband. Scaurus however was ſo deeply in debt that the province of Sardinia, which, as Praetor, he oppreſſed and plundered, was inſufficient for the reinſtatement of his affairs.

In the year of Rome 701, Curio, whoſe wealth, as Pliny tells us, originated in the conteſts of the principal men of Rome, determined to excel Scaurus as much in novelty of invention as he was inferior to him in enormity of expence. At the death of his father, he cauſed two theatres to be built. You know that the theatres of the antients had always the figure of a ſemicircle; and that their amphitheatres were either circular or oval. The theatre which was dedicated to the

* Pliny xxxvi. 15. *Ima pars ſcenæ e marmore fuit, media e vitro, inaudito et poſtea genere luxuriæ.*—*Glaſs* can mean nothing but *ornamented with glaſs:* however, we have but a very imperfect idea of the ornamental magnificence of the antients.

exerciſe

exerciſe of genius was of Greek invention: the amphitheatre of Roman; that the citizens, in the latter, might be ſpectators of racing, wreſtling, leaping, the fighting of wild beaſts, and the combats of gladiators. The two theatres of Curio were built with their backs toward each other; but ſo that there was an empty ſpace between them. A dramatic piece was performed in each of them, in the morning. In the afternoon, the theatres were both changed; for, while the people were ſeated upon high gradations of benches, the hinges were ſo artfully contrived that the theatres met each other: ſo that the whole ſuddenly formed an amphitheatre, in which combatants preſented a new ſpectacle *. In the year 488 after the building of the city, the ſanguinary combats between gladiators were firſt exhibited in the *Circus*, by M. and D. Brutus; who intended by this means to honour the funeral of their father. The people of Campania indulged in the combats of the gladiators more early, and even during their banquets. This frantic love of cruelty rapidly increaſed. In the year of Rome 536, the ſons of M. Æmilius Lepidus, intending to honour their father's memory, had games performed which continued three days, and in which twenty-two pair of gladiators combated. Thirty-three years afterward, ſeventy gladiators fought.

It became cuſtomary for every general, before he undertook any expedition, to preſent this prelude of murder to the people. Cæſar maintained ſome thouſands of gladiators, at his own expence; and, when Ædile, exhibited games in which three hundred and twenty pair entered the field of battle. Trajan, that pride of the Pagan world! Trajan, the greateſt and moſt benevolent of the Emperors! Trajan, whoſe virtue, after he became Emperor, was proverbial, "As fortunate as Auguſtus, as virtuous as Trajan!" even Trajan indulged this practice. He gave games during a hundred and twenty days ſucceſſively, in which there were ten thouſand gladiators.

* Pliny xxxvi. 15.

Auguſtus made a law by which private individuals, who thought proper to preſent the people with ſuch ſpectacles, ſhould be limited not to expend above half their ſubſtance.

The people expreſſed their joy, when a gladiator received his death wound, with wild ſhouts: crying, *Habet! Hoc habet!* Some of the combatants engaged each other with ſimilar weapons: ſuch were often called Samnites; not becauſe they really were Samnites, but becauſe the Romans, full of ignoble antipathy againſt a people who had reſiſted their arms for a hundred years, delighted in beholding the murder of a Samnite.

Cruelty once indulged is not eaſily ſatiated. It requires variety of murder, and its horrible neceſſities make it inventive. Gladiators, who held an elaſtic net in their right hand, and a three pronged weapon in the left, endeavoured to caſt the net over the head of their opponent; and then to pierce him with their prongs. If the attempt failed, the antagoniſt purſued the aſſailant to death. Hence the latter was called the *Secutor*, purſuer; and the former *Retiarius*, the net bearer.

The net bearers combated alſo with armed Gauls, who were called *Mirmillones*. The latter bore the figure of a fiſh on a helmet. Theſe Mirmillones endeavoured to eſcape the net bearer, by ducking the head, and at the ſame moment to give a blow in the foot, that ſhould diſable his enemy; that he might afterward deſtroy him. It was uſual for the net bearer, as he followed the Mirmillon, to exclaim, *Non te peto, piſcem peto: Quid me fugis, Galle?* I do not aim at thee, but at thy fiſh: Why doſt thou fly me, Gaul *?

If a gladiator expreſſed a ſenſe of pain, after being wounded, or aſked for his life, the people, enraged, would frequently exclaim,

* An alluſion is no doubt made to the gladiators, and perhaps to this kind of gladiator, by Terence; when he makes his old man, Simo, ſtorming at his ſon for being in love with a girl, exclaim, *Captus eſt; habet.* Ter. An. act. 1. ſc. 1.

Occide!

Occide! ure! verbera! * Kill! burn! whip him! I remember ſomewhere to have read that they had the cruelty to apply burning irons to the half expiring, that they might induce them to exert their ſmall remains of power.

Sometimes the people pardoned ſuch gladiators as had formerly excelled in agility, or courage. The raiſing of the hand, with the thumb lowered, was a token that they ſhould live. The hand ſhut, with the thumb raiſed, was the ſign of death. It was uſual for the people to cry, *Recipe ferrum!* Receive the ſword!

As ſoon as a combatant was dead, ſlaves, whoſe office it was, entered, drove a hook into his body, and dragged him away through the *Porta Libitina*, or gate of death, to bury him.

The gladiators were, ſome of them priſoners of war; ſome free perſons, who had ſtudied the art; and others foundlings, whoſe education deſtined them to this trade.

The inſtructor of theſe combatants was called *Laniſta*. The ſchool in which they were trained was a large building, in which thoſe who were ſet apart to murder, or to be murdered, were exerciſed.

They were not at liberty to go where they pleaſed, when not exerciſing; but were each ſhut up in a different cell, like dogs in their kennel. In the latter times of the republic, theſe gladiators were made ſubſervient to the ambition of the powerful; and were let looſe, among the people, like hounds among wild beaſts.

When the people granted a gladiator his life, it was frequently only for the day: he muſt again attend the games on the morrow; and, perhaps, during their whole continuance, though they ſhould be but juſt begun. Whoever had vanquiſhed ſeveral opponents one after the other, received a ſword of wood, *rudis*; which was encircled with palm; and he was from that time releaſed from the *Arena* of the gla-

* Seneca.

diators. He then hung up his ſword, his ſhield, and his helmet, in the temple of Hercules *.

Free gladiators, who hired themſelves, were paid a great price; and the *Rudiarii* a much greater: for this was the epithet beſtowed on thoſe who had received the wooden ſword.

In the times of the Emperors, the Roman citizens, knights, and ſenators, degraded themſelves with combating with hired gladiators and ſlaves. The Emperor Commodus preſented himſelf as a gladiator, and received for each day out of the gladiators' treaſury, ἐκ των μονομαχικων χρηματων †, about fifty thouſand rix dollars. He was remarkably powerful in combating with wild beaſts.

In the time of Domitian, female gladiators roſe up; and the Romans

* Horace has a beautiful alluſion to this cuſtom, when Mæcenas wiſhes again to induce him to write.

Prima dicte mihi, ſumma dicende Camœna,
Spectatum ſatis et donatum jam rude quæris,
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem eſt ætas, non mens. Vejanius, armis
Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro,
Ne populum extrema toties exoret arena.

HOR. lib. i. ep. i. 1—6.

O Thou to whom the Muſe firſt tun'd her lyre,
Whoſe friendſhip ſhall her lateſt ſong inſpire,
Wherefore, Mæcenas, would you thus engage
Your bard, diſmiſſed with honour from the ſtage,
Again to venture on the liſts of Fame,
His youth, his genius, now no more the ſame?
Secure in his retreat Vejanius lies,
Hangs up his arms, nor courts the doubtful prize;
Wiſely reſolv'd to tempt his fate no more,
Or the light crowd for his diſcharge implore.

FRANCIS.

Dion Caſſius,

were

were at laſt ſo addicted to this ſanguinary ſpectacle that, like their predeceſſors the people of Campania, they had them at their feaſts.

Certain combatants fought in chariots, and were called *Eſſediarii*. Others fought on horſeback, with deep helmets; ſo that they could not ſee each other; and thus ran the courſe, with their ſpears, blindfold.

When once a people are accuſtomed to the ſight of blood, the luſt of indulging ſuch horrible ſpectacles increaſes to the moſt outrageous phrenſy. Political conſiderations ſhould have taught the free Romans that a ſavage nation is incapable of liberty. And how ſavage muſt that nation be, whoſe very matrons, and veſtals, were accuſtomed to ſuch ſpectacles!

The ſubjected Greeks were late in adopting theſe practices. When, in the time of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, it was propoſed to the Athenians to introduce them, in imitation of the Corinthian gladiators, the philoſopher Demonax exclaimed, with noble indignation, Oh, men of Athens, riſe, before you indulge in battles like theſe, riſe, and demoliſh the altars which your fathers have erected to Mercy!

Conſtantine, the firſt Chriſtian Emperor, though not able entirely to ſuppreſs this horrid practice, forbad it; being excited ſo to do by Lactantius. Under the Emperor Honorius, when Prudentius, a Chriſtian poet, had endeavoured to obtain the abolition of theſe ſpectacles, Telemachos, a hermit of the Eaſt, appeared in the amphitheatre. As ſoon as the combat had begun, he deſcended, with a dignified ſimplicity, inflamed by the ſpirit of benevolence and holy zeal, into the *Arena*, and endeavoured to prevent the combatants from murdering each other. The ſpectators, enraged, roſe and ſtoned him. Perhaps there may be ſome who will feel inclined to ridicule the ſimplicity of this dignified man; though, had it been the act of a Heathen philoſopher, they would have admired and cited it as exemplary. Telemachos however was the laſt ſacrifice to this accurſed cuſtom. Honorius

was moved, forbad the games of the gladiators, and from that period they were entirely aboliſhed.

A ſhort time before, it was proved, by the example of a young man, how ſeducing the ſight of bloodſhed is; and how little man can depend on his own reſolution. Alipus came from Africa to Rome, filled with abhorrence againſt the games of the Amphitheatre. Some youths, who were his fellow ſtudents in the law, entreated, teaſed, and dragged him, that they might forcibly make him accompany them to the ſpectacle. "You may oblige my body to go," ſaid Alipus, "but I will forbid my eyes and my ſoul to take any part in the act: they ſhall triumph, they ſhall remain unmoved." They took him with them, and found the ſpectators heated by the ſight of the combatants. Alipus ſhut his eyes and confirmed himſelf in his reſolution. A loud cry of pleaſure, from the people, occaſioned him to waver. He looked, and ſaw the blood ſtreaming from the death wound of a gladiator. "At that inſtant," ſaid St. Auguſtin, "his ſoul was overcome: he beheld the blood without emotion; and unconſciouſly to himſelf, imbibed cruelty, excited rage in himſelf, reveled in crime, and ſuddenly wallowed in blood *."

He left the amphitheatre a changed man, and no longer abſtained from viſiting it; but rather was the encourager of others.

He attended the ſchool of Rhetoric, in which Auguſtin taught; and this holy man, having introduced the ſubject of gladiators, ſpoke ſo as to make a deep impreſſion on the heart of Alipus. He debated with himſelf, returned no more to the amphitheatre, and became an excellent man, and a biſhop. By his virtuous life, he proved an enlightened and warning example to his congregation.

I ſhould not be aſtoniſhed, could we live to ſee it, were we to behold

* *Ut vidit illum ſanguinem, immanitatem ſimul bibit; et non ſe avertit, ſed fixit aſpectum, et hauriebat furias et nesciebat, et delectabatur ſcelere certaminis, et cruenta voluptate inebriebatur.*

law-

lawgivers of a nation, who have openly renounced the bleſſings of Chriſtianity, a thouſand years hence, again to introduce a cuſtom ſo diſgraceful to human nature. They may probably, from ſome deluſion of political blindneſs, or ſome miſguided phrenſy, endeavour in this manner to ſatisfy the blood thirſty propenſity of a people who ſhall have been accuſtomed to the murder of their fellow-citizens. Inſtead of hounds, the Perſian hunter takes a ſmall kind of tiger behind him on his horſe; having firſt bandaged the animal's eyes. As ſoon as he diſcovers his prey, he tears the bandage from the eyes of the tiger, which ſprings down, purſues the beaſt, ſeizes upon him, and, catching him by the throat, drinks his blood. Having ſatiated his thirſt, he leaves the dead animal to the hunter; who takes up the carcaſe, and, blinding the eyes of the tiger, again places him on his horſe. Should the hunted animal eſcape, the tiger is raging; and his maſter approaches him warily, ſmiling throws him a lamb, which he brought for the purpoſe, and, when the tiger has drunk the blood, blinds him again, but not without danger, and again purſues his way.

The firſt permanent theatre was built by Pompey; and the firſt permanent amphitheatre by Statilius Taurus. The games were firſt acted in the time of Auguſtus. Veſpaſian undertook to erect one which ſhould be as capacious as poſſible: that is, that its aim ſhould be to contain the greateſt number of ſpectators, the moſt diſtant of whom ſhould have a clear view of the whole games. This purpoſe was accompliſhed by an architect, whoſe name was Gaudentius. He afterward became a Chriſtian; and, like many other martyrs, was thrown to the wild beaſts, in the amphitheatre that he had built.

This ſtructure was erected by Veſpaſian after his war with the Jews; ten thouſand of whom, his priſoners, were employed on the building. Titus opened it with games; and thus conſecrated it to the memory of his father, Veſpaſian; after whom, taking the family name of theſe Emperors, it was called *Amphitheatrum Flavium.*

The

The greateſt combat that Rome ever ſaw was given here by Domitian; the brother and ſucceſſor of Titus. This *Amphitheatrum Flavium* was more frequently called the *Coloſſeum:* from a coloſſal ſtatue, which Nero had placed in the entrance hall of his palace. It was the figure of Phœbus, to which Nero had given his own head. Veſpaſian took away the head of Nero, replaced it with another, and removed the ſtatue very near the amphitheatre.

The *Coloſſeum* is of an oval form. The *Arena*, or place for the combatants and wild beaſts to fight in, was five hundred and eighty feet long, and four hundred and eighty feet broad. The height of the building was ſuppoſed to be a hundred and ſixty feet. The circumference, and the walls to the north, are entirely preſerved. The benches contain places for eighty-ſix thouſand ſpectators; with room for twenty thouſand that might ſtand. The loweſt rows of benches were for the veſtals and ſenators. Above them there were ſeveral rows, riſing in gradation, for the Roman knights: above theſe the citizens ſat; over them the women; and, on the higheſt ſeats of all, the principal matrons. Above the ſpectators ſtood the men whoſe office it was to ſhade the whole building, by cloth: for the theatre and amphitheatre were frequently protected from the ſun beams in this manner *. The great

* This practice was known in the times of the republic. Q. Catulus firſt threw a cloth over a theatre, when he rebuilt the Capitol, in the year of Rome 68 and conſecrated it, fourteen years after it had been burnt down †. Cæſar covered the whole Forum with canvas, ſo as to ſhade the way from his houſe to the Capitol ‡. Lucretius, who was a contemporary of Cicero, ſpeaking of the effect of the colours, ſays,

Et volgo faciunt id lutea, ruſſaque vela,
Et ferrugina, cum magnis intenta theatris
Per malos volgata trabeiſque trementia flutant:
Namque ibi conſeſſum caveai ſubter, et omnem
Scenai ſpecies, Patrum, Matrumque, Deorumque

† Plin. xix. cap. i. ‡ Ibid.

Inficiunt,

great tribune of the Emperors was placed in the centre, between the ſeats of the ſenators. There were three rows of arcades, riſing each above the other, and each ſupported by pillars. The undermoſt were

Inficiunt, coguntque ſuo fluitare colore:
Et quanto circum magè ſunt incluſa theatri
Mœnia, tam magis hæc intus perfuſa lepore
Omnia conrident conrepta luce diei.

LUCRET. iv. 73—81.

Thus when pale curtains, or the deeper red,
O'er all the ſpacious theatre are ſpread,
Which mighty maſts and ſturdy pillars bear,
And the looſe curtains wanton in the air,
Whole ſtreams of colours from the top do flow,
The rays divide them in their paſſage through,
And ſtain the ſcenes, and men, and gods below:
The more theſe curtains ſpread, the pleaſing dye
Rides on the beams the more, and courts the eye.

CREECH, v. 75.

It was not ſufficient for the Romans to be ſhaded by canvas, which was very coſtly, but they would have fine canvas, of different colours; and pleaſed themſelves with the waving brightneſs of theſe colours, which, as Lucretius ſays, "wanton in the air." Nero ſpread an entirely gilded theatre over with tapeſtry; in the centre of which he was repreſented, as a charioteer. Phœbus, no doubt; for he was ſurrounded by ſtars. Thus that which, in the time of Catulus, was eſteemed an unheard-of luxury, a few ages afterward became a neceſſary. The tyrant Caligula was accuſed of tyranny, for having frequently, during the games of the gladiators, ordered the canvas, which ſhaded the people from the great heat of the ſun, to be drawn back, and forbidden any one to leave the theatre *.

In theſe luxurious times, the Romans, in order to freſhen the air, had the cuſtom of mixing water, wine, and ſaffron † together; and, by the means of concealed machines, to ſhower it down, from the higheſt ſeats, over the oppreſſed ſpectators, as a gentle rain. The humidity fell ſlowly, like a ſinking cloud. We learn, from Seneca, that the compreſſion of the air reſiſted theſe ſaffron ſhowers. Nor did they content themſelves with the uſe of common ſaffron ‡; they gathered the *crocus* of the promontory of *Corycus*: for this plant certainly grew in the *Corycium Antrum* of *Cilicia*. They likewiſe covered the theatre over with the expenſive and purple cloth of Spain.

* Suet. Cal. cap. xxvi. † Sen. Nat. Quæſt. lib. ii. 9, and Sen. Ep. 90. ‡ Maternus Cilano, Röm. Alterth. 2 th. ſ. 598.

of the Doric order, the next of the Ionic, and the uppermoſt of the Corinthian. As it was cuſtomary for the antients to introduce different orders, they took care to place the ſimpleſt order, which ſhould have the character of grandeur and ſolidity, as the ſupport of the lighter and more ornamental. This was done to delight the eye, and to give the greater reality of appearance. With equally ſtrict and yet more neceſſary attention, they had learned the art of communicating ſolidity to their prodigious buildings, by making the lighter maſs reſt upon the heavier. Thus they laid the light tufa ſtone on the hard lime ſtone; and upon the tufa the brick.

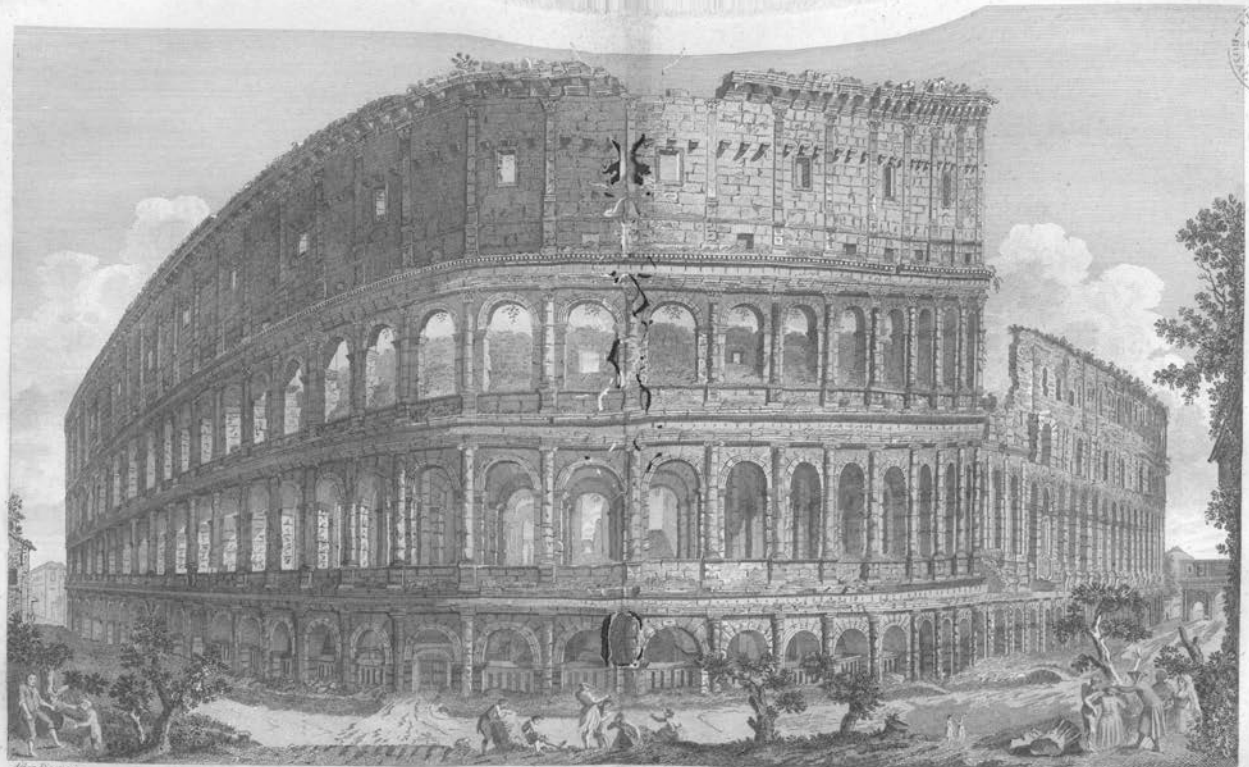
The uppermoſt arches are of another kind of porous tufa ſtone, which is lighter even than the brick.

I ſend you an engraving of the Coloſſeum, which will give you a better idea of the whole than any I can communicate; for I am but a novice in the art of architecture.

We mounted to the ſeats of the citizens; and, high as we were, we could very plainly look down on the *arena:* nor is there any doubt but that the ſtill higher matrons had their full view; to favour which the ſpectators ſat in half darkneſs, and the light fell full on the place of action.

The Coloſſeum was built on the ſpot which had been a fiſh pond, appertaining to what was called the golden palace of Nero. This palace, with its buildings, porticos, gardens, ponds, and baths, included a great part of the antient city, three of its hills, the Palatine, the Eſquiline, the Cælius, and all the ſpace between theſe places. Rome proper, in theſe unfortunate times, became uninhabited. The citizens lived in the ſuburbs. The Emperor's paſſion for building could not find ſpace ſufficient in the city. Thus, many of the wonders of architecture were deſtroyed: buildings by which their founders had endeavoured to immortalize their names: and thus Nero, after the manner of deſpots, fearful of being forgotten, laboured to eſtabliſh his own memory. His golden palace, however, was ſoon deſtroyed; and the

place



After Piranesi.

Outside View of the Colosseum.

place where it ſtood was occupied by the Coloſſeum, and the baths of Titus.

On all ſides of the Coloſſeum there were works of art. Firſt there was the Coloſſal Phœbus; from which the building took its name, and which was a hundred and forty ſpans in height. Second, the *Vivarium*; or the encloſed place in which the wild beaſts were kept. Third, a portico, which led from the palace to the Coloſſeum; and, laſtly, the *Meta ſudans*, or ſweating goal; which is the name of a fountain, ſo called, becauſe, like the goals of the Circus, its form was conical. It is now fallen, and the inner ſection of it only remains*.

Not far from the Coloſſeum are the ruins of a temple; which was dedicated to Phœbus and Diana. It reſted on two ſemi rotundas; the back parts of which touch each other.

On another ſide, the triumphal arch of Conſtantine remains. It is in good preſervation; and, for the moſt part, is embelliſhed with ſtatues, and baſſi relievi, of antient times. The grandeur of art had ceaſed before the time of Conſtantine. The love of the wonderful had extinguiſhed the perception of the ſublime. The baſſi relievi, which are of the time of Conſtantine, disfigure the triumphal arch as much as it is ornamented by thoſe above mentioned. Among the laſt are four large ſtatues of generals conquering the enemy.

One baſſo relievo appeared to me excellent. You muſt remember that Trajan, after his victories over the Daci, refuſed the honours of a triumph, alighted from his horſe, and entered the city followed by prodigious multitudes. Here, he is repreſented, with the people, led by the Goddeſs of Rome, and followed by Victory; by whom he is crowned. Above, there are beautiful figures, in alto relievo, of the

* I afterward ſaw a repreſentation of this fountain on a pedeſtal; which, if I do not miſtake, was in the *Muſeum Pium Clementinum*. The water ſprang from a high ſhell-formed cone. From the ſhell it ran through pipes, into the hollow cone; from which it ſtreamed, through the open jaws of lions, to ſatisfy the thirſty people, who ſtood under the ſhell.

time of Marcus Aurelius, which repreſent the deeds of his father, Antoninus Pius.

Over the triumphal arch, there is the figure of the hero, as a conqueror, in bronze, in a chariot with four horſes.

From this, we went to the triumphal arch of Titus. Among other things, you here ſee the river Jordan, one of the ſeven branched candleſticks of the Temple, and a table with the ſhew-bread, carried in triumph. In the hollow of the arch, above, is the apotheoſis of Titus; typified by an eagle bearing him away: a proof that this monument was erected after his death. The Jews, to this day, do not paſs through the arch; but on one ſide.

Leaving the triumphal arch of Titus, on the right you ſee the ruins of the temple of Peace; which appears to have been the largeſt of thoſe that were erected by the Romans. You then come to the ruins of the temple of Romulus and Remus; and afterward of thoſe that were built by the Senate to M. Aurelius Antoninus and his wicked wife Fauſtina.

On the left are the beautiful remains of the temple of Concord; the work of Camillus, on reconciling the People and the Senate, after their dangerous diſſenſions. It was in this temple that Cicero aſſembled the Senate, and obtained judgment againſt Lentulus and Cethegus, who were conſpirators with Catiline.

Near this, on the ſame ſide, are the ruins of the temple that was firſt built by Romulus, on the ſpot where the Sabine women, after being reconciled to their huſbands, and having borne them children, had ruſhed into the field of battle, and perſuaded the Sabines and the Romans to make peace*. He called it the temple of *Jupiter Stator*, Jupiter the Preventor. Neither of theſe temples, however, are of the time of Romulus and Camillus; but of Adrian, by whom they were built to replace the others, after the great fire of Rome.

* Liv. i. 13.

From

After Piranesi
1. Vestiges of the temple of Jupiter Tonans. 5. Temple of Antonine and Faustina.
9. Vestiges of the Palace of the Caesars on the Palatine. 15. The Colosseum.

From thence, we came to the *Forum Romanum*, which is now called the *Campo Vaccino;* or Cow field; becauſe it ſerves as the beaſt market. We found it full of cattle, and hogs. What a change in mortal affairs! The paſſage of Virgil ſtrongly recurred to my recollection, when I heard the lowing of the cattle on the Roman Forum, in which he relates that, above four hundred years before the founding of Rome, Evander led Æneas to his poor hut, and the hero there heard cattle low, from the place where the Forum was afterward erected.

Talibus inter ſe dictis ad tecta ſubibant
Pauperis Evandri, paſſimque armenta videbant
Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis *.

VIRG. Æn. viii. 359–61.

Diſcourſing thus together, they reſort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall:
Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl.

DRYDEN.

Before us now ſtood the Capitol—

——*Capitoli immobile ſaxum!*

Under the hill of the Capitol, three pillars are ſtill ſtanding of the temple which was built by Auguſtus, to fulfil a vow, made by him at ſeeing a man ſtruck dead by lightning at his ſide. Suetonius relates an anecdote, which characterizes the ſuperſtition of the Romans. Auguſtus frequently viſited the temple of *Jupiter Tonans;* and he once dreamed that the Jupiter of the Capitol complained, becauſe he had occaſioned his altars to be forſaken. To this he replied, that he had appointed the Thundering Jupiter his doorkeeper. Auguſtus afterward hung up bells in the temple of the Thunderer; becauſe it was cuſtomary to hang up bells at doors †.

We aſcended the ſteps of the Capitol; which the *Valerii*, the *Fabii*,

* *Carinæ* (ſhip keels): ſo a place of Rome was called. Virgil calls it *Carinas lautas*, becauſe beautiful palaces in after times were built there.

† Suet. in vita Oct. 91.

and

and the *Scipios*, had aſcended as conquerors of nations. They are now ſo convenient, low, and broad, that they are eaſy of aſcent. We gratified ourſelves with a ſuperficial view of the antiquities, and with the thought that we were in the Capitol. We ſhall ſoon examine it more at our leiſure: I ſhall then ſend you ſuch remarks as I have to make.

To-day, we viſited the *Villa Ludoviſi*; which belongs to the Princes of *Piombino di Caſa Buoncompagni*, and is only open once a week, on a Saturday in the forenoon. It conſiſts of two buildings, ſeparated by the garden. Dominichino was the builder of the principal edifice: for this artiſt was not only a great painter, but alſo an excellent architect. The garden is a fine one; though, like moſt of the Italian gardens, it is chiefly planted with evergreens: which, in general, have not that character of lovelineſs that is ſo delightful in the foliage of other trees.

The Italians appear as if they build only for ſummer, and plant only for winter. In the winter their houſes are cold, and their gardens are green.

The *Ludoviſi* garden is full of beautiful laurel, of *Viburnum-Laurus-Thymus*, which is now in full bloom, of the fine Italian pine, the *Pinus Pinea* of Linnæus, which grows in the form of an umbrella, and is ſo often ſeen in the landſcapes of Hackaert, of the prickly oak, and of the large cypreſs; which, were it ſuffered to have its free growth, would, like all things in nature, have its peculiar beauties. Immediately facing the principal building, there are two fine large wild aſh trees.

This villa contains ſome excellent antiques: among others, a repoſing Mars, as ſome ſay, with a little cajoling Cupid between his legs. It is evident that another ſtatue belonged to the group; which conjecture ſuppoſes to have been Venus. Others are of opinion that this is a ſtatue of Jaſon; and that the figure that is wanting is a Medea.

A Faun, with the *ſyrinx*, or ſhort flute of reeds, is very beautiful.

A Mercury is not without its excellence; but is not light enough for the meſſenger of the gods.

Oppoſite

Oppoſite to this ſtands a Bacchus; of which the thigh, and *torſo*, or body, from the neck to the hip, are inimitable for ſoftneſs and beauty: all the reſt of the figure has been added, by an unſkilful hand.

A large Venus here is affirmed, from the teſtimony of coins, to be a copy of the famous Venus of Praxiteles; as worſhipped in Cnidos. But how inferior muſt this copy be to the celebrated original!

Two groups deſerve particular attention: one of them is called, Papirius and his mother. You recollect there was a Papirius who took his ſon, a boy of fourteen, with him to the Senate; that his mother queſtioned him, concerning what the Senate was tranſacting; and that the boy made her believe that this aſſembly was diſcuſſing, whether it were better for a man to have two wives, or a woman two huſbands.

Others ſay this group repreſents Phædra and Hippolytus: but, though the female figure is full of tenderneſs, it is without paſſion. The moſt probable conjecture is that the great ſculptor intended to repreſent the diſcovery of Oreſtes and Electra. The name of the artiſt is under the group: Μενελαος Στεφανᾳ μαθητης εποιει. This is the work of Menelaus, the ſcholar of Stephanus. It is a group of high beauty; particularly the tender countenance of the female figure.

The famous Pætus and Arria compoſe an excellent group. She is ſinking in death, he ſupporting her with the left arm, and with the right piercing himſelf with a ſword. But he is naked; and ſhe is not in the Roman coſtume: neither have they their hair after the Roman manner, nor have they the countenances of Romans.

To this may be added that the artiſt, if he meant to tell the ſtory of Pætus and Arria, did not chooſe the proper point of time. He ſhould have taken the moment when the heroine, drawing the dagger bleeding from her boſom, and looking with inexpreſſible affection at her huſband, ſaid to him, preſenting the weapon, *Pæte, non dolet!* Pætus, it pains not! The more feeble Pætus ſhould not have been ſhewn as ſupporting her. The ſtory thus told does not contradict hiſtorical probability; but is injurious to moral effect. Perhaps the ſculptor in-

tended to repreſent ſome German, Gallic, or Thracian, General; who, being a priſoner to the Romans, killed firſt his wife and then himſelf, to eſcape being led in triumph by the victor. This tragical ſubject is treated with the true Greek tenderneſs of ſenſibility. As the ſinking woman declines, the wound is covered with drapery; ſo that it is only known by a few trickling drops of blood.

In this chamber there is the Rape of Proſerpine, by Bernini. The vicinity of the antiques injures this performance; the failings of which could not indeed, without them, eſcape the eye. In which of the works of Bernini are there not great faults? Yet his figures have often much animation. Many of his ſcholars imitate his exceſſes, without poſſeſſing his talents; and produce works that offend the eye, without affecting the feelings. They miſtake the unnatural for the daring. The French, both formerly and at preſent, do not only adopt but admire theſe defects.

In another building, which is erected in the garden, there is a cieling, painted by Guercino. The ſubject is Aurora forſaking old Tithonus, and journeying in her chariot. The dancing Hours precede her: behind her Heſper, with his torch, ſtill twinkles; and the ſtars diſappear, at the approach of the Hours. Sleeping Night is ſeen, in a cave; and, on the other ſide, little Genii are awakening the birds on the buſhes. To this picture that blame is due in my opinion, for the darkneſs of the ſhades, which is generally attributed to Guercino. This great Painter ſhould have choſen any ſubject rather than that of Aurora. The goddeſs herſelf is not beautiful; nor is her chariot light: and yet, like all the pictures of this great maſter, it is on the whole a work of genius.

In another chamber, there are four landſcapes: one by Guido, a ſecond by Guercino, and two others by Dominichino. In the time of theſe great hiſtory painters, the art of landſcape was ſtill in its infancy: yet theſe are lovely pictures, and full of mind.

There is an antient *ſarcophagus*, in the garden, on which a half barbarous inſcription may be read, that muſt have been either of the fifth century

century or of a ſtill later age. The ſtatues of the man and the woman lie upon the monument, as if they were in bed. The *baſſo relievo* repreſents their nuptials, and their friends preſenting gifts.

In another part of the garden, they have injudiciouſly placed a Silenus recumbent upon a *ſarcophagus*. This Silenus is repoſing on a tun; and the character of the half intoxicated wretched pleaſure of ſuch repoſe is aſtoniſhingly well expreſſed.

From hence we went to the theatre of Marcellus. It was begun by Julius Cæſar, finiſhed by Auguſtus; and, in honour of his nephew, young Marcellus, who died while it was building, he called it by his name. This is the very youthful Marcellus whom Virgil has made ſo intereſting to us, in the beautiful paſſage which concludes with *Tu Marcellus eris* *.

This theatre contained thirty thouſand ſpectators; and it is embelliſhed by the four orders of architecture. In the middle ages, when the Roman nobility frequently defied the bulls of the Pope, before which the kings of Europe grovelled in the duſt, this theatre of Marcellus ſerved as an excellent kind of fortreſs to a family of eminence. The lower half only is now remaining, containing two rows of arches: the loweſt of which is ornamented with Doric pillars, and the upper with Ionic.

Not far from this is the great Portico, which Auguſtus erected to the honour of his ſiſter, Octavia, the mother of the young Marcellus. It ſtands upon two rows of pillars, which occupy three ſides of a great ſquare; and the fourth ſide is the temple of *Hercules Muſagetes*, or the leader of the Muſes. In the middle of this ſquare were temples of Jupiter and Juno; and the coloſſal ſtatues of Caſtor and Pollux, in marble, which now face the Capitol. Of the portico there are but a few pillars; and of the temple of Juno only one is remaining.

* Virg. Æn. vi. 870.

LETTER XLVIII.

Rome, 3d January 1792.

IN the forenoon of the firſt day of the year, we viſited the Capitol. Here we find only traces of the high antiquity of this proper ſeat of the ſovereigns of the world: but ſuch traces! who ſhall deſcribe them?

If we may believe the poets, this place was honoured in times the moſt remote. And who does not know that much of the true hiſtory of antient times, and nations, is concealed under the veil of fable? It is exceedingly probable that a Janus reigned, in Italy; and before him a Saturnus. The hill *Janiculus* might take its name from the firſt; and *Saturnius*, that on which the Capitol ſtands, from the ſecond. On the one, Saturn may have built a fortreſs; on the other Janus. Virgil makes Evander ſpeak thus to Æneas:

Hæc duo præterea diſjectis oppida muris,
Relliquias veterumque vides monumenta virorum.
Hanc Janus pater, hanc Saturnus condidit arcem;
Janiculum huic, illi fuerat Saturnia nomen.

ÆN. viii. 355—58.

Then ſaw two heaps of ruins; once they ſtood
Two ſtately towns, on either ſide the flood.
Saturnia's and Janicula's remains:
And either place the founder's name retains.

DRYDEN, v. 467.

The Greeks and Romans, like the preſent Italians, were perhaps the moſt agreeably flattered, by other nations, when they were told of their great antiquity. It was very artful of Virgil, in the Æneid, a hiſtorical poem of his own country, the hero of which lived three hundred and fifty years before the founding of Rome, to deſcribe the walls of theſe old fortifications as in ruins; which, in the great hiſtorical

picture

picture of the poet, while the darkneſs of antiquity is glanced at but not expatiated upon, does not fail of its effect.

In the time of Romulus, the guard of the Capitol was intruſted to the daughter of Spurius Tarpeius. She treacherouſly ſuffered the Sabines to enter it; and the Sabines themſelves, being aſhamed of the action, put her to death: from which the hill obtained the name of *Mons Tarpeius**: the Tarpeian rock.

After Romulus had defeated the *Cæninenſes*, who beſieged Rome, had ſlain their king with his own hand, and had taken the town of this people by aſſault, he bore the armour of the dead king upon a capacious pageant bier, *ferculum* †, to this hill; and made a vow to *Jupiter Feretrius*, to build a temple here; which he afterward erected. Following kings, in imitation of Romulus, built temples on this hill to ſeveral divinities.

The elder Tarquin laid the foundation of the temple of Jupiter; in compliance with a vow which he made in his war againſt the Sabines; and the laſt Tarquin completed the building. Being in want of room, he intended to remove the other temples; and conſulted the augurs, that he might learn the will of the Gods. Permiſſion was granted him by all of them, except by *Terminus*, the God of boundaries; and *Juventus*, the Goddeſs of youth; who refuſed. Roman patriotiſm early gave it to be underſtood that the grandeur of the city depended on its flouriſhing in immovable ſtability, and eternal youth. Tradition related that, on digging in the earth, the head of a man was found, with the countenance entire: which gave birth to the Roman and Etrurian prediction that Rome was to be the head of all nations ‡.

The

* Liv. lib. i. c. 11. † Liv. i. 10.

‡ The paſſage, in which Virgil relates the ſacred awe, at the vicinity of the Gods, with which the antient inhabitants of the place were ſeized, is very beautiful. While Æneas was led round it by Evander, the poet ſays:

Hinc ad Tarpeiam ſedem et Capitolia ducit,
Aurea nunc, olim ſylveſtribus horrida dumis.

Jam

The Tarpeian rock obtained the epithet *Capitolium*, from the Latin *caput*, a head; and Jupiter who was worſhipped there, that of *Capitolinus*. To him victors brought the ſpoils of nations, and laid their triumphal laurels at his feet. From the Roman *Forum* you aſcend a flight of a hundred ſteps, to this temple; which was built exactly oppoſite to the Forum. Between theſe buildings, the hill was divided into different terraces. Above ſtood the temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*; and oppoſite weſtward, on the ſteep Tarpeian rock, the temple of the Goddeſs *Juno-Moneta*, where the money was coined. It is imagined that this was the place where the firſt temple of *Jupiter Feretrius*

Jam tum religio pavidos terrebat agreſtes
Dira loci, jam tum ſylvam ſaxumque tremebant.
Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoſo vertice collem
(Quis Deus, incertum eſt) habitat Deus: Arcades ipſum
Credunt ſe vidiſſe Jovem, quum ſæpe nigrantem
Ægida concuteret dextra, nimboſque cieret.

Thence, to the ſteep *Tarpeian* rock he leads;
Now roof'd with gold; then thatch'd with homely reeds.
A rev'rend fear (ſuch ſuperſtition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then poſſeſs'd the ſwains.
Some god they knew, what god they could not tell,
Did there amidſt the ſacred horror dwell.
Th' *Arcadians* thought him *Jove*; and ſaid they ſaw
The mighty Thund'rer with majeſtick awe;
Who ſhook his ſhield, and dealt his bolts around;
And ſcatter'd tempeſts on the teeming ground.

DRYDEN, v. 457.

I aſk permiſſion of my young readers to call their attention to the beauty of theſe verſes; particularly to the following line:

Jām tūm rēlĭgĭō păvĭdōs tĕrrĕbăt ăgrēſtĕs.

How powerful between the foregoing two long and the two following ſhort ſyllables, is the choriambic *religio!* How full of expreſſion the *pavidos!* Do we not ſee the Arcadians running? Do we not ſee them fall back, with awe, at the three long ſyllables—*dos terre?* The two following ſhort ones appear to relieve them, for an inſtant; but they are again repelled, by the two long ſyllables that ſucceed.

ſtood. The chapels of *Terminus* and *Juventus* ſtood likewiſe near the temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*.

The *Curia*, in which the Senate were accuſtomed to aſſemble, ſtood on the ſecond terrace. Here the *tabularia*, or archives, were kept.

On the third terrace, the temple of the Thunderer, and that of Concord, the firſt built by Auguſtus, the ſecond by Camillus, were erected. Below theſe the *Forum* ſtood.

The numerous changes that have happened in Rome, have every where altered the face of the ground; and particularly on the hills. The foundation of the temple of Concord is laid bare, to the height of ſome ells; and, on the contrary, ſo much rubbiſh has been collected, round the three remaining pillars of *Jupiter Tonans*, that only the ſhaft of one of theſe pillars, as much as the length of the chapiter, is to be ſeen. Of the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, which ſtands immediately before the Capitol, in the *Forum*, nearly one half is buried under the ruins. A Swede, ſome years ago, digging in the *Forum*, firſt found the pavement of white marble; after having dug to the depth of thirty palms, or ſpans.

The wall, which formerly ſurrounded the Capitol, was very high; for it reached from the Forum to the level of the temple of Concord.

We did not this time proceed by the triumphal way, but on the oppoſite northern ſide; on which the façade of the new Capitol is erected.

Very handſome ſteps lead up this ſide. Below, at each wing, are lions, of the Egyptian baſaltes, which eject water from their mouths.

On the left, there is the lower part of a female figure, of porphyry, the drapery of which is excellently wrought. On the two wings, above, are the coloſſal ſtatues of Caſtor and Pollux; each of them holding a horſe. Along with them are the war ſpoils of Trajan, which he took from the Daci; with other ornaments collected from various parts, by ſeveral of the Popes, and placed here.

In the centre of the great place, before the Capitol, which is a perfect ſquare, there is a noble coloſſal ſtatue of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus,

nius, on horſeback, of gilded bronze. The attitude of the Emperor is the ſame that I have ſeen on a baſſo relievo; in which he ſtretches out his right hand, and grants peace to the kneeling chiefs of the Quadi, and Marcomanni, whom he had conquered. The horſe is full of animation and beauty. *Recordati che ſei vivo, e cammina!* Remember that thou liv'ſt, and begone! exclaimed Michael Angelo. This ſtatue had formerly ſtood facing the temple of M. Aurelius Antoninus and Fauſtina. It was found, in the time of Sextus the Fourth, in a vineyard; and he erected it in the ſquare of Lateran. Paul the Third placed it here; and the marble pedeſtal is the work of Michael Angelo.

The principal building of the modern Capitol is the palace of the ſenators*. It was built upon the ruins of the antient *Curia;* the walls of which are ſtill to be ſeen. A flight of ſteps, embelliſhed with a beautiful fountain, leads to the firſt lofty ſtory. In the middle is a Rome triumphant: *Roma triumphans:* of Parian marble, faced with porphyry; and on each ſide, a coloſſal River God: the Nile and the

* Full of the idea of their former grandeur and freedom, and without aſking leave of Popes or of Emperors, the Roman people long maintained the right of electing a ſenator, whom they called the *conſervatore:* it being his office to guard their privileges. Sovereign princes, even kings of Naples, have not diſdained this dignity. This was an abuſe; but not ſo great as that which was afterward committed, when the office was granted to the Popes themſelves, to guard againſt whoſe power it was firſt inſtituted. It came to be poſſeſſed by ſeveral of the deſcendants of the families of Orſini and Colonna; and, as ſeveral of the Popes were elected from theſe families, the proper importance of this office was relinquiſhed, to increaſe the power of the papal chair. After the extirpation of the long ſchiſm, which had baniſhed the Popes to Avignon, when they returned to Rome, they took care to reduce this to an inſignificant office; which, at firſt, had reſembled that of the antient Tribunes. It is true indeed that a ſenator of Rome inhabits the palace of the Capitol; but he is elected by the Pope. He is the chief of a municipal council; which conſiſts of three *conſervatori*, and a deputy of the city. The Pope appoints Italian, but not Roman noblemen to this office. Jealous of the Roman nobility, the Popes have decreed that this ſenator ſhall not be a citizen. The dignity is at preſent enjoyed by Prince Rezonico.

Tiber. In this palace the ſenator lives, here holds his tribunal, and, every three years diſtributes prizes to the young artiſts; who excel in painting, ſculpture, or architecture.

On the right of this ſtructure is the famous muſeum of the Capitol, which I have not yet ſeen; and, on the left, the palace of the *conſervatori*, in which they hold their aſſemblies. It is adorned with many antique ſtatues. In the court, there are two coloſſal heads, and two coloſſal feet; and, much more remarkable than theſe, there is the marble group of a lion having thrown down a horſe, and beginning to devour him. It is indubitably the work of a Greek artiſt. The feet of the horſe have been repaired, by a modern; who did not think proper to let the hoofs go without ſhoeing.

Frederick the Fourth, king of Denmark, cauſed a bronze caſt of this group to be made; which is the fineſt piece of art that is to be found in the Roſenburg garden of Copenhagen. In a colonnade of the court are the ſtatues of Cæſar and Auguſtus. Here we ſee the *Columna Roſtrata*; which was erected by C. Duilius, in the *Forum*. Duilius led the Roman galleys, in the firſt Punic war, againſt the enemy; and boldly ſhewed the way to conquer the ſkilful navigators of Carthage. It is probable that this *Columna Roſtrata* is not the antient one; but that which was ordered to be made in imitation of it, by Claudius.

Before the palace is an antique ſtatue of Rome triumphant, by the ſide of which there are likewiſe two antique ſtatues of Thracian Kings; one of which has loſt the arms, and the other the hands. Perhaps ſome writer will tell us that a Roman Emperor, after having repeatedly conquered theſe people, being weary of the war, took the cruel determination thus to mangle the impriſoned kings and leaders, and ſend them back to their own country.

I omit to mention ſeveral ſtatues, ſome *baſſi relievi*, and the pictures; with which the walls are in part adorned, in part disfigured. I likewiſe paſs the modern ſtatues of Popes, and proceed to a chamber, there to contemplate the buſt of Lucius Junius Brutus; which was dedicated by Mar-

cus

cus Junius Brutus, The Deliverer, to The Deliverer, his anceſtor. It was found under the ruins of the temple of Romulus. It appears to be the work of an Etrurian, but a ſkilful hand; and to be more antient than the time of Marcus Brutus. The head is ſerious, powerful, noble. It is either really the head of that great man, or has been imagined with admirable genius. I am inclined to the firſt opinion: for the Etrurians had certainly attained great excellence, in the art of ſculpture, at the time of the laſt of the kings of Rome; and perhaps none but a Greek could have produced an ideal head equal to this.

In the middle of the chamber is the celebrated She Wolf, of bronze, which was ſtruck by lightning in the conſulſhip of Cæſar. The perceptible damage of the hind foot ſhews marks of the lightning. She gives ſuck to the twin children, Romulus and Remus; but they are of modern and poor workmanſhip. The wolf was found in the temple of Romulus, and placed here by Sixtus the Fourth.

In this place, likewiſe, is the ſhepherd, of bronze, drawing the thorn out of his foot: for which reaſon the ſtatue is called *Spinarius*. It is one of the moſt beautiful of the works of art that have deſcended to modern times.

In another chamber, the walls have been decorated with many fragments of the conſular *faſti*. The characters are finely cut, in white marble. Were they complete, what a treaſure would they be, for the Roman Hiſtorian! As fragments, they ſtill are valuable.

Over the door is a fine *baſſo relievo*; which is called the head of Mithridates, but which Mr. Hirt is perſuaded is the head of Hector. I cannot but own that, to me, there appears more of the high character of that hero than of the bold but cunning Mithridates, diſcoverable in this piece.

Here we likewiſe find an antique ſtatue of *Cybele*, with her mural crown; a perſonification which is rare. Virgil calls her *Turrita*: Turret-crowned.

A coloſſal Hercules, which was found in the ruins of the *Forum Boarium*,

Boarium, or Cattle Market, is not remarkably beautiful. You muſt not confound this *Forum* with the *Forum Romanum;* although the latter is now called the Cow Field. Perhaps it was placed in the cattle market in alluſion to the cattle ſaid to have been driven, by Hercules, from Spain to Greece. The ſtatue is gilded; and the gilding is in extraordinarily good preſervation.

Theſe monuments of antient genius, and of times long paſt, are certainly very intereſting to the lovers of art and antiquity: but ſtill more intereſting to me are the places themſelves; and the ruins derive a great part of their value by denoting the place.

There, repeatedly ſaid I to myſelf, looking on the Mount Palatine, there muſt the good Evander have lived. There he led the pious Æneas into his low-roofed hut, when Virgil makes him ſo beautifully ſay

———Hæc limina victor
Alcides ſubiit, hæc illum regia cepit.
Aude hoſpes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge Deo, rebuſque veni non aſper egenis!

ÆN. viii. 362—65.

Mean as it is, this palace and this door
Received Alcides, then a conqueror.
Dare to be poor: accept our homely food,
Which feaſted him, and emulate a God!

DRYDEN, v. 477.

Here Numa ſtrayed: here Servius Tullius, the elder and the younger Brutus, the Valerii, the Fabii, the Scipios, the Catos, Cicero, and all the great men of Rome. Here the ſword of Brennus kept down the ſcale; when, as Livy ſays, gods and men forbad that the freedom of Rome ſhould be purchaſed *. Camillus arrived with aid, commanded the ſcales to be emptied of the gold, and the Gauls to depart.

We now aſcended the higheſt hill, on which the temple of *Jupiter*

* Liv. vi. 48.

Capitolinus ſtood. It was conſecrated to the three deities: Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. It was divided, like many churches, by two rows of pillars, that formed three aiſles: the centre of which was conſecrated to Jupiter; and the two others to the two goddeſſes. There now ſtands a very old church here, which belongs to the Franciſcans. It is built after the Baſilica manner; except that the pillars have no running architrave, and that they ſupport hemiſpherical arches.

Whether theſe were the pillars that were brought by Sylla from Athens, and that were ſet up at the rebuilding of the Capitol, after it had been burned, is difficult to determine. Their chapiters were gilded with the firſt gold that came from America.

An antient tradition relates that, at the time of the birth of Chriſt, Auguſtus erected an altar to the firſt born of the Gods: *Primo genito Deo:* which was likewiſe called the altar of Heaven: an altar, which was held to be this, was conſecrated, in early times, by one of the Popes; and muſt be the ſame which is now in a ſide aiſle of the church. It was afterward embelliſhed with eight pillars of Eaſtern marble.

On the weſt ſide of the hill is the famous Tarpeian rock. Many travellers are not ſhewn this place: for they are told that the Tarpeian rock, mentioned in hiſtory, is on the eaſtern part of the hill. Hence it happens that we have ſo often been informed that the antients exaggerated its height. But why have they not examined the place where the rock is now the higheſt, and almoſt perpendicular?

Here it was that the Gauls aſcended by night; but certainly not without great fatigue, and probably by the aid of the ſhrubs that grew in the crevices of the rock. Here it was that the watchful geeſe, by their cackling, awakened Marcus Manlius, who reſided on the rock, and preſerved Rome. Here did that Manlius, who well deſerved the ſurname of *Capitolinus*, with others, whom he quickly rouſed from their ſleep, drive back the Gauls, and hurled them headlong down; and here too it was that he himſelf, ſoon afterward, being as bad a citizen as he was a great warrior, delighting in ſtrife and inſurrection and

ſeeking

ſeeking ſovereignty, was caſt down from the very rock on which he had ſaved Rome*. He merited his fate †!

On the place where the houſe of Manlius had ſtood, the mint and temple of *Juno Moneta* were afterward erected. The epithet *Moneta* was given to Juno, as fable relates, becauſe ſhe taught the Romans, after an earthquake, to appeaſe the wrath of the Gods, by ſacrificing a ſow. *Monere* means to inſtruct; to remind ‡.

To-day and yeſterday, I have been in company with modern Romans. This morning, I was preſented to the Pope. This old man, who exerciſes his office with ſo much ſolemn dignity, is exceedingly pleaſant, and familiar, in perſonal intercourſe. I found him ſitting at his writing deſk: he deſired me to ſit by him, and converſed with me, with animation and intelligence, on different ſubjects.

Pius the Sixth occupies himſelf in the cabinet, gets up in winter before day-light, and performs the weighty duties of the papal chair with a knowledge of preſent circumſtances, and with a firm mind.

The diſputes, between himſelf and the king of Naples, have been adjuſted by him with great prudence; he having preſerved, inſtead of renouncing the leaſt of, his rights. He has conducted himſelf in the affairs of France with equal wiſdom and dignity; and has eſcaped all the ſnares that have been laid for him, openly and in ſecret, by the National Aſſembly, which might have led him to take ſteps that would have given an appearance of juſtice to their rapacious views §.

The Secretary of State, Cardinal Zelada, is properly the Prime Miniſter. He is a man of much underſtanding, and uncommon aſſiduity.

* Liv. lib. v. c. 47.

† Of this there have been many wiſe and virtuous men who have doubted. T.

‡ Cic. de Div. i. 45.

§ I omit a note, here, on the diſputes at Rome, between the French and the Italians ſince the Revolution, becauſe it relates nothing but what is known; and becauſe, I am ſorry to add, various epithets are employed by the author that are highly unworthy of his liberal and well-informed mind. T.

He riſes, at this ſeaſon of the year, at four in the morning; and he ſeldom leaves the walls of the Vatican.

Cardinal Borgia is a man of great ardour, intelligence, and knowledge. He loves the learned; and is glad to ſee them aſſemble round him, at his table.

A tranſlation of the poem of the Argonauts, by Apollonius Rhodius, is now preparing, by Cardinal Frangini. His knowledge of the modern Greek, which he ſpeaks with facility, was ſerviceable to him, by rendering the antient Greek more familiar.

The Senator, Prince Rezonico, and a Count of the ſame family, underſtand and love German literature. I have made an acquaintance with the Marcheſe Rangone, formerly the firſt Miniſter of the Duke of Modena. He likewiſe reads the German authors with delight; and, to a noble character, adds extenſive learning, and real genius.

You perceive that intereſting men are ſtill to be found, among the great. I grant indeed they are *rari nantes in gurgite vaſto.* Moſt of the *Principi*, *Marcheſi*, and titled nobility, here, are ignorant; and have that arrogance which ſleeps in barren ignorance, like earth unbroken by the plough. But are there no ſuch men among us?

I am well aware that, in Germany, there is a certain degree of information greater than in Italy; but would it not be increaſed, were we, who perhaps are more inclined to do juſtice to foreigners than any other nation, to overcome our prejudices againſt the Italians?—Prejudices, of which many are only grounded on our folly. There are ſubjects enough to blame: ſerious ſubjects; demanding ſerious conſideration: and ſuch the love of truth will not ſuffer me to overlook.

The education of the daughters of the nobility is wretched. Hence, domeſtic happineſs is rare. Domeſtic happineſs is a ſource of tranquillity, of joy, and a preſervative againſt vice; and I think it probable that this kind of happineſs is better underſtood, in Germany, than in any

other country on earth. With reſpect to myſelf, I can with inward peace and delight affirm, with the good old poet, Walter,

Und das iſt meiner reiſen frucht,
Daſs mir gefällt die deutſche zucht *!

From the bad education of the women, domeſtic virtues, and with them the domeſtic happineſs of the higher ranks, are injured; and the poiſon of their vices ſheds itſelf among their inferiors: whoſe paſſions, without this concomitant, are violent to exceſs. The people of Rome are rather led aſtray and bewildered than, as ſome would perſuade us, addicted to vice by nature. Where the climate inflames the paſſions, which are neither reſtrained by education nor curbed by law, they muſt riſe higher, and burn with greater exceſs, than in other countries. It is dreadful to hear that, in Rome, the population of which is eſtimated at a hundred and ſixty-eight thouſand perſons, there are annually about five hundred people murdered. I do not believe that, in all Germany, fifty men periſh, by murder, within the ſame period. But could this have been ſaid of the middle ages? And yet our nation has always maintained the beſt reputation among nations.

The people of Rome cannot be juſtly accuſed of robbery. A ſtranger is no where ſafer; but is more frequently plundered in moſt of the great cities of Europe. The Roman ſtabs his enemy, but does not rob. Anger is his ſtimulus; and this anger frequently lingers for months, and ſometimes for years, till it finds an opportunity of revenge. This paſſion, which is inconceivable to thoſe who do not feel it, this moſt hateful of all the paſſions, the antients frequently ſuppoſed to be a virtue; and it ſtill rages among many of the nations of the ſouth. The paſſions of the people of Rome are frequently rouſed, by playing at *mora;* though the law has ſeverely prohibited this game; and, if they are diſappointed at the moment of their revenge, they wait

* By travel taught, I can atteſt,
I love my native land the beſt.

for

for a future occaſion. Jealouſy is another frequent cauſe of murder: it being with them an imaginary duty to revenge the ſeduction of their wife, their daughter, or their ſiſter, on the ſeducer. The catholic religion, ill underſtood, encourages the practice: the people being perſuaded that, by the performance of trifling ceremonies, and the inflicting of penance, they can waſh away the guilt of blood.

All the aſſiduity of the preſent Pope is not ſufficient to reform the police; the faults of which originate in the conſtitution of Rome. Many churches afford a ſanctuary to the purſued culprit. Foreign ambaſſadors, likewiſe, yield protection; which extends not only to their palaces but to whole quarters of the city, into which the officers of juſtice dare not purſue offenders. The ambaſſadors, it is true, are obliged to maintain a guard: but who is ignorant of the miſchief ariſing from complicated juriſdiction? Many Cardinals ſeek to derive honour, by affording protection to purſued criminals. Could we find all theſe abuſes collected in any other great city, many men would be murdered, though not ſo many as in Rome; but robbery would be dreadfully increaſed, which here is unknown.

Were I to live in a foreign country, and condemned to ſpend my life in a great city, it is probable there is no place I ſhould prefer to Rome. In no place is the faſhionable world ſo free from reſtraint. You may daily be preſent at the *converſazioni*; and go from one to another. Numerous ſocieties, in ſpacious apartments, are continually to be found; and the viſitor is always received with the moſt prepoſſeſſing politeneſs. The intercourſe of ſociety is no where ſo free as here: you may neglect your viſits for weeks or months, and undiſturbed indulge your own humour. You may return again, after an abſence of weeks or months, without being once queſtioned, concerning the manner in which you have diſpoſed of your time.

Do not from this accuſe the Roman nobility, more than any other people of faſhion, of a want of perſonal affection: the apathy of the great world is every where the ſame. The abſence or the death of any man

is

is in no country felt in faſhionable ſociety: but every where, except in Italy, it arrogates to itſelf an inſupportable tyranny, over each of its aſſociates.

In the great cities of Germany, we talk of being ſocial: but what can be more unſocial than a company of men, who ſit down to a ſilent card party? The animation of the Italians obviates the degrading neceſſity of ſuch parties. In company, they play very little; but they converſe with fire: and, notwithſtanding their rapidity, many Italians expreſs themſelves excellently.

A ſenſe of the antient grandeur of Rome is not yet quite loſt, to the people. When the Queen of Naples was laſt here, and at the theatre, ſhe was received with great applauſe. Self-forbearance induced her to make ſigns to the people to ceaſe their loud clapping, and their ſhouts of welcome. The people took this very ill; and, the next day, a perſon of my acquaintance heard one orange woman ſay to another, "Did you hear how the foreign Queen deſpiſed our people, laſt night? She muſt ſurely have forgotten that many queens, before now, have been brought in chains to Rome."

LETTER. XLIX.

Rome, 7th January 1792.

IN the forenoon of the 4th, I indulged my imagination in contemplating antient Rome; and viewed many moſt intereſting monuments; of which, however imperfect my deſcription muſt inevitably be, I will endeavour to ſay ſomething.

We began with a piece of ruins of the middle ages; the hiſtory of which is ſingular. It is a large remainder of the palace of Nicola Gabrino di Lorenzo: commonly called, *Cola di Rienzo:* who, in the fourteenth

fourteenth century, reigned a ſhort time, under the title of a Roman Tribune. This man was of low birth, but high minded. By reading of the antients, he had kindled in himſelf a love and a deſire of freedom. He was early known, and was ſent by the citizens of Rome, with the celebrated Petrarch, to Avignon; to induce Pope Clement the Sixth to return to Rome: but neither the poetry of Petrarch nor the eloquence of Rienzo were able to prevail on the Pope.

When Rienzo returned, he was elected to the office of Tribune, by the Romans; who were enraged againſt Clement. During the night of the 17th of May, in the year 1347, he aſſembled the people, without arms, cauſed maſs to be performed in the caſtle of St. Angelo, and in the morning led them to the Capitol. He erected three banners; on which the ſymbols of Peace, Juſtice, and Freedom, were depicted; cauſed fifteen regulations to be read, which were intended to be the ground work of a good conſtitution; and then commanded a new council to be called, which he named the Chamber of Juſtice and Peace. Criminals of all kinds, aſſaſſins, adulterers, robbers, houſe-breakers, and others, he zealouſly puniſhed; putting ſome to death, and baniſhing others.

He aſſembled an army of twenty thouſand men; and entreated all princes and free ſtates to unite with him, in ſupport of the good conſtitution: *del buono ſtato.* The Emperor, Lewis of Bavaria, Lewis the Firſt King of Hungary, and Johanna Queen of Naples, ſent their ambaſſadors to him.

Rienzo ought to have treated the power of the Pope with more prudence, and moderation; but he was dazzled, by the ſplendour of his fortune: he cited independent princes to appear at his tribunal. The grandees of Rome became diſſatisfied at his conduct, and cauſed the people to riſe.

He then renounced his office, travelled to Naples, and lived two years among hermits: after which, he returned to Rome, made a new, but ſhort, impreſſion upon the people, and was again obliged to retire.

His

His next journey was to Prague, where he was recognized by the Emperor, Charles the Fourth: one of the princes whom he had cited to appear before him; and by Charles was ſent to the Pope, at Avignon, where he was impriſoned till the death of Clement.

He was once more releaſed by the peaceable Innocent the Sixth; who ſent him to Rome, and made him Senator. A perſon of the name of Baronetti was then tribune; whoſe office Rienzo took upon himſelf, and once again became the tribune of the people. The nobility roſe in oppoſition, an inſurrection was the conſequence, and, as it is ſaid, he fell pierced by a hundred daggers.

The titles he had given himſelf were Nicholas, the mild and ſevere, the deliverer of the city, the guardian of Italy, the warrior of, and candidate for, the Holy Ghoſt, beloved of the world, and the dignified tribune.

Rienzo built himſelf a palace, which in part was embelliſhed by what he had collected from the ruins, and partly disfigured by the architecture of the times. After his ambition had been puniſhed by death, Pontifical hatred purſued his memory: the name of Pilate was given him, and his palace was called the Palace of Pilate. In proceſs of time, the memory of Rienzo was loſt, and the *Palazzo di Pilato* was held to be the palace of Pontius Pilate. This was not enough: it was affirmed that Pontius Pilate had not only brought his effects but, in particular, a marble ſtaircaſe from Jeruſalem to Rome: and that this was the ſtaircaſe which had been aſcended, and deſcended, by Jeſus Chriſt. Sixtus the Fifth placed it in the Lateran, where it now ſtands; and whoever goes up it muſt aſcend it on his knees.

Oppoſite this palace is the ſmall temple which was erected by Servius Tullius to *Fortuna Virilis*. The architrave on both ſides is ſupported by five half-projecting Ionic pillars *. They prove that the temple was rebuilt in later times; but certainly under the republic: partly

* Pilaſters, as I ſuppoſe. T.

becauſe it contains neither marble nor ornaments, and partly becauſe we ſhould have known by which of the Emperors it had been rebuilt. There is a portico, in front, of four pillars; which has been walled round in order to lengthen the building and convert it into a church, that is dedicated to St. Mary of Egypt.

We went on the banks of the Tiber, and ſaw the remains of antient ſteps; up which goods were brought, from veſſels that were unloading. Here, facing us, we likewiſe ſaw the fine ruins of a ſtone bridge; which was formerly called *Pons Palatinus*, and now *Ponte Rotto*, the broken bridge. It was begun by the Cenſor, Fulvius; and completed under the cenſorſhip of P. Scipio, who deſtroyed Carthage, and his colleague, L. Mummius.

To the right we ſaw the Tiber iſland; the origin of which is ſo remarkable. We ſhall ſoon pay it a viſit: at preſent we only notice it by a paſſing compliment.

On the left, we ſaw the leſs ſuperb, yet remarkable, ruins of the bridge which was built, by King Ancus Martius, over the Tiber*. Till his time, there was no bridge built. This was conſtructed of wood, and called *Pons Sublicius*.

When the army of Porſenna, who wiſhed to bring back the Tarquins to Rome, had taken the hill Janiculus, this was the bridge where Horatius Cocles, aſſiſted at firſt by Spurius Lartius and Titus Herminius, and afterward ſingly, made a ſtand againſt the enemy; till, by his own order, the bridge was broken down behind him. He then, though in complete armour, jumped into the river, and ſwam back to the city †.

The bridge was afterward rebuilt with wood; and, in the time of Tiberius, out of reſpect for the antients, and for Horatius Cocles, it was once again rebuilt of wood. The ſucceeding one of marble was erected by Antoninus Pius.

* Liv. i. 33. † Liv. ii. 10.

This

This of marble was not without its fame; for, from this, the Emperors, Heliogabalus and Commodus, were caſt into the river.

Near the Tiber is the little circular temple of Veſta; which was firſt founded by Numa. The rebuilding of this temple has been aſcribed, by ſome, to Veſpaſian; by others, to Domitian. It was ſurrounded by a fine colonnade, of twenty Corinthian pillars; but it has been walled round, that the church, into which the temple has been converted, might be more ſpacious. In the antient temple, the light was admitted through the high lattice. The ſanctuary of the holy fire needed not much day-light; and to have given to this, as to other circular temples, an opening above, might have endangered the ſacred fire; the place of which was the centre of the temple.

Near this building ſtood the houſe of Numa; which was afterward inhabited by the Veſtals. Of this houſe there were ſome remains in the time of Horace. With what animation did I recollect the following beautiful lines from his ode, *Jam ſatis terris*—

Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Littore Etruſco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
Templaque Veſtæ:

Iliæ dum ſe nimium querenti
Jactat ultorem, vagus et ſiniſtra
Labitur ripa, Jove non probante,
Uxorius amnis.

HOR. I. od. ii. v. 13—20.

We ſaw, puſh'd backward to his native ſource,
The yellow Tiber roll his rapid courſe;
With impious ruin threat'ning Veſta's fane,
And the great monuments of Numa's reign.

With grief and rage, while Ilia's boſom glows,
Boaſtful, for her revenge, his waters roſe,
But now th' uxorious river glides away,
So Jove commands, ſmooth-winding to the ſea.

FRANCIS.

Not far from this the great common ſewer, *Cloaca maxima*, emptied itſelf into the Tiber. This is one of the grandeſt monuments of architecture; and was conſtructed in the time of the elder Tarquin.

We went from this to a church, which had formerly been a ſchool for eloquence, in which the great and holy Auguſtin had himſelf taken the chair. Some affirm this building ſtands on the ſpot where the Romans had built a temple to *Pudicitia Patricia:* the Patrician Chaſtity. Near the church, you perceive a circular ſlab, of white marble; which is more than five feet in diameter, and from four to five inches thick. On this ſlab a head is cut, with inciſions entirely through the eyes and mouth. It is called by the people *Bocca della verità:* the mouth of truth: and fable relates that oaths were pronounced here. The perſon, taking an oath, was to lay his hand on the open mouth; and, by the ſuddenly cloſing of the ſtone lips, the guilty were chaſtiſed. In this manner young women proved their chaſtity; or were puniſhed for their offences. Mr. Hirt has diſcovered that the head on this marble repreſents a *Jupiter Pluvius;* a Raining Jupiter. It was found, lying under a colonnade, between the flooring; where it ſerved as a conduit to the rain water.

A large four-ſided ſtone gate, called a *Janus*, which ſtands in the centre of four croſs ways, I ſuppoſed, before I came up to it, to have been a triumphal arch. Structures like theſe were for traders and uſurers. In the time of the Emperors, there were ſixty of them in Rome. Many niches were cut in them; in which *Genii*, or *Penates*, were accuſtomed to be placed.

In

In this part is the ſpot where, in the time of Livy *, the fig tree ſtood, which was called *Ficus Ruminalis;* and originally, according to this writer's teſtimony, *Ficus Romularis;* the fig tree of Romulus: becauſe, as it was ſaid, Romulus and Remus were here left expoſed. The temple of Romulus, which ſtill is ſtanding, though no doubt rebuilt by the Romans, denotes the place. The ſhe-wolf of bronze, which is now in the Capitol, formerly ſtood in this temple. Before chriſtianity, it was cuſtomary for the women, when their children were ſick or weakly, to bring them here. This temple has ſince been converted into a church, and dedicated to St. Theodore. Still, however, the old cuſtom is preſerved; and women ſtill bring their ſick and weakly children here, hoping by that they will recover their health and ſtrength.

It is ſaid that the Tiber, which is near this place, by overflowing had formed a marſh; that it was cuſtomary to ferry over this marſh in boats; and that, from the words *A vehendis ratibus* the name *Velabrum* was corruptly derived. The place is now called *Velabro*; and the church, that is built here, *Santo Gregorio di Velabro.* It ſtands on the ruins of the *Baſilica Sempronia;* the place where juſtice was adminiſtered to merchants.

Cloſe to this church ſtands a little arch; which was erected, by the uſurers and graziers, in honour of the Emperor Septimius Severus: the *baſſi relievi* of which have repeated figures of the Emperor, and his two ſons, Caracalla and Geta; and we once find him with his wife. Caracalla cauſed the figure of his brother Geta, whom he had murdered, and the inſcriptions of his name, to be every where defaced. This arch, erected to the honour of the father, is a monument of the cruelty and rancour of the ſon. You perhaps remember that the people, ſarcaſtically, gave him the nickname of *Geticus:* as if he had conquered the *Getæ.* Near this arch a fine fountain ran; which was the firſt in Rome, till the time of the Cenſor, Appius Claudius Cæcus, the

* Liv. i. 4.

Blind;

Blind; who undertook and completed many grand works, and who ſupplied the city with new fountains. It was called *Juturna;* which name Virgil beſtows on the lovely ſiſter of Turnus, as a nymph.

The Romans embelliſh the hiſtory of this fountain with a charming fable. They relate that, after the famous victory of the lake *Regillus*, in which the Dictator Aulus Poſthumius overcame the Tarquins and the army of the Latins, two youths came in the evening to the fountain to refreſh themſelves, watered their horſes, announced the victory, and diſappeared. Livy has no trace of this pleaſing tale. He only informs us that the Dictator dedicated a temple to Caſtor. The beautiful temple of Caſtor and Pollux adorns this fountain.

We now viſited the temple of Phœbus and Luna, which we had lately ſeen from the Coloſſeum. It conſiſts of two half circles, turned back to back: the ſanctuary of Phœbus is turned toward the ſouth, and that of Luna toward the north. The latter affords a cool retreat; which is now rendered the more pleaſant by a fountain in the middle; and, in the former, there are now fruitful orange trees: a charming ſymbol of the power of the all fertilizing ſun.

This power is ſo ſelf-evident, in the preſent ſeaſon of the year, that you cannot forbear doing juſtice to Virgil, when, ſpeaking of Italy, he ſays

Hic ver aſſiduum atque alienis menſibus æſtas.

VIRG. Georg. ii. 149.

Perpetual ſpring our happy climate ſees;
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
And ſummer ſuns recede by ſlow degrees.

DRYDEN, v. 20.

I met with the gilliflower blooming, among the ruins of the Coloſſeum, at the end of December. In like manner, we ſaw immediately before us a large palm tree; and I found the *Medicago arborea* in bloom on the third of January. This is the *Cytiſus* of Virgil; which you

muſt not confound with the *Cytiſus labernum*. It was in the garden of the *Villa Borgheſe*. The plant called the Italian honey-ſuckle, *Caprifolium perfoliatum*, is verdant here all the year. The ſingle gilliflower, the wild red ranunculus, and the violet, bloom all the winter; and graſs and verdure are continually growing.

The extenſive beautiful garden, which I have mentioned, of the *Villa Borgheſe* is facing the *Porta del Popolo*; and not far from the houſe where we live, which ſtands on what was formerly called the *Field of Mars*. There are very pleaſant walks in this garden; which lead partly among laurel and evergreen prickly oaks, and partly among oak trees, where tame deer paſture. It contains a lovely canal, in which is an iſland that I ſhould rather wiſh were ſhaded with trees than, as it is, decorated with a modern temple to *Æſculapius*. There is more green foliage, and more of the artleſs beauties of nature, in this garden, than I have met with in any other garden of Italy. In the winter, you find here the green pine apple, prickly oak, laurel, and orange tree. In ſummer, the low parts of the garden are ſhaded by the large oak, and trees of different kinds. This garden is not only open to all comers, but you are allowed to pluck what you pleaſe. You are told, by an inſcription, to conſider it as your property.

On that ſide of the gate of St. Sebaſtian where formerly the *Porta Capena* ſtood, which is next the city, is what is called the triumphal arch of Druſus; but more properly belongs to the later times of Caracalla, who built it here, to carry an aqueduct over it; the walled ſtone bed of which is ſtill viſible.

From this place, we yeſterday went to the church of *Santo Sebaſtiano*; which is facing the city, and in which this ſaint is buried. His ſepulchre is ornamented with a beautiful recumbent ſtatue of the ſaint; which is the work of Gorgetti, a ſcholar of Bernini. In my own opinion, I have ſeen nothing, by the hand of Bernini, which can be compared to this maſterpiece, by his ſcholar. Near it is the ſepulchre of Cæcilia Metella, daughter of Quintus Cæcilius Metellus Creticus, and

and the wife of Craſſus; it is therefore as antient as the times of the republic. Its figure is circular, ſtanding on a high ſquare baſe, and has the following inſcription:

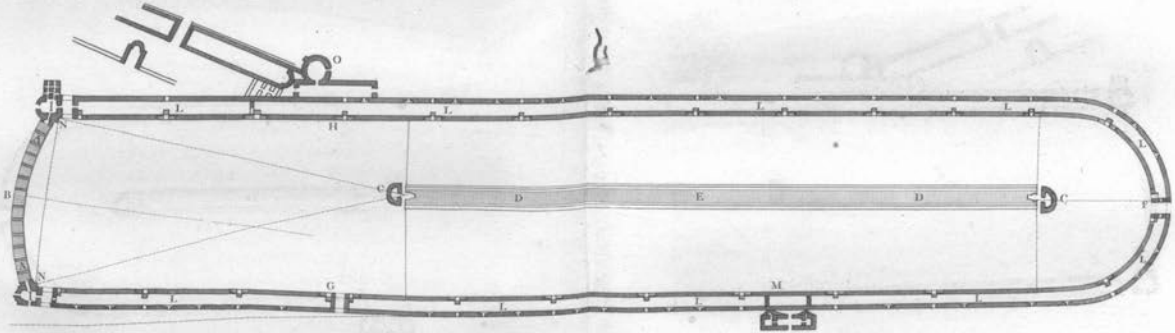
CÆCILIÆ
Q. CRETICI F.
METELLÆ CRASSI.

Each ſide of the ſquare wall is ſixteen paces: the diameter of the internal circular part is ten paces. Here the *ſarcophagus* of the Roman lady ſtood, walled up to a conſiderable height; but it was removed by Pope Paul the Third, when he built his Farneſe palace. The monument was ſlightly vaulted with a ſmall cupola; and a broad terrace was carried round the thick wall.

In the time of Boniface the Eighth, who was ſovereign Pontiff at the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century, and was of the family of Gartani, this family erected a tower with turrets on the monument, to defend itſelf againſt other great families; and, among the reſt, from the family of Colonna, with which Boniface had frequent ſtrife. This tower, with its turrets, or parapets, yet remains. Under the antient cupola, a marble cornice is carried round, which contains *baſſi relievi.* Occaſionally, after the manner of the antients, it is ornamented with the ox head; from thence the family of the Gartani aſſumed the ox head in its arms. The people called this beautiful monument *Capo di Bove:* Ox head.

Not far from this monument, we meet with the Circus of Caracalla; the ruins of which are ſo perfect that, from them, aided by antient authors, we may form a tolerably juſt idea of every circus of the Romans: for we find that theſe buildings of the antients were ſimilar to each other, at leaſt in their principal parts. I ſend you the drawing of the building, and will endeavour to explain it as well as I can. Your own knowledge of antiquity will probably ſupply the deficiency of my deſcription.

A A were



The Circus of Caracalla.

Letter XLIX.

A A were the lists: *carceres:* from which the Chariot race began. They form an oblique line; because the chariots started on the right side of the goal, and each chariot which started from the left side of the lists, was more and more distant from the goal than the others. It was then determined by lot from what part of the lists each should start; and at what time, as whether first, second, third, or so forth.

B is the great gate; which, as well as the lists, is feebly marked in the drawing; to denote that both the lists and the gate are almost buried under the rubbish. The goals were arched above. Over the goals the Consuls had their seat. The chariots for the course, which frequently were as many as a hundred, made four divisions. These were distinguished by the colour of the dress of the charioteer; and, after them were called the green, the blue, the red, and the white. To these Domitian added the purple, and the gold colour; but they did not meet with lasting approbation. The parties were called factions; and originally they were no more than two; the white, and the red; like as, in the beginning, the chariots for the course were drawn by two horses, as described by Homer: though, in the time of Pindar, we find the chariot and four. So we likewise find that, in the time of Pindar, the charioteers were frequently hired: and thus, in very early times, the principal Romans consigned this office to hired charioteers: though certainly it was the intention of the elder Tarquin, when he erected the great Circus and instituted these games, that the young nobility should form themselves to bodily exercises.

C C. The two goals; round which the chariots were seven times driven. Each of these goals was denoted by three stones of a conical figure. The goals were hollow within, and contained the images of the Goddess Consus, or of counsel, that of Metias, or of goals; and other deities, that shunned the light of day, because their worship was mysterious.

D D. A low wall; which ran from one goal to the other. It was

called *Spina*, or back bone; becauſe it was in or near the middle. It had more than one purpoſe; for it prevented the chariots, that had not fully attained the ſecond goal, from turning round the firſt; and on this wall the Judges ſtood. Agrippa, who imparted the higheſt degree of order to theſe games, cauſed eggs of marble to be placed on one ſide of the wall, and dolphins of marble on the other; and, each time that the courſe was run, an egg and a dolphin were taken away, that there might be no miſtake in the number of rounds they had gone. Agrippa choſe dolphins in honour of Neptune; and eggs, of Caſtor, the tamer of ſteeds: who, with Helen, according to the fable, originated from the egg of Leda, who was viſited by Zeus in the form of a ſwan: like as Pollux and Clytemneſtra were derived from another egg, by Leda.

On a baſſo relievo, in the Muſeum Pium Clementinum, there is the repreſentation of a chariot race in the Circus; where all the charioteers are Cupids. Here likewiſe there are dolphins, upon ſome pillars, and eggs upon others; and againſt one of theſe pillars a ladder is placed. Other antique repreſentations exhibit the dolphins and the eggs, placed on pillars; and, inconvenient as it may appear, the judge muſt have mounted on a ladder, before the race was ended, to take theſe tokens away one after the other.

Upon this *Spina*, which was likewiſe called *Linea ſpinea*, the images of different deities were placed. Cybele, Fortuna, and Victoria, remained ſtationary. The other deities were brought in pomp from the Capitol, under the conduct of the Pontifex Maximus. In the middle of the *ſpina* of this Circus ſtood an obeliſk; which was ornamental, but unneceſſary. It was removed by Pope Innocent the Tenth, to the *Piazza Navona*. The letter E, in the drawing, points out the place where the obeliſk formerly ſtood.

At the end of the Circus, F, oppoſite the liſts, ſtood the *Porta triumphalis*, or gate of victory; through which none but the victors paſſed.

The gate G has generally been ſuppoſed to be the *Porta Libitinæ*; the

the gate of the Goddeſs of Death *. It is aſſerted, with probability, that the antients were unwilling to ſee the living and the dead go out at the ſame gate; and that the dead, as well the unfortunate charioteers as the numerous ſlain gladiators, were equally obliged to paſs this way. Yet, as this gate was exactly oppoſite the ſeat of the Emperors, it is ſcarcely probable it ſhould be devoted to ſo gloomy a purpoſe. Perhaps the images of the Gods paſſed through it in pomp; and perhaps the opinion of Mr. Hirt is true, which is, that it was the place of exit for the loſing chariots.

H. Here ſtood the *pulvinar*, or ſeat of the Emperor; traces of which are viſible, in the outward wall. He ſat in this place where he could beſt diſcern the turning of the chariots, round the hindmoſt goal.

I I. Two towers; the deſtination of which is uncertain. How could the Judges ſit here? They ſat on the *Spina*. Were theſe the places from which the names of the victors were proclaimed to the people? Or was the choir of muſic here? Mr. Hirt imagines that as, in antient times, the courſe for the chariot races was very extenſive, and therefore the turning round the utmoſt limit could not well be perceived by the ſpectators, hills were formerly thrown up; on which perſons were ſtationed, to proclaim the quick motions of the race. We find indeed, in Homer, that the chariots were partly concealed from the ſpectators. In the twenty-third book of the Iliad, a violent quarrel ariſes between Idomeneus and Ajax, the ſon of Oïleus, becauſe one imagined he could diſcern the horſes of Diomedes and the other of Eumelus. But, allowing that the Greeks in early times

* To this Goddeſs, or rather to Venus, under the name of *Venus Libitina*, Servius Tullius erected a temple; in which money was depoſited for the deceaſed. Here likewiſe furniture for funerals was purchaſed. Plutarch ſuppoſes that the worſhip of this Goddeſs was before invented by Numa; and that he intended to wean men from the fear of death, by ſignifying to them that the ſame Goddeſs preſided over the gate of life and the gate of death. *Vid.* Roſini Ant. Rom.

did throw up ſuch hills, the better to publiſh the victory, why ſhould the Romans, in their much leſs circus, imitate them, by building unneceſſary towers?

It is the opinion of ſome that the ſignal for ſtarting from the liſts was given from theſe towers. But why from two towers? Beſide, we know that, in the age of the republic, this ſignal was given ſometimes by the Prætor, ſometimes by a Conſul, at others by a Dictator; and that afterward it was given by the Emperors. This ſignal was a napkin, thrown among the people; as we are informed by ſeveral alluſions of the poets.

On certain days, the Conſuls ate publicly, in the theatre. When their meal was ended, and they had wiped their hands with the *mappa*, or *mappula*, or napkin, the *mapparius*, or napkin bearer, received it from their hand; and this was the ſignal for ſtarting *.

Nero having once ſat longer than uſual at dinner, the people became impatient for the games to begin; and he threw the napkin out of the window, as a token of his permiſſion.

L L. Seats of the ſpectators, on the wall; within which, in order to protect the foremoſt and loweſt of the ſpectators againſt the chariots and horſes, and likewiſe from the wild beaſts that were brought to combat, a ditch was carried round.

M. Traces of a building, the deſtination of which is doubtful. Here likewiſe it is probable that the Judges ſtood. Its ſituation was advantageous to obſerve the thronging of the chariots toward the firſt goal.

N N. Two places of exit; probably deſtined for the gládiators; and perhaps the dead were carried through them.

The uſe of the building O, which is behind the imperial *pulvinar*, is utterly uncertain. Upon a ſquare wall, which riſes high above the ground, ſtands a prodigious pillar; by which and by the outward wall

* *Vid.* Roſini Ant. Rom.

a rotunda

a rotunda was ſupported, and only the flooring of which can now be ſeen: the wall and the cupola are fallen. Below, in the ſquare building, and between the outward wall and the pillar, a broad paſſage runs. Some maintain that the chariots ſtood here: but the place is too little for the purpoſe. Above, a temple might have been erected: yet, why ſo near the circus?

Mr. Hirt conjectures, and I think with reaſon, that the upper part was a family ſepulchre; and the lower the burial place of the freedmen. Antiently, public games were generally given in honour of the dead. It was thus that Achilles honoured Patroclus *; and Æneas celebrated the anniverſary of the death of Anchiſes by public games, with his friendly hoſt of Sicily †. The Romans had the ſame cuſtom of honouring the manes of the deceaſed. There was a projection from this rotunda, which reſted on pillars, leading immediately to the Appian way. You know it was cuſtomary with the Romans to build their tombs by the road ſide; and it is highly probable that this rotunda was the tomb of a principal Roman, in honour of whom the games were inſtituted. The Circus itſelf may more probably be aſcribed to ſome private perſon than to the Emperor Caracalla; with whoſe prodigious Thermæ, if we may judge from theſe ruins, it ſo ill agrees ‡. The dotted lines, in the drawing, only ſignify that regularity was in part ſacrificed to higher purpoſes. The ſpace for running, on the right, is rather broader than on the left; becauſe the chariots, immediately after they had ſtarted from the liſts, ſtill continued on a line with each other; and it was neceſſary to avoid obſtruction on turning the firſt goal. I call the moſt diſtant the firſt; becauſe it was turned the firſt. Neither was the wall between G and N perfectly

* Hom. Il. xxiii. † Virg. Æn. v.

‡ An Italian author, from whom I borrowed the drawing, imagines this Circus belongs to the later times of the Chriſtian emperors; who, unable immediately to wean the people from the combats of the gladiators, choſe a place without the city: though this opinion does not appear to me very probable. Vid. *Monumenti Antichi inediti.* MDCCLXXXIX.

right

right lined, but ſomething oblique; in order to bring the chariot of the outward liſt nearer to the goal.

The gates of the outward wall are marked in the drawing; through which the people aſcended to their ſeats; as likewiſe are the ſteps of the inward wall, by which they deſcended when the ſpectacle was over. The windows between each gate, that give light to the narrow entrance, are alſo marked. Allowing that the ſteps within were for the people to enter, yet the *vomitoria*, or outward gates, were neceſſary for thoſe who wiſhed to depart during the exhibition. The circus was one thouſand four hundred and eighty-four Pariſian feet in length. The *ſpina* is eight hundred and thirty-four feet long. The Rheniſh foot is ſomething leſs than the Pariſian *.

Not far from this circus are the remains of the monuments of the Servilii: but the architecture betrays later times than thoſe of any ſepulchre that could contain the aſhes of the noble Spurius Servilius Ahala, who lived in the early and beſt days of the republic, and who in the female line was the worthy progenitor of Marcus Brutus.

A temple, ſaid to be of Bacchus, of uncertain origin, and of the fourth or fifth century, is now conſecrated to St. Urban.

The rocky grotto of the fountain Egeria is very delightful; and would be more delightful ſtill, had they not, if I do not miſtake, thrown a walled arch over it, in the time of Auguſtus. Its high antiquity, and the recollection of the wife Numa, who was the legiſlator of a lawleſs people, and who here nightly received the revelations of the nymph Egeria, give a very peculiar worth to this fountain. The water flows clear from the rock, is excellent, and the memory of the virtuous Numa gives it a value which is all its own †.

Behind

* Vid. *Mon. Ant. ined.*

† *Conjuge qui felix Nympha, ducibuſque Camœnis*
Sacrificos docuit ritus, gentemque feroci
Aſſuetam bello pacis traduxit ad artes.

OVID. lib. XV. 482—84.

OF

Behind the grotto the ſtatue of a River God lies; probably of the neighbouring river, Almo, which has erroneouſly been taken for the ſtatue of the Nymph. The head of this figure is wanting.

Near the fountain is a ſmall grove; which ſome believe to have been dedicated to Egeria, ſome to Diana. Probably it is the ſame that Numa conſecrated to the Muſes, under the name of the *Camænæ*.

We went upon the field, that lies between the *Porta Capena* and the *Porta Latena*, which was occupied by Hannibal and his victorious army; and which was ſold in Rome, while this leader and his army were there, for as high a price as if the city had enjoyed the moſt profound calm *.

In this field, we are ſhewn a ſmall temple; which was built by the Romans, after the retreat of Hannibal, to the God *Rediculus;* and not to the God *Ridiculus*, as many have affirmed; for Hannibal, even when retreating, was not a ſubject for laughter. In the very antient language of Rome, their general ending was in *iculus;* and, from the word *Redire*, to go back, they produced this new created Godhead: as if the God had occaſioned the retreat of Hannibal.

Others affirm that this ſmall temple was of an earlier date, and erected in honour of *Fortuna Muliebris:* or Female Fortune: in the place where *Caius Martius*, to whom the Romans gave the name of *Coriolanus*, from *Corioli*, a ſmall town of the *Volſci*, was met by his mother *Veturia*, and

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Oh happy monarch, ſent by heaven to bleſs
A ſavage nation with ſoft arts of peace;
To teach religion, rapine to reſtrain,
Give laws to luſt, and ſacrifice ordain!
Himſelf a Saint, a Goddeſs was his bride;
And all the Muſes o'er his acts preſide.

DRYDEN, l. 715.

According to this poet, Egeria diſſolved in tears at the death of Numa; and was changed into a fountain at Aricia.—IBID.

* Liv. xxvi. 11.

his

his wife *Volumnia:* by whom the obſtinate *Coriolanus* was ſoftened, after having led the *Volſci*, whom he had conquered, againſt his country; and when he had deſpiſed the entreaties of the ambaſſadors and prieſts, that had been ſent to him *.

But this building is of much later times, and of the fourth or fifth century after the birth of Chriſt. With what view it was erected is uncertain: it now ſerves as a hog ſty.

The river Almo—*curſuque breviſſimus Almo* †—runs near this place; and is now called *Accia*, *Acqua d'Accia*, and, in the corrupt dialect of the vulgar, *Acquataccia*. Every year, on the 6th of the calends of April, the ſhrines of *Cybele* were waſhed by their prieſts in the waters of this river.

In the year 1780, within the gate *Sebaſtiano*, deep under ground, in formerly unknown vaults, the tombs of the Scipios were diſcovered. Neither of the two Scipios, who bore the ſurname *Africanus*, are buried here. The firſt died in *Liternum:* the ſepulchre of the ſecond *Scipio Africanus*, who conquered Carthage, was a beautiful pyramid; which was deſtroyed and ſtripped of its marble by Pope Alexander the Sixth; and, on the place where it ſtood, there is a covered way, which leads from the Vatican to the caſtle of Saint Angelo.

The burial place of the Scipios is very ſimple. We deſcended, with a light, ſome ſmall and ſteep ſteps. The preſent Pope conceived the unlucky project of taking the *ſarcophagi*, and inſcriptions, to ornament the *Muſeum Pium Clementinum*; and to replace them with counterfeits. How much greater would the pleaſure be of ſeeing theſe *ſarcophagi* in their true places, inſtead of viewing them as part of a prodigious collection, in which the number of objects deſtroys the effect of each!

Among theſe ſepulchres was likewiſe that of *Scipio Barbatus;* who was conſul in the year of Rome 456, about thirty years before the firſt Punic war, and a hundred years before the conſulſhip of the firſt *Scipio*

* Liv. ii. 40. † Ovid. Met. xiv. 329.

Africanus.

Africanus. The inſcription, which pointed out his ſepulchre, is probably the moſt antient of the Roman inſcriptions, that have come down to our times.

LETTER L.

Rome, 11th January 1792.

ON the eaſt ſide of the city, a good half league from the *Porta Maggiore*, formerly *Prænestina*, alſo *Labicana*, there is an antient round half fallen building; which appears to have been erected about the ſecond or third century after the birth of Chriſt; and to have been called, though I know not why, *Torre degli ſchiavi:* the tower of the ſlaves.

This building is entirely of the ſame kind as the rotunda of the Circus of Caracalla. Here you find arches that are turned in the ſame manner as thoſe of the arches of the rotunda; and ſupported by pillars of a like thickneſs. I informed you, in my laſt letter, that nothing above ground is remaining of the rotunda; but here the walls, and a great part of the cupola, are ſtill ſtanding. There are niches in the walls, not round and arched over as thoſe in which the ſtatues of the Gods ſtood, but long and horizontal; and, by their figure, evidently ſhew they were intended to contain *ſarcophagi.*

This ſtructure likewiſe is a ſepulchre; and appears to prove the opinion of Mr. Hirt, that the rotunda of the Circus of Caracalla was, in like manner, a ſepulchre: although the under arches have been held to be a place in which chariots or horſes were kept; and that it was a riding houſe, for which it was ill fitted. It is more probable that the

family of the poſſeſſors of this ſepulchre were buried in the upper part; and their freed men in the lower.

The cupola is very flat, and covered with graſs and brambles. Some remains of a wall denote an encloſed place, that formerly ſtood facing this ſepulchre. Perhaps combats of gladiators were given here in honour of the perſons whom they interred.

Near this *Torre degli ſchiavi* is another ſtill more ruinous building; concerning the deſtination of which there have been many doubts. Like the other, it is built on arches. The cupola is fallen down: but it is diſcoverable, from ſome remains, that it was very flatly arched; and the walls, which ſupported it, were not high. You can only enter the lower vaulting, as well as the upper rotunda, through ſome cavities which are occaſioned by decay.

Neither of theſe towers has doors. Mr. Hirt, as far as I am informed, was the firſt who made a probable conjecture concerning them. He believes that theſe buildings ſerved as reſervoirs, to ſome private family; probably to the ſame whoſe ſepulchre we have been viewing. The neighbouring large aqueducts made it very eaſy for water to be brought into theſe towers, by ſmall conduits: and from thence through pipes into the houſe of the owner. The country round Rome is poor in ſprings; and the antients were more profuſe, in the uſe of water, becauſe of their baths, than we are. In ſome places of this building there is a part of the abutment of the wall remaining; and with it a part even of the mortar with which fountains or ſubterranean conduits, that were deſtined for the containing of water, were formed.

An antient octagon ſepulchre, on which ſome other adjunct had been erected in the middle ages, which had been ſupported by a ſtrong round column, forms a continuation of the before deſcribed ruins; and, connected with ruins more diſtant, produces the greater effect upon the eye by being, in part, thrown down, and, in part, ſtanding, to a conſiderable height, in a pictureſque manner.

Nothing attracts you more forcibly than the long row of grand aqueducts;

aqueducts; which formerly were extended far beyond *Tibur*, the preſent *Tivoli*, to this place, and by which water was brought to the city. The beautiful arcades of the lofty wall, over which the water ran, riſe high in the air. The work was begun by Claudius and completed by Nero.

Six aqueducts met together, at the *Porta Prænestina:* one of them was ſubterranean, and proceeded from the river *Anio;* now the *Teverone.* We ſee the ſpace beneath, quite to the wall, through which it flowed. In the wall of the city, which was the work of the Emperor Aurelian, there is a much more antient ſtone pillar, through which three different aqueducts were brought. Here you ſee the apertures through which they flowed: they ſtill ſtand one above the other. The undermoſt was the aqueduct of Martius; and was built, in the time of the republic, by an Ædile, who was a deſcendant of the family that produced King Ancus Martius and Coriolanus. The ſecond was the Aqueduct *Tepula;* and the uppermoſt the *Julian* Aqueduct, built by *Agrippa*, who contributed ſo much to the convenience and embelliſhment of the city.

In another part, and through the wall, the aqueducts of *Claudia* and *Anio Novus* flowed. Water was brought through both theſe aqueducts to a capacious reſervoir: *Caſtellum:* likewiſe, *Caſtrum:* which was built by Trajan, and the ruins of which are cloſe to the gate. It was adorned by the trophies of Marius, as they are called, but in reality, of Trajan; which now ſtand facing the Capitol. Here the water of each aqueduct was kept, in a particular diviſion of the reſervoir: for the Romans, acquainted with their different qualities, uſed them for different purpoſes. Some were conveyed onward for beverage; and others for the baths.

Such like aqueducts were new in Rome: the ſubterranean was the moſt antient, which was brought to the city by Appius Claudius Cæcus, during his cenſorſhip in the year of Rome 442, from the hill at *Tuſculum*, under the *Porta Capena* *.

* Liv. ix. 29.

The greatneſs of the work of theſe aqueducts was the more aſtoniſhing, becauſe that the Romans, probably to prevent the too quick courſe of the water, did not build them in a continued right line, but frequently with large windings.

" Whoever," ſaid Pliny, " would ſufficiently eſtimate the abundance " of the waters, brought from diſtant parts for the uſe of the public, " for our baths, our pools, our houſes, canals, gardens, and villas, which " ſurround the city, and would conſider the expence of erecting arches, " digging through mountains, and filling up valleys, would then know " that the whole earth does not contain any thing more wonderful *."

Time, and ſtill more effectually perhaps the Barbarians, that have ſucceſſively taken and ruined Rome, have rendered theſe aqueducts uſeleſs; except the three which ſtill remain, and which three continue to ſupply ſeveral of the fountains that adorn the city, and afford its inhabitants water.

At the foot of the hill formerly called *Quirinal*, now *Monte Cavallo*, there is ſtill the fountain of the Virgin, *aqua Virgo*, which Agrippa conducted to this place from Tuſculum. Some affirm it was called the Virgin becauſe it was dedicated to Diana: others becauſe a young maiden pointed it out to ſome ſoldiers, that were in ſearch of water. This aqueduct was likewiſe much injured by the Barbarians; but three Popes have contributed to its reſtoration. The ſprings that ſupply the fountain were embelliſhed by Clement the Twelfth. It is called *Fontana di Trevi;* which ſome ſay is after Diana, that Goddeſs being worſhipped by the Romans under the name of *Trivia:* becauſe, as Goddeſs of the Moon, ſhe traverſed the heavens, as Goddeſs of hunting, the earth; and hell under the character of Hecate.

Here is a coloſſal ſtatue of Neptune, in his ſhell chariot, drawn by two wild horſes, with their bodies half in the water, where the ruſhing frothy waves guſh into the fountain. Two Tritons are at the heads of the horſes: the right horſe ſprings aſide terrified, while a

* Plin. xxxvi. 15.

Triton holds him by the rein. Neptune looking at the horſe produces a bad effect: a look of momentary apprehenſion is totally unworthy of the God of the ocean.

This fountain is ornamented with Corinthian pillars, and *baſſi relievi.* Different maſters have laboured at it, after the deſigns of Franceſco Salvi; and, with all its imperfections, the effect of the whole is great. It ſubdues the critic, whoſe voice is overpowered by the neighing of the horſes and the ruſhing of the water.

In the large place called *Navona*, which occupies the ſpace where the Circus of Alexander Severus formerly ſtood, there are three fountains. That in the middle is large, and by Bernini; and is very aſtoniſhing. On a rock, which is perforated on four ſides, the four principal rivers of the world are lying: the God of the Danube, as a Giant; the *Nile*, with his head covered in alluſion to the unknown ſources of the ſtream; the *Ganges;* and *Rio de la Plata.* Vaſt ſtreams pour from their urns into the large baſon, and ſupply the pipes of other fountains. Beneath the rock there are ſpacious cavities, in which animals are ſeen; a horſe, a lion, and others. Bernini muſt ſurely have been inſpired, by the following verſes of Horace to Auguſtus

Te fontium qui celat origines
Niluſque, et Iſter, te rapidus Tigris,
Te belluoſus qui remotis
Obſtrepit Oceanus Britannis
——audit——

HOR. lib. iv. od. 14.

The Nile, who hides his ſeven-fold ſource;
The Tigris, headlong, in his courſe;
The Danube, and the ocean, wild, that roars,
With monſter-bearing waves, round Britain's rocky ſhores,
Obey thee—— FRANCIS.

The daring genius of Bernini is here viſible; but he knew not how to imitate nature with truth.

Upon

Upon the rock, above, an Egyptian obeliſk is ſtanding, which was brought to Rome by Caracalla; and contains hieroglyphics.

The *Fontana di Paolo* guſhes through three wide outlets, near the church *Pietro in Montorio*, on the hill *Janiculus*. This fountain is the moſt copious in Rome. It is provided with water by the aqueduct which Auguſtus built. By the command of Pope Paul the Fifth it was repaired, and embelliſhed. It would have produced a great effect, if the three wide and two ſmall outlets, through which the water iſſues, had been reduced to one capacious whole. The decorations, with the beautiful Ionic pillars, are not well connected with the fountain; which is the defect of many of the decorations of modern Rome.

Were it not for the above fault, I ſhould have thought the fountain on the place of St. Peter's the fineſt of any. The beautiful ſheets of water aſcend, ſpreading their broad ſtreams, and daſhing all around, ſo as to form glittering rainbows, when the ſun ſhines, like the water-falls of mountains. The air round the fountain is cool.

The Muſeum of the Capitol contains one of the richeſt and fineſt collections of antiques that have been formed. You muſt not expect me to mention either the whole or the greateſt part of them: according to cuſtom, I ſhall ſelect thoſe that have intereſted me the moſt. The palace, in which the maſter-pieces of art are contained, is one of the three buildings of which the modern Capitol conſiſts. There is a gallery round the court, which is walled without, and within is ſupported by pillars, and in which there are many remarkable antiques. Two large Egyptian ſtatues of the Goddeſs Iſis merit our notice only becauſe of their antiquity. I was more attracted by an antient Roman altar, in which Claudia is repreſented in baſſo relievo, and is ſhewn drawing the ſhip containing the *Cybele* with her girdle.

In the time of the ſecond Punic War, the Romans were terrified, by a paſſage in the *Sibylline* books; which ſaid that their foreign enemies could not be driven back, nor overcome, till the *Idean* Mother, that is, *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods, ſhould be brought from *Peſſinus* to Rome.

Rome. The Senate ſent to *Attalus*, king of *Pergamus*, hoping to obtain the Goddeſs through his means. The ambaſſadors, on their journey, conſulted the oracle of *Delphi*, which foretold them a favourable reception from *Attalus;* but adviſed them, when they ſhould have brought the Goddeſs to Rome, to place her in the houſe of the beſt man in the city. *Attalus* received the ambaſſadors in a friendly manner, conducted them to *Peſſinus* in *Phrygia**, and preſented them with a holy ſtone, which the inhabitants called the Mother of the Gods. Valerius, one of their train, was ſent by the ambaſſadors with the intelligence that the Goddeſs was coming; and requeſting them to ſeek the beſt man of the city to receive her.

The Senate were not a little embarraſſed by the meſſage of Valerius. How were they to diſcover the beſt man in the city? This would have been a victory, ſaid Livy, which they would each individually have prized, beyond all the honours and dignities that the Senate or the People could beſtow†. *Publius Scipio Naſica*, a kinſman of the Firſt Africanus, was adjudged to be the beſt of the Romans. He was ſtill a youth when he was commiſſioned to go, with the principal women of the city, to Oſtia, at the mouth of the Tiber, and receive the Goddeſs. The ſhip having ſtruck on the ſands, from which it could not be releaſed, Claudia, as a different hiſtorian relates, took her girdle, tied it to a rope which was faſtened to the ſhip, and drew the veſſel to the land. By this miracle ſhe vindicated her chaſtity; which had before, according to Livy, been doubted ‡.

Claudia is repreſented on this altar in the act of drawing the ſhip, in which the ſtatue of Cybele is ſeated. On one ſide of the altar, we ſee a Phrygian bonnet; and on the other a ſhepherd's crook, and a *crotalum.*

* Liv. xxix. 10, 11.

† *Veram certè victoriam ejus rei ſibi quiſque mallet quam ulla imperia, honoreſve, ſuffragio ſeu patrum ſeu plebis delatos.*

‡ *Cui dubia, ut traditur, antea fama, clariorem ad poſteros tam religioſo miniſterio pudicitiam fecit.*

The

The ſhepherd's crook is indubitably a ſymbol of Atys, the ſhepherd beloved by the Goddeſs.

On another altar, we find on one ſide a *Fortuna*, with her attributes; and on the other a *Via*, the Goddeſs of Roads, with hers: that is, ſitting on a wheel lying on the ground, with a whip in her hand, and a *columna milliaria* * ſtanding before her.

A third altar, if not a pedeſtal to ſome ſtatue of Jupiter, is decorated with very fine *baſſi relievi*. In front is a Jupiter, when a child, lying at the teat of the goat Amalthea; with Corybantes beating their cymbals, that the child-devouring father may not hear the cry of the boy. On the left Saturn ſtands; to whom Rhea preſents a ſtone, ſwaddled like a child, for him to devour inſtead of Jupiter. On the right there is an aſſembly of the Gods.

In the court, fronting the palace, lies the celebrated coloſſal ſtatue called *Marforio*; and embelliſhes a fountain. This ſtatue repreſents the Rhine, and was placed in the *forum* of Mars by Auguſtus; from which the Romans have given it the corrupt name of *Marforius*.

In a lower apartment, near the court, are Egyptian ſtatues; which were found in the Villa of Adrian, at Tivoli. This Emperor had a particular and whimſical preference for Egyptian idolatry. The ſtatues are in the Egyptian coſtume; but are the work of a Roman artiſt. On the wall of the ſtaircaſe, leading to the apartments of the Muſeum, there is a very artfully deſcribed plan of antient Rome. It formerly ſerved as flooring, in the temple of Romulus and Remus; and includes certain buildings which were conſtructed by Septimius Severus. Theſe fragments conſiſt of twenty-ſix white marble tables, each of which is about two and a half ells long and two ells broad.

How much it is to be lamented that the whole plan is not preſerved! The fragments that remain are of great worth, and explain many things of which we ſhould otherwiſe be ignorant.

I was particularly pleaſed by the following antiques.

* A Roman mile ſtone.

THE

THE FIRST APARTMENT.

A *ſarcophagus:* Endymion, ſleeping in the lap of Morpheus. Diana approaching on tip toe, fearful of awaking him, led by a Cupid. Her chariot ſtands ſtill; and in it is ſeated another Cupid. A third is on the right of the horſes; and, while he holds the bridle, reſts with one foot againſt the neck of the horſe. This *ſarcophagus* is probably ſymbolical: and, if ſo, how lovely is ſuch a repreſentation of death! Diana ſeeks her beloved while he ſleeps.

You find the ſame idea, ſomewhat differently preſented, on another *ſarcophagus;* the lid of which is adorned with five *baſſi relievi.*

Firſt. A man and woman, ſeated, tenderly embracing each other; with a dog, the ſymbol of fidelity, by their ſide.

Second. Mercury, with his *caduceus* in one hand, and his waving wand, with which he conducts ſouls to the regions of darkneſs, in the other. Homer ſupplies him with this wand, when he leads the ſouls of the lovers of Penelope.

Ἑρμῆς δε ψυχὰς κυλλήνιος ἐξεκαλεῖτο
Ἀνδρῶν μνηστηρων, ἐχε δε ῥάβδον μετὰ χερσὶν
Καλὴν, χρυσείην, τῇ τ' ἀνδρῶν ὄμματα θέλγει
Ὧν ἐθέλει, τὲς δ' ἀϋτε καὶ ὑπνώοντας ἐγείρει.

Ομ. Οδ. Ω. 1.

Cyllenius now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead; a lamentable train!
The golden wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghoſt to realms of night or day,
Points out the long uncomfortable way.

POPE, Od. b. xxiv. 1.

Third. A ſacrifice to Pluto and Proſerpine.

Fourth. Mnemoſyne: the Goddeſs of Memory, and the Mother of the Muſes.

Fifth. The three Parcæ. The man kneels and prays before them,

on one ſide; and the woman on the other. Probably they are each praying that the life of the other may be prolonged.

A third *ſarcophagus* appears to have contained the aſhes of a poet. The nine Muſes are figured, on the great *baſſo relievo:* on one ſide are Homer and the Muſe Calliope: on the other Socrates, and Mnemoſyne: and there is a Bacchanal on the lid.

THE SECOND APARTMENT.

A beautiful Pſyche, flying the wrath of Venus. As ſhe runs, ſhe looks behind her. It is a ſtatue of inimitable lovelineſs, and delicate animation.

What a contraſt is the above to an old woman, ſeated, who holds a large earthen veſſel between her knees, with her head thrown backward, in the attitude of wild inebriety: while her whole haggard debilitated body denotes the injuries of age! This likewiſe, in its kind, is a maſterpiece.

Cupid and Pſyche, kiſſing and embracing, are moſt tenderly beautiful.

THE THIRD APARTMENT.

The famous dying gladiator. Who has not heard of this? which is certainly one of the greateſt maſter-pieces of antient art that has deſcended to us! Mr. Hirt does not agree with the common opinion. He imagines it to be the Gaul, who defied the moſt valiant of the Romans to ſingle combat, and was ſlain by T. Manlius. Manlius took from him his golden neck band, and wore it himſelf; whence he obtained the ſurname of *Torquatus**, which he left to his deſcendants. I will not object to Mr. Hirt that the ſtatue rather bears a cord than a golden neck band. The epitome of the ſeventh book of Livy informs us that it was of gold. The word *torques* indeed ſeems to denote a twiſted neck band, which might very well reſemble a rope. But there is a more ſerious objection. Livy deſcribes the Gaul in a various-

* Liv. vii. 9.

coloured

coloured dreſs; and the ſtatue is naked. However, the artiſt, as it has happened in many ſimilar caſes, might ſacrifice the coſtume of hiſtory to the beauty of art. I can give no explanation of the horn, that lies upon the ſhield: but it does not appear to me to favour the opinion of Mr. Hirt. There was no need of a horn, for the Gaul to call aloud from the bridge, and bid the Roman come forth. *Quantum maxima voce potuit.*

The right arm has been badly repaired by a modern artiſt. The hand is much larger than the other, and the joints have a great hardneſs of expreſſion. It is inconceivable that the beautiful works of the antients ſhould be ſo frequently unſkilfully repaired by the Italians. In the gallery of Florence, I ſaw a beautiful Leda the ſwan to which was wanting; and a modern artiſt, to ſupply the loſs, had given her a duck in her hand, which ſhe held as if ſhe had ſtolen it.

THE FOURTH APARTMENT.

Here we find heads of the great Poets and Philoſophers: Homer, Pindar, Euripides, Socrates, Archimedes, Lyſias, Plato, though of this there is no certainty, Epicurus, and his ſcholar Metrodorus. Theſe two heads are back to back, and have only one neck; as Janus was repreſented by the Romans. To theſe add a whole length ſtatue of Zeno, the founder of the Stoic philoſophy.

THE FIFTH APARTMENT.

A beautiful Venus of Parian marble, the white colour of which is remarkably well preſerved. It has the attitude of the famous *Venus d. Medicis* at Florence; but is not ſo tender, and has by no means ſo many charms.

Among many of the Cæſars, who, with their wives and the various branches of their family, are here, my attention was particularly attracted by a fine head of Trajan, who is my favourite Emperor.

A ſtatue of Flora: the drapery of which is excellent, the head modern.

Two beautiful *baſſi relievi*, on the wall: the firſt, Perſeus delivering Andromeda; and the ſecond, a ſleeping Endymion. His dog, a greyhound, is his defender, and has one foot held up, after the manner of greyhounds, and the other bent in the air, himſelf barking and looking upward. The artiſt no doubt, though he has omitted the figure of Diana, meant to denote her near approach to her beloved ſhepherd.

THE LONG GALLERY.

In this there are many beautiful ſtatues; and, among others, two coloſſal buſts of the two great Emperors: Trajan, and Antoninus Pius. Trajan is crowned with his oak garland: probably after his victory over the Daci. Likewiſe, a fine buſt of the firſt P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus; with the ſcar on the head.

THE SIXTH APARTMENT.

In this there are miſcellaneous works. A head of Bacchus, which is ſaid to be the moſt beautiful exiſting of this God; and a larger head of Ariadne.

A noble head of Alexander, as the ſon of Jupiter, with flaming hair.

A beautiful moſaic work, of the antients, depicts four doves ſeated on the rim of a circular vaſe. One drinks; another has been waſhing, and is putting its feathers in order; a third lies ſide ways, with wings fluttering, like the action of doves when they mean to dip in the water. The fourth is ſitting at reſt; and, in all of them, there is the moſt animated and inimitable expreſſion of lovely nature.

The ſtatue of a child, holding a bird in one hand. The bird is attempting to peck at the face of the child; who turns away his head, fearful of the beak of the bird, but more fearful leſt it ſhould eſcape.

A beautiful Faun of *roſſo antico:* which is the name given to a ſort of red marble, uſed by the antients; but we do not know from whence they obtained it.

A fine and very large brazen vaſe, in the form of a beaker; which

is

is called the vaſe of Mithridates. On the ring of the beaker, there is an inſcription, of which Βασιλευς Μιθριδατης, King Mithridates, only are legible.

From this we aſcended the Aventine hill; which name it ſtill bears, and which it received from a King of Alba, called Aventinus, who was here ſtruck dead by lightning*. According to others, it was ſo called by the Sabines, after one of their rivers†; to whom it was yielded by Romulus, when this people made peace with the Romans.

The church of St. Sabina ſtands on Mount Aventine, where formerly a temple of Diana ſtood; and near this is the church of St. Alexius, on the place where once the temple of *Juno Regina* ſtood. This temple was built by Camillus, in conſequence of a vow, when he was appointed commander againſt *Veii*, in the tenth year of the ſiege‡.

On the top of this hill there is a fine proſpect, from the terrace of a garden; which belongs to a Malteſe priory. To the right is the city of Rome; in front, the river Tiber; beyond this, Mount Janiculus, which extends to the left; and below us we ſaw, in the Tiber, the ruins of the bridge which Horatius Cocles, the One-eyed, defended againſt the army of Porſenna. The ſtation of Porſenna was on the hill Janiculus. The field, between this hill and the river, was afterward called the meadows of Mucius: *prata Mucia:* in honour of the undaunted Mucius Scævola; who, having gone to kill Porſenna in his camp, was ſeized, and, to convince the King how impoſſible it was to terrify a Roman by threats, burnt off his own right hand, in the fire which Porſenna had ordered either to terrify or to torment his captive §. As a reward, or rather perhaps in honour of his courage, the Roman People preſented him with a part of the field which afterward bore his name. The place which was once the meadows of Mucius afterward became the garden of Cæſar, which he bequeathed in his will to the people. Here Auguſtus placed his *Naumachia*.

Here too it was that Clelia, when ſhe and the other virgins were

* Liv. i. 3. † Varro. ‡ Liv. v. c. 21. § Liv. ii. 12.

ſent

ſent to Porſenna as hoſtages, ſwam over the Tiber, with her companions, aſſailed by the arrows of the enemy. The Romans ſent them back: but Porſenna, who honoured courage in an enemy, gave Clelia her freedom, with the choice of a companion; and ſhe choſe the youngeſt *.

On the other ſide of the city, we ſaw the ſnow-covered Apennines; and the now entirely white mountain Soracte. One ſeems to exclaim to the other

Vides ut alta ſtet nive candidum
Soracte?

HOR. i. od. 9.

Behold Soractes, airy height!
See how it ſtands a heap of ſnow.

FRANCIS.

In the church of the priory of Malta is a *ſarcophagus*, from which it is conjectured that the antients frequently made *ſarcophagi* an object of traffic. On the principal baſſo relievo there is a Minerva, attended by the nine Muſes. Near the Goddeſs ſtands a man, the head of which figure is not wrought; and probably was left, that the head of the perſon for whom the monument ſhould be purchaſed might be cut. It ſhould ſeem that this *ſarcophagus* had remained empty, till a biſhop of the houſe of Spinelli was buried there.

Here is a fine ſtatue of the architect Piraneſi, as large as life, placed there by his ſon. It is the work of the living artiſt, Angolini; and, though it certainly cannot be compared with the beſt antiques, it ſtill poſſeſſes real merit.

Facing the Paul's gate, which is ſo called becauſe St. Paul was beheaded before this gate, and which formerly was called the gate of Oſtia, becauſe the road through it led to Oſtia, ſtands the church of St. Paul. This building was begun by Theodoſius the Great; and finiſhed by his ſon Honorius. It is one of the largeſt and fineſt churches in Rome; and, like all the oldeſt churches in Rome, is built in the baſilican manner. But as the pillars of the nave do not extend

* Liv. ii. 13.

to

to the tribune, or choir, it has, beſide five naves in length, two in breadth. The principal nave is ſupported by four-and-twenty pillars, of variegated African marble; which has been taken from the Mauſoleum of Adrian, the preſent caſtle of Saint Angelo. It does not appear that this marble was any longer dug from the quarry, in the time of Theodoſius. The pillars, which have been placed beſide theſe antient pillars, are of grey marble; and, compared to thoſe of Adrian, are of bad workmanſhip.

In one of the ſide aiſles ſtands a large pillar of marble of Pentelicus; which was eſteemed to be the moſt beautiful in Rome, and of Athenian workmanſhip.

The principal gate is of bronze; and was modelled at Conſtantinople, in the year 1070, at the expence of the Roman Conſul, Pantaleone Caſtelli. The deſcendants of the old Romans were long addicted to works of magnificence.

It is affirmed that the aſhes of the great apoſtle, to whom the church is dedicated, repoſe under the high altar. Indeed, it is not incredible that the Chriſtians of Rome might carefully have preſerved his body, to the time of Theodoſius.

The large and beautiful church, though not without ſtriking defects, produces a great impreſſion. The eighty pillars, which ſtand in front, though large, are unequal to the grandeur of the church. To give this a height which ſhould be in proportion to its length, inſtead of a running architrave, the pillars ought to ſupport arches; and over theſe arches the wall ſhould be carried very high: for, according to the rules of architecture, the height of the upper wall ſhould not be more than two thirds of the length of the pillars, meaſured from the pedeſtal to the cornice.

There is an old *ſarcophagus*, in the cloiſter of the church, of rude workmanſhip, and injured by time. The baſſo relievo is remarkable for its workmanſhip, though diſguſting in its ſubject. It is Mercury flaying Marſyas, in the preſence of Apollo. Below theſe is a man whetting

whetting a knife; from which it has been inferred that the famous ſtatue of the knife whetter, at Florence, belonged to the group of which this baſſo relievo is a copy.

The ſquare court of the cloiſter is ſurrounded by a portico; which is in a wretched taſte. There is a ſtone preſerved in it, which was found in the place where Nero killed himſelf, bearing this inſcription:

Hæc ſpecus excepit poſt aurea tecta Neronem;
Nam vivum inferius ſe ſepelire timet *.

You may remember the terror, and the anguiſh, with which Nero fled from Rome, when the people openly declared in favour of Galba. His freedman, Phaon, offered him his country houſe; which was four miles from Rome. He was diſguiſed, and heard the voices of Romans, queſtioning one another: "What news of Nero?" Dreading to be diſcovered by the Prætorian bands, terrified by thunder, lightning, and earthquakes, and tormented by his conſcience, he rode for ſome time with his contemptible companions, after he had found the doors of his friends all ſhut againſt him; none of whom would put him to death. In this condition, he exclaimed, "What! have I neither friend nor foe?" Quitting his horſe, he painfully dragged his body through brambles, till he arrived at the back wall of the country houſe. Phaon requeſted him to conceal himſelf in a ſand pit, till a ſecret entrance could be prepared: to which he replied, that while he lived he would not go under ground. This was the circumſtance that gave occaſion to the above inſcription. At laſt, he crept on all fours through a hole, that was made into the houſe. Every one entreated him to fly farther; but he required them to dig a grave of the length of his body, and that they ſhould ſeek for fragments of marble, if ſuch could be found, and wood, for his approaching funeral.

As he had made great pretenſions, and not without reaſon, to a know-

* This cave received Nero who fled from his golden palace; for he feared to bury himſelf alive.

ledge

ledge of architecture, he ridiculed his own plan; and exclaimed—"What an artiſt I die!" Having learned from the letters, which he had wreſted from Phaon, that the Senate had declared him an enemy, and were in ſearch of him, that he might be puniſhed according to the cuſtom of Rome, he demanded what that cuſtomary puniſhment was? He was informed that it was whipping to death; on which, he took two daggers, that he carried about him, to examine which was the ſharpeſt, and ſheathed them again; ſaying, "that the hour of fate was not yet arrived." Soon afterward, he entreated, with tears and wailing, his conductor, Sporus, to kill himſelf, to give him an example of fortitude; and lamented his own cowardice. "Have I lived to ſuffer "ſhame and diſhonour like this? Thus circumſtanced, a man ſhould "be courageous. Rouſe thyſelf, and awake!"

Horſemen were approaching to take him alive. He heard them, and exclaimed, in the language of Homer,

Ἵππων μ' ωκυποδων αμφι κτυπος ὀυατα βαλλει.
Il. x. 535.

Methinks the noiſe of trampling ſteeds I hear;
Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear.
POPE, IL. b. x. l. 626.

He then, with the help of Epaphroditus, pierced his throat with a dagger. Half lifeleſs, he ſaw the leader of the horſemen ſtanding before him, diſſembling friendſhip for him, and holding his robe to the wound; being deſirous to take him alive. "It is too late," ſaid Nero; and added, "This is fidelity *!" After which, his eyes ſtarting, to the diſguſt of all around him, he breathed his laſt.

The pyramid of Ceſtius, who lived in the time of Auguſtus, may give us an idea, in miniature, of the wonderful Egyptian pyramids; which, without doubt, are the moſt antient, as they certainly are the moſt durable, monuments of architecture. This of Ceſtius is a hundred

* *Sueto. in Vita Ner.* 47, 48, 49.

and ſixty *palms* or ſpans high, a hundred and thirty in breadth at the bottom, and is covered with large ſtones of white marble. We learn, from the inſcription, that the building was completed in three hundred and thirty days. The paſſage has been cut in modern times. It is ſmall, and you are obliged to go with your body bent to reach the burial vault; which is twenty-ſix palms in length, eighteen in breadth, and nineteen in height. The *ſarcophagus* has been removed. We perceived on the ſide walls, by the light of the torch, traces of Arabeſc painting; and above, on each of the four ſides, a hovering Genius, with garlands of flowers. Theſe Genii are in good preſervation, and the drawing of them is free. The only entrance into this burial vault came from above; as in the Egyptian pyramids. A ſtone was removed, at a tolerable height up the pyramid, to give entrance; and the dead were brought down, into their cells, through oblique dark paſſages. One ſide of the pyramid is concealed, by a part of the Aurelian city wall, which ſurrounds it; and the whole building can only be ſeen at a diſtance from the city. At the baſe of each of the viſible corners, there are two pillars.

Facing this pyramid, there is an open place; which is the burial ground of the Proteſtants.

The *Monte Teſtaccio* is within the city; and derives its name from broken pots, which ſome ſay King Servius Tullius, and others the Senate, in later times, commanded all to be thrown in this place. Perhaps the Romans, whoſe knowledge in agriculture was great, were perſuaded that theſe remains of baked earth, which unlimitedly reſiſt the ravages of time, and which are made very hot by the ſun, might injure the lands. Perhaps they were fearful ſuch rubbiſh, if thrown into the Tiber, might render the bed of the river unequal: which fear was the more probable becauſe the ſtream, at leaſt here, is remarkably ſlow.

——— *Leni fluit agmine Tibris.*

VIRGIL.

By

By degrees, the increaſing *Monte Teſtaccio* became ſeven hundred and forty palms in circumference, and two hundred and forty in height; a proof that the Romans were right in their judgment. Such a regulation, which ſhould likewiſe include tiles, would be very beneficial to us; as well with reſpect to the rivers as the fields.

It is affirmed that a freſh air is breathed here in ſummer, from theſe hollow pots; and that the lovers of the bottle are not in vain invited to cool themſelves and their flaggon, or, according to Horace, their *Pia teſta* *, among theſe fragments.

Early the day before yeſterday, it ſnowed in Rome; and, as the air was yeſterday tolerably cold and the ſun did not appear, the ſnow remained on the tops of the houſes. They had not ſeen ſnow for three years, ſince the winter of 1788-9; which was exceſſively ſevere with us, and uncommonly ſo in Italy. In that winter, the ſnow lay here five days ſucceſſively; and the ſtreets were frozen. Many horſes fell, and broke their legs; becauſe no ſmith underſtood how to ſhoe them for the froſt. To remedy this evil, they took dung out of the ſtables, and ſtrewed the ſtreets with it: but a ſouth wind roſe, and melted the ſnow; and the thaw occaſioned an inſupportable odour.

During theſe five days the Germans and the Engliſh, who immediately cauſed ſkates to be made, ſkated on the pool of the Villa Borgheſe; to the aſtoniſhment of the Romans, who could not conceive how theſe foreigners, with a ridge of iron under the foot, could glide rapidly along, while they were unable ſafely to place one foot before another.

Yet what was this very winter, of 1788, compared to that which occurred two hundred and ſeventy years before the birth of Chriſt; which then viſited this city, and when the ſnow lay forty days in the ſtreets of Rome? Various paſſages, from hiſtorians and poets, prove that, in the time of the antient Romans, the climate of this city and its

* Lib. iii. od. 21.

neighbourhood was not ſo mild as it is at preſent. Let the naturaliſt enquire into the reaſon of this: the fact is not to be doubted *.

In the public offices of this city there are ſeldom chimneys, and much ſeldomer ſtoves; and all the ſchools and courts of juſtice are ſhut, as ſoon as it ſnows; and are not opened again till the ſnow can no longer be ſeen on the roofs of the houſes.

Yeſterday the cold aſtoniſhed the Romans. The flowers however of the garden have not ſuffered; and, not only ſuch flowers as are forerunners of the ſpring are now to be found in the fields, but likewiſe the flowers of ſpring itſelf.

LETTER LI.

Rome, 14th January 1792.

THE numerous antiquities of the *Villa Albani* were collected by the Cardinal of that name, who died ſome years ago. Winkelmann was his antiquarian, his reader, and, what is more, his friend.

* What I have ſaid, of the change of the Roman climate, may be applied to the climates of other ſouthern countries. When Lucullus, during the war againſt Mithridates King of Pontus, and Tigranes King of Armenia, was in Mycia, there fell ſo heavy a ſnow, followed with ſuch intenſe cold, that many of his ſoldiers were obliged to remain behind. Mycia is a province of Aſia Minor, and is in the ſame degree of northern latitude as Naples and Taranto. After the victory of Lucullus over the two Kings, near the river Arſanias, he led his army into the higher parts of Armenia. During the ſeaſon of the autumnal equinox, the weather became unexpectedly ſo ſevere that the rivers were covered with ice, which wounded the horſes; and the march of the ſoldiers, through the ſnow, was ſo difficult that they mutinied, and obliged the general to retreat.

PLUTARCH's *Life of Lucullus.*

You

You doubtleſs expect to find here one of the moſt ſuperb of the collections of the beautiful? Yet, if you do, you may perhaps be diſappointed. The reſearches of the profound antiquarian are not confined to the maſterpieces of art. To him, the rarity of the thing gives it a value; ſo does its form, or any attribute of this form, if it throw any light on the defects of art among the antients. Excluſive of deſiring to delight his eye and excite his fineſt feelings by the productions of art, he ſeeks inſtruction from the inferior, or even from the wretched, productions of later ages. From them, he frequently learns to diſtinguiſh the originals of thoſe better times, when the arts flouriſhed in all their luſtre. Thus conſidered, the collection of the *Villa Albani* is really meritorious: add to which, it actually contains beautiful ſpecimens of antient art.

The ſtaircaſe is ornamented with *baſſi relievi*; among which there is a Philoctetes, unique in its kind. The hero is ſeated on a rock, with a deep impreſſion of grief in his countenance; under which rock a ſerpent creeps. It is a fine thought that he ſhould inconſiderately, though not without the decree of the Gods, have wounded himſelf with a poiſoned arrow, ſteeped in the blood of the Centaur Neſſus; which had been given him by the dying Hercules; and that this wound ſhould be a chaſtiſement for having diſcovered the place, where Hercules was burnt, to the hero of the Greeks by a ſtamp with his foot; although he had taken an oath to ſecrecy *. But Homer makes him to be ſtung, by a water-ſerpent.

Αλλ' ὁ μεν ἐν νησῳ κειτο, κρατερ' ἀλγεα πασχων,
Λημνῳ ἐν ἠγαθεῃ, ὀθι μιν λιπον υιες Ἀχαιων,
Ἑλκεϊ μοχθιζοντα κακῳ ὑλοοφρονος ὑδρης.
Ἐνθ' ὀγε κειτ' ἀχεων.

Il. ii. l. 721.

But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,
A poiſonous hydra gave the burning wound;
There groan'd the chief in agoniſing pain.

Pope, Il. b. ii. l. 878.

* Fenelon, Tel. Liv. xv.

Sophocles

Sophocles likewiſe makes him wounded by an aſpick.

Νοσῳ καταφθινοντα, της δ' ἀνδροφθορε
Πληγεντ' ἐχιδνης ἀγριω. χαραγματι.

———diſtempered as I was
By the envenom'd ſerpent's deep felt wound.
FRANCKLIN.

In the upper apartments, my attention was principally drawn by the objects which I ſhall cite.

The ſtatue of a little Faunus bearing a tun. The idea of weight, preſſing upon his ſhoulder, compared with the entirely light and lovely formed body, is evidently of that kind which none but the hand of a Greek could expreſs.

A buſt of the Poet Perſeus.

A *baſſo relievo* of the apotheoſis of Hercules. Below is a Genius, pouring the wine of immortality into a vaſe; which is held by Hebe. Behind her Hercules ſtands, in a noble attitude, holding a ſmall goblet. Above, the aſſembly of the Gods is ſeen.

An Apollo; which is an imitation of the celebrated Apollo the Lizard-ſlayer, by Praxiteles, as we are informed by Pliny*. Apollo, as a youth, is ſhooting an arrow at a lizard, that is creeping up a tree.

The buſt of a little laughing Faun.

A Minerva, as large as life, full of dignity.

The cieling of the great hall is painted by Mengs; and repreſents Parnaſſus. I doubt whether colours were ever ſo animatedly mingled in freſco before. In this hall I noticed the following.

Dædalus and Icarus; a *baſſo relievo* of white marble. Icarus already has his wings; and Dædalus is working at his own. The boy, full of youthful impatience to raiſe himſelf on his waxen wings, holds a wing on which his father is at work.

There is another of the ſame ſubject, in this villa, of *roſſo antico*.

* *Fecit et* (Praxiteles) *puberem Apollinem, ſubrepenti lacertæ cominus ſagitta inſidiantem, quem Sauroctonon vocant.* PLIN. *Nat. Hiſt.* xxxiv. 8.

They were both damaged, but in different places; and, by compariſon, have mutually aided to repair each other.

A fine large ſtatue, of Leucothea and the youthful Bacchus.

The under apartments and the portico, among others, contain the following.

The buſts of the heroes and the poets, that are ſhewn here, would engage my attention more than any other ſtatues, were it but well certified that they are the real buſts of the great men they are ſaid to repreſent; Homer, Leonidas, Themiſtocles, Pindar, Euripides, Ariſtides, Xenophon, and others. Æſop alone is cognizable, by his deformity.

An impriſoned Phrygian general ſeated, as large as life. The head is of white marble; the drapery of the Egyptian *breccia*. The ſenſe of impriſonment and greatneſs of character are diſcoverable in his face.

An antique landſcape, in crayons. The colours are almoſt gone: the drawing is very light.

A female ſatyr. This is a very rare perſonification. The antients might well have felt that a female body with horns, and the legs of a goat, could only excite diſagreeable ſenſations.

A *baſſo relievo*: Ceres, in ſearch of her daughter, refreſhed with wine by Bacchus.

IN THE GARDEN.

Two coloſſal heads; of Titus, and Trajan.

Very beautiful female Caryatides; bearing a flower baſket, which they hold with both their hands: after the manner of our milk maids with their brimming pails. On the flowers of this baſket the architrave of a ſmall cool portico repoſes.

THE PALACE RONDANINI.

Here an antient Roman *ſarcophagus* drew my attention. The figure of the dead perſon is half raiſed on the lid. His right arm embraces

braces the buſt of his wife; whom he regards with tenderneſs. Near it there is an opening in the marble, with a lid; and this probably contained the aſhes of his deceaſed wife: the body of the huſband being in the *ſarcophagus*. The manner of the woman's hair denotes this monument to have been of the time of Veſpaſian, Titus, or Domitian.

An antique head; which is ſuppoſed to be that of Marcus Brutus. The remainder of the figure is modern. He is repreſented with a dagger in his hand, and in the act of ſtabbing. In the upper part of the countenance, I diſcover ſomething of the grandeur of the man; but nothing of that benignity, or nobleneſs of character, in the mouth, which ſhould denote the benevolence and grandeur of Marcus Brutus.

The ſtatue of Alexander, naked; and a coloſſal Hygeia, the Goddeſs of Health; are both very fine.

A head of Meduſa; without doubt of the beſt times of Greece, and one of the moſt excellent of the works of antient art. I ſcarcely know one which I ſhould prefer to this, for grandeur of expreſſion.

The *Palazzo Giuſtiniani* is likewiſe well ſtored with objects worthy of notice.

The great Marcellus, ſeated; as large as life. It gave me pleaſure to behold the hero, whom, in the time of Hannibal, the Romans had called their ſword; as they called Fabius their ſhield.

A large head of Jupiter Serapis; a deity compounded of half Egyptian and half Grecian mythology. You diſtinguiſh him from the other heads of Jupiter by the moſs that he bears on his crown.

A youthful head of Apollo; of the greateſt beauty.

> ——————*facies quam dicere vere*
> *Virgineam in puero, puerilem in virgine poſſis.*
>
> OVID. lib. viii. 322—23.

> Such was her face as, in a nymph, diſplay'd
> A fair fierce boy; or, in a boy, betray'd
> The bluſhing beauties of a modeſt maid.
>
> DRYDEN: in Garth's Ovid, l. 479.

A Mi-

A Minerva; of the age of already beautiful but rude art. It was found on what was formerly the field of Mars; on which the greateſt part of the preſent city is built, extending from the Capitol to the *Porta del Popolo;* and, if I do not miſtake, on the very place where Pompey had erected a temple to Minerva. This leader brought many of the ſtatues of Greece to Rome.

A beautiful Faun.

A head of Sappho; which, if it be not Sappho, is worthy of the great poeteſs. Yet, if this countenance had been inſpired by the feeling and the genius of Sappho, could Phaon have been inſenſible of its charms?

A veſtal; ſo called: but, according to Mr. Hirt's opinion, a Juno in Samos, of more antient but ruder times of Grecian art.

A head of Memnon; of black baſaltes. This hero, the ſon of Aurora, who went to the aid of Troy, has a countenance worthy of himſelf. The artiſt, to diſtinguiſh his origin, has given him woolly hair.

The following are the paintings I moſt obſerved.

Chriſt before Caiaphas. A night piece; by Hundhorſt, or Honthorſt, a Flemiſh painter. The Italians could not pronounce his name, and therefore called him *Gerardo della Notte;* becauſe he particularly excelled in night pieces, of which this is a proof. Chriſt ſtands with dignity before Caiaphas; though not with ſo much as might have been expected. Caiaphas is excellently painted. We diſcover the captious interrogator, the proud high prieſt, and the blood thirſty judge. The light, reflected from the table, caſts a beam on the countenance of Caiaphas, and on his uplifted hand, ſo as to produce a great effect.

St. John in the clouds, borne by an eagle, and writing the Revelations, by Julio Romano, is a picture in which ſome imagine they diſcover the hand of Raphael. The elevated countenance, and the inſpired eyes, of the great prophet are worthy of the latter maſter.

A mother, ſurrounded by her children; kneeling, and giving the breaſt to one, as he ſtands, and with her countenance hanging over

him, full of undeſcribable maternal affection. This piece is by Luca Cambiaſi.

We now left the city, and paſſed through the *Porta Pia;* formerly, *Porta Nomentana.*

The firſt thing we remarked was the monument of St. Conſtantia, daughter of Conſtantine the Great; whom he buried in a church that he had erected to her memory, and which he called after her. It is circular, and the cupola is ſupported by many pillars. The fine *ſarcophagus* of porphyry had been deſtined, by Pope Paul the Third, to adorn his own monument; and it had been removed for that purpoſe when Paul died. Sixtus the Fourth however ſent it back to its proper place.

Facing the church, we find the traces of a *hippodrome;* or rather perhaps, as the place ſeems too ſmall for chariot races, of a circus for gladiators: for the Chriſtian Emperors, of that age, had not yet been able to divert the people from theſe ſanguinary ſpectacles.

We proceeded along the banks of the *Teverona;* formerly the *Anio,* and the *Anien;* and paſſed the bridge on which the Gaul ſtood, when he defied the moſt valiant of the Romans to come forth, and was ſlain by Titus Manlius. The *Anio* was the boundary, between antient Latium and the country of the Sabines.

Before us, we ſaw what was called the Holy Hill; *Mons Sacer;* which, from a remarkable occurrence, became ſo celebrated in Roman hiſtory. Embittered againſt the Patricians, and principally becauſe of the rigour with which the latter purſued to the utmoſt the yet unmitigated laws againſt debtors, in the early ages of the republic, the greateſt part of the people forſook the city. They took nothing with them but the neceſſaries for exiſtence; attacked no man's private property, entrenched themſelves on this hill, and there remained ſome days: neither attacking nor attacked. This determined moderation, of a people who were juſtly enraged againſt the higher orders, will, in

my

my opinion, everlaſtingly redound to their honour. The Senate was in the utmoſt conſternation.

Menenius Agrippa, a Patrician, who was beloved by the plebeians for the mildneſs of his manners, went to the angry ſeceders, and related to them the well-known fable of the belly and the members: the latter refuſing to receive food to the former, with which they were angry, till they became impotent and diſeaſed: and, by this ſimple illuſtration, he perſuaded them to return to the city.

The people however made a condition, which proved their profound knowledge of politics. They inſiſted on and obtained the right of chooſing officers, from among themſelves, whoſe perſons ſhould be inviolable; and whoſe office it ſhould be to protect the people againſt the oppreſſions of the Patricians*.

This was the origin of the Tribunes of the people: a wiſe inſtitution, which became the ſhield of the Roman freedom, and the abuſe of which, in later times, eſpecially in the times of the Gracchi, probably more conduced to the deſtruction of the republic than even the ambition of the great: for, by this, its deſtruction was long prepared; and at laſt effected.

We have viſited two painters. Jacob More, the firſt, is a Scotchman; and one of the good landſcape painters of our times. Among other pictures, he ſhewed us a ſtormy ſea, with a rocky ſhore: the time night, the moon in her laſt quarter, and obſcured, the lightning deſcending, dead bodies ſwimming toward the ſhore, and ſhipwrecked mariners half expiring dragged to land by the people. By this you perceive that Jacob More handles his pencil like a poet. The picture is excellent, and full of terror.

As a companion to this, he has painted the arrival of Telemachus and Mentor on the iſland of Calypſo. The morning ſun glimmers, and trembles, on the ſoft broken waves of the ſea. The iſland is a charming ſpot. Earth, ſea, and air, all wear the moſt friendly ſmiles.

* Liv. ii. 32.

The trees and foliage of this painter, however, do not wave and breathe, with that pure life of nature, which Hackart has the art to communicate. Neither do I diſcover, in More, the ſame aërial and linear perſpective, nor thoſe charming diſtances, which continually ſurpriſe me, in the pictures of Hackart. The dazzling pencil of More is not, in my opinion, dipped in the colours of nature.

Wenzeſlaus Peter, a Bohemian, has, by his diſtinguiſhed talents, been the carver of his own fortune. At the age of twenty-ſeven, he was a gunſmith; and became acquainted with a man of rank, by whoſe aid he inſtructed himſelf in the art of drawing. He began to ſtudy ſculpture; but painting appeared to him a more ready road to fame, and one which better pleaſed his taſte. When the gallery of the Vatican, by Raphael, was copied for the Empreſs of Ruſſia, he undertook to aſſiſt in the Arabeſc; and ſoon the whole was entruſted to him. But his inclination led him to cattle painting: accordingly, he has painted animals of all kinds; and, in this branch of the art, he is undoubtedly without a rival. I ſaw a large picture of Paradiſe, by his hand, the landſcape of which is beautiful. He has aſſumed different attitudes for almoſt every one of the animals. The point of time he has choſen is the moment when Eve preſents the apple to Adam. He has two chambers full of animals, painted moſt of them as large as life. The lion and the dove, the fox and the lamb, are equally familiar to this maſter. Each individual animal appears to me nearly a greater maſterpiece than the beautiful, though perhaps overloaded, picture of Paradiſe.

LETTER LII.

Rome, 15th January 1792.

I HAVE ſeen the pictures of Raphael, in the Vatican; as well thoſe which are painted in freſco, in the open gallery, and therefore called *Le Loggie di Rafuello:* the gallery of Raphael: as the great pictures of this immortal maſter, in the apartments of the Vatican, that occaſion thoſe apartments to be called *Le Stanze di Rafaello:* the apartments of Raphael. I mean to ſee them frequently; and even then perhaps I ſhall be able to preſent no other picture to your mind, than the general impreſſion they have produced upon me. Who can ſelect parts, where each compoſes ſo beautiful, ſo harmonious, and ſo perfect, a whole? Who ſhall direct our choice amidſt this rich ſuperabundance? Who ſhall diſſect this dignity in unity?

My feelings were a little relieved, by indulging in the following rhapſodies of imagination.

RAPHAEL.

HOW was my ſoul o'erwhelm'd, immortal man!
When, fix'd, entranced, fir'd by thy mighty mind,
Fill'd with thy genius, motionleſs I ſtood!
Through all the Vatican thy ſpirit breath'd!
The dead, called up by thee, before me roſe,
Moving, living, breathing; diſcourſing themes
Of earth and heaven; of angels, martyrs, men;
Of ſinners and of ſaints; of apoſtles and gods!

Of what pure æther did th' Eternal frame
Thy ſoul, from which ſtreamed, flooding, Nature's firſt
Great Cauſe! He that made, he that ſaved, and he
That will eternally reward his beſt
Moſt admirable workman! Yes, 'twas he
That did inſpire thy genius, guide thy hand,
And purify thy ſpirit! Chaſed far off
Each thought that glowed not with celeſtial fire,

And

And fitted thee to fill the mighty taſk;
That, daring elſe, audacious, raſh, had been.

Thy courſe on earth is run! Ages have rolled
Over thy peaceful grave! Like as the youth
Howling laments, who with his virgin bride
Is by the raging torrent ſwept away;
So ſuffering Art, with wails, and tears, and cries,
Impatient calls, with anguiſh clamorous now,
And now ſupplicating her own Raphael,
Her to reviſit, and her ſons impel
Again to ſeize the pencil, bold and free,
And emulate the mighty maſter's fire.

Behold the Grecian Muſe, with duſty train,
Erſt by Apelles woo'd, won, and enjoy'd!
Lo, mid the wrecks of Time, ſhe weeping ſtands;
Ever and anon glancing at thy tomb *,
And bitterly rememb'ring days long paſt!
I hear her murmurs now, in dead of night;
The chaſte Diana preſent, though half veil'd,
The blaſt of darkneſs chaſing now, and now
Admitting! Terror ſtruck, I hear her ſigh
For her departed ſons! And laſt Raphael!
Mournful as the widow'd Spring over her
Blighted fruits! Or as the bleak Winter's winds
Howl through the ruins of the houſeleſs Gods,
Thus fearfully, thus plaintively, ſhe grieves!

" Pride of my heart! Delight of my eye! Where!
" Oh! Where art thou fled? Laurel crown'd by me,
" And by my ſiſter Muſes, thee we caught,
" While yet an infant, in our arms; and fed
" Thee with immortal ſweets! Homer not more
" Our nurſling; nor Plato our more delight!
" On thy forehead beam'd the morning dawn;
" Thine eyes ſhot fire; bright as meridian day
" Thy viſage ſhone: while manna dropt from Heav'n,
" And fruits that Paradiſe alone could yield,

* Raphael lies buried in the church which is now called the Rotunda, formerly the Pantheon; a temple, dedicated to all the Gods. It was built by Agrippa, in the time of Auguſtus; and is the nobleſt building in Rome. I ſhall ſpeak more of it in my letters; and ſhall now only add that there is a monument in it to the memory of Raphael, with his buſt.

" Were

" Were proffer'd to thy lips! Wiſdom thine ear
" Saluted; and Nature, in all her bloom,
" Splendid in charms, firſt met thy infant eye;
" Prolific ſhed her roſeate dews around,
" And, in one large bequeſt, pour'd out her ſtores,
" Gave all ſhe had, and taught thee all ſhe knew!

" Where art thou now, my ſon? Too like the flower,
" Which the tender virgin rears, tempeſt ſwept,
" The moment of maturity beheld
" Thee blighted, in the fullneſs of thy bloom."

Thus mourned the Muſe! And thus, with ſighs of deep Regret, penſive I homeward bent my way.

LETTER LIII.

Rome, 20th January 1792.

I HAVE been three days in the country; and have again beheld great and beautiful nature, in this empire of eternal ſpring.

On the ſeventeenth we left Rome, and went to *La Riccia*.

Egreſſum magna me excepit Aricia Roma.
HOR. i. Sat. v. 1.

Leaving imperial Rome, my courſe I ſteer
To poor Aricia——
FRANCIS.

We viſited the Portugueſe Ambaſſador, the Count of Souſa, and his wife; who often reſide at a country houſe in *La Riccia*, the antient *Aricia*. This place is about three German miles from Rome. At firſt, the *Campagna di Roma* on this ſide is very naked, deſtitute of trees, and ill cultivated; and you meet with little except the monuments of the antients. The eye long continues to follow the aqueduct, which was carried from there to Tivoli; and which, in various places,

is fallen to ruins. Many of the ſepulchres of the antients are on the road; and have more or leſs fallen to decay. They particularly point out the direction of the antient Appian way; on each ſide of which, according to the cuſtom of the antients, who erected theſe monuments on the road ſide, many are now ſtanding.

This cuſtom gives us the true meaning of ſo many antient inſcriptions, which begin with the words *Siſte gradum, viator.* It was rational to addreſs the paſſenger on the high road: but it is abſurd, or at leaſt thoughtleſs, to begin inſcriptions of modern monuments, erected in bye places, with the words "Stop, Paſſenger." The road began to be pleaſant at Albano; round which we meet with fruitful fields, vineyards, and trees. *Caſtell gandolfo* lies very near Albano, on the left.

Albano is a ſmall inſignificant town; yet it is much viſited and inhabited in autumn, and the beginning of ſpring, by the principal Romans; who have villas here. High old walls, which appear to ſurround a kind of court, are ſuppoſed to be the remains of the barracks in which the Roman ſoldiers lived. It is probable that, even in the times of the republic, there was a military ſtation here. We find in one of the orations of Cicero that, after the death of Cæſar, two legions lay here: the Fourth, and the Martian.* Pompey, and Clodius, that infamous enemy of Cicero and of Rome, here had country houſes: as afterward had Tiberius, Caligula, and Domitian. Many great ruins of the villa of the latter are at preſent to be ſeen in the *Villa Barbarini.* They extend as far as *Caſtell gandolfo*, and to the banks of the Alban lake; on which Domitian uſed to repreſent his *Naumachia.* Ruins of an amphitheatre, and vaſt terraces ſupported by arcades, are the principal objects. In this villa he gave the feſtival of Minerva, exhibited combats of gladiators and wild beaſts, declaimed as a tragedian, exhibited his ſkill in ſhooting the arrow, held public diſputations with philoſophers, and poets, and made equally vain pretenſions to wit and learning †.

It is probable that the villa of Domitian was built in the very place

* Cic. Phil 3. † Suet. in vita Dom. c. 4.

where

where the villa of Clodius had formerly ſtood. Cicero called this laſt villa the great ſubſtruction *, or prodigious pile; which muſt have been diſcoverable had it been on a different ſpot.

Theſe feats, and the legions which were quartered here, gave Albano its origin, as a town, in the time of the Emperors of the firſt century. The diſtrict of Albano was ſo called after the antient town of Alba; which was much older than Rome, and which the Romans deſtroyed about ſix hundred years before the building of Albano. La Riccia is one of the oldeſt towns of Italy. About eleven hundred years before the birth of Chriſt, the antient inhabitants of Aricia, who were the *Siculi*, were driven out of the country by the united power of the *Pelaſgi* and the *Oenotrii*. Theſe *Siculi*, and their brothers in Latium, who took their name from an antient king called *Siculus*, fled to Sicily; and gave their name to the then inhabited iſland of *Sicania*.

Had the Latins given ear to a citizen of Aricia, called Turnus Herdonius, Rome perhaps would not have been the ſovereign of the world. Tarquin the Proud ſummoned the chief men of the Latins to the Ferentinian grove, and theſe ſuffered them to wait. Turnus warned them againſt his pride, and adviſed his comrades to return home.

Tarquin at laſt appeared, and apologiſed. In the night, he cauſed arms to be brought to the houſe of Turnus, ſummoned the chiefs of Latium to appear early, and accuſed Turnus of intending to have put himſelf and the other aſſembled princes to death. The arms were found, and Turnus was ſeized and thrown into the Ferentinian fountain, incloſed in a cage of oziers, in which ſtones were put †.

The preſent Riccia is built on the height where the fortreſs of antient Aricia ſtood; which lay at the foot of the hill. The church, built by Bernini, is very beautiful. There is a cupola, on the rotunda, of

* —*Albanos tumulos atque lucos, Albanorumque obrutas aras, quas Clodius, cæſis ſanctiſſimis lucis, ſubſtructionibus ſuis oppreſſerat.* Cic. pro Milone.

† Liv. i. 50.

a beautiful and perfectly hemiſpherical form; which form we miſs in St. Peter's church. But this ornament is more proper for a rotunda than for a ſtructure like St. Peter's; where the cupola is raiſed upon a ſquare.

The country between Albano and Riccia is very pleaſant. It is embelliſhed with oaks, and the evergreen prickly oak of an extraordinary ſize; with rocks, rivulets, and a proſpect to the ſea. On a hill, near the ſmall town of Riccia, is a large park; which appertains to a palace of the family of the Princes *Chigi*. The park is beautiful, becauſe no intentional decorating plan has injured it; but it is reſigned to the charms of ever various nature. And how active is ſhe, when ſhe remains undiſturbed, in this mild climate!

Near Riccia, there is an antient monument; which ſome have ſuppoſed to be the ſepulchre of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*.

The number five, of the towers, which are raiſed on a very durable foundation, appears to favour this opinion. But why were the heroes buried at ſuch a diſtance from Rome?

Others affirm that Clodius, who fell by the hand of Milo near this place, was entombed here. A third opinion is that Cornelia, the widow of Pompey, erected this monument near his villa; and that the five towers are the tokens of as many triumphs, granted to this great leader.

South of the town lies a pleaſant valley; which is called *Valle di Riccia*: the Valley of Riccia. In the time of Pliny it was called *Convallis Aricina* *. The great naturaliſt ſays that, in antient times, this valley had been a lake; and appearances confirm his teſtimony. The valley is circumſcribed and ſhut in by a high border; which is embelliſhed by trees, vineyards, and gardens. The valley itſelf is uncommonly fertile; and is watered by a canal, which is brought here from the lake of *Nemi*.

The lake of Albano, overlooked by high and rocky ſhores, and

* Plin. Nat. Hiſt. xix. 8.

ſhaded

ſhaded by numerous trees, lies below Albano and Caſtell gandolfo. Here I ſaw at this ſeaſon and entirely green, bearing its yellow flowers, the *Medicago arborea:* the *cytiſus* of Virgil. This lake, as well as the valley near Riccia and the lake of Nemi, afford viſible traces of volcanos. Pliny had read in antient writers that, formerly, the earth of the lands that lie below Aricia would have caught fire, if a hot coal had fallen upon them *.

The crater of the volcano, after a violent diſcharge of the fire within, gave way; and the cooling lava aſſumed the figure of an inverted cone. The rain, and the water deſcending from the heights, gradually filled this hard bed; from which there was no outlet. In proportion as the uppermoſt lava was undermined, it formed itſelf into earth; and being waſhed down by torrents of rain, the water was conſequently raiſed. Probably, it might long have maintained a ſubterranean connection with the ſea: for naturaliſts affirm that there is a neceſſary cooperation between the ocean and the eruptions of volcanos. According to the teſtimony of Livy, when the *Veii* were beſieged, the water of the lake of Albano roſe to an extraordinary height; though it had not been increaſed by any unuſual rains. Wearied by a ten years' ſiege, and terrified by ſigns which they conſidered as fearful, the Romans ſent ambaſſadors to Delphi; who received the following anſwer from the oracle: "Romans, beware that the water remain no longer in the "lake of Albano. Beware that it diſcharge itſelf not into the ſea. Give "it paſſage through the fields, which it will water. By cutting canals, "it may all be dried up: then boldly attack the walls of the foe *."

The Romans were the more aſtoniſhed at this ſpeech becauſe an old man, of the *Veii*, had called to the Roman ſoldiers—"that the Romans "would never take the town, till the water of the lake of Albano "ſhould be drawn away." The water was drawn off, through a canal,

* Plin. Nat. Hiſt. ii. 107. † Liv. v.

to the height that it is at preſent; and in the ſame year the Romans took the town.

Cicero, in his treatiſe *De Divinatione*, gives us to underſtand that the Senate was much leſs induced to this work by motives of ſuperſtition, than by a perception of the advantage of which ſuch a canal would be; in watering and rendering the country fruitful, which till that time had been barren. The prediction of the old man, which probably was only uttered in deriſion, might furniſh this wiſe aſſembly with an opportunity of encouraging the people to the undertaking, by the ſurpriſing anſwer obtained from the oracle.

The inferior ſhore of the lake of Albano may be about one German mile and a quarter in circumference. In the upper part, its rocky bed extends, and afterward contracts; ſo as to aſſume the form of a funnel. I deſcended through a winding path, among wood and ſhrubs, to the place where the outlet, *emiſſarium*, of the lake had been made. When I was below, I ſaw large halls, hewn in the rock, ſurrounded by ſtone walls, and probably at one time faced with marble; which many ſuppoſe to have been baths. I believe that they were in honour of the Nymphs of the lake; and probably theſe halls appertained to the villa of Domitian. After ſome paces, I arrived at a lofty wall conſtructed with large ſtones. A fiſherman of Albano, who kept the key of the door, gave me admiſſion; and I entered a ſquare court, three ſides of which were incloſed by ſimilar walls. The prickly oak had taken root, between the uppermoſt ſtones; and had grown to a very uncommon ſize. It had likewiſe extended itſelf downward, in two lateral branches; and, while its evergreen foliage was penetrated by the blue light of heaven, it overſhadowed the whole court and the external ſides of the wall.

Behind the open ſide of the court is a great circular hall. The water of a canal, cut in its rocky bed, flows through the middle of the court and the hall. The canal may be about fifteen hundred paces from this to the other ſide of the hill, where it finds its outlet.

Livy,

Livy, who had been accuſtomed to contemplate the immenſe works of the later Romans, mentions this work in the following cold words: "The water of the lake of Albano was conducted through the fields:" but immediately afterward he adds, in a bolder tone: "and Fate viſited the *Veii* *." This work, which was begun and ended two thouſand one hundred and eighty-eight years ago, would have excited our aſtoniſhment had it been undertaken in thoſe ages when Rome had attained its greateſt power: Rome, which, three hundred and fifty-ſeven years after its foundation, poſſeſſed no more than a little corner of little Latium.

The hill of Albano riſes, beyond the lake, over leſſer heights like a pyramid. *Ferentina* ſtands on the right, with its grove; in which the antient Latins were accuſtomed to aſſemble and deliberate, and to pay honour to the Gods. In more early times, they held theſe aſſemblies on the top of the hill of Albano; where there was a temple dedicated to the Latian Jupiter, which was held ſacred by the Romans.

The Roman generals were accuſtomed to keep their triumphs on this hill, when the Senate denied them a triumph in the Capitol. Here was the triumph of the great Marcellus kept; and afterward a ſmall triumph, or an ovation, in Rome †, for the conqueſt of Syracuſe.

This hill was famous among the ſuperſtitious Romans for the numerous auguries, and wonders, which were here divulged to them ‡. It lies higher than the hills around it, is often covered with clouds, and may frequently have been ſtruck with lightning. At preſent it only

* *Jam ex lacu Albano aqua emiſſa in agros, Vejoſque Fata appetebant.* Liv. v. 19.

† Liv. [illegible] 21. In the triumph, the victor was drawn in a chariot and four; and ſacrificed an ox to Jupiter. In the ovation, he walked; and ſacrificed a ſheep. Marcellus was denied a triumph, becauſe the war in Sicily was not ended, and his army not returned.

‡ Vulpius is of opinion that, for this reaſon, Jupiter was worſhipped here: under whoſe name the antient mythologiſts underſtood the air. *Vetus Latium Profanum*, vol. vii. p. 35.

forebodes

forebodes rain. *Monte Cavo ha il capello: piovera.* "The hill Cavo "has his hat on; it will rain:" ſay the country people, when its ſummit is covered with clouds. They call it *Monte Cavo;* the hollow hill; and *Monte delle Cave;* the hill with hollows; becauſe many hollow places have been made in it. In the ages of the Romans, it was ſtruck with lightning at one time, rained ſtones at another, and voices were heard to iſſue from it at a third. That it rained ſtones there is frequent teſtimony; which proves this diſtrict to be of a volcanic nature. Yet the hill betrays no ſigns of a crater, nor of lava; although theſe parts are full of ſuch ſubſtances, according to the teſtimony of naturaliſts.

The fiſherman, who ſhewed me the canal of the lake, told me that the Devil was frequently ſeen on its banks. Are not tales like theſe the remains of the antient credulity of the Romans, who believed in ſo many wonders of the hill of Albano? This appears to me the more probable becauſe the common people of this country, who have ſuch lively fancies, and are ſo delighted and fed by their own terrific legendary tales, have no fear of ghoſts and hobgoblins. Their active imaginations ſeem rather to delight in lively pictures than in gloomy. Perhaps for this they may thank the beauties of nature, the ſerenity of the climate, and the lightneſs of the air: perhaps they are in part indebted to their noble and humanizing architecture. Our Gothic churches, with their interſecting aiſles and monuments, muſt fill the heart with gloom. To theſe may be added our long nights. The farther we proceed, northward, the more numerous we find theſe fantaſtic images of ſpectres, and goblins.

The antient Alba, the mother of Rome, was built between the hill and the lake. This town extended itſelf ſouthward, and was called *Alba the long;* to diſtinguiſh it from another Alba, which ſtood near the lake Fucinus.

When Numitor was dead, who, after the murder of the uſurper Amulius, had placed his grandſons Romulus and Remus on the throne of

of Alba, the people of Alba would not acknowledge the ſovereignty of Romulus. Tullus Hoſtilius, the third King of Rome, waged war againſt the Albanians; and an agreement was made that three young men, on each part, ſhould be choſen for the combat, and that the city of thoſe who remained victors ſhould bear the rule. The three Curiatii, all brothers, appeared on the part of Alba; and the three Horatii on the part of Rome. Of the ſix combatants only one of the Horatii was left living: but the General of Alba would not ſubmit to this deciſion of victory. A battle enſued, the Romans were victorious, the Albanian General, as a public violator, was torn aſunder by four horſes; and the city of Alba was razed: the temple only was left ſtanding. The rights of citizenſhip were granted, by the Romans, to the Albanians.

Whether Alba was founded by Æneas, or by his ſon, for of the father's coming to Italy I very much doubt, its origin could not be later than the Trojan war; but might be earlier. No certain traces of the city of Alba remain. It is affirmed that ruins were diſcovered by ſome huntſmen: but the knowledge of huntſmen, as antiquarians, is little to be truſted. Neither muſt we forget that the Italians are very much addicted to prattle, with vanity, of their antient remains.

The lake of Nemi is leſs than the lake of Albano; but its banks are ſtill more pleaſant. High rocks, and ſhady hills, ſurround it on every ſide; and the declivities are in part planted with trees, and in part with vineyards and gardens. Two ſmall towns, oppoſite to each other, *Nemi* toward the eaſt, and *Genzano* toward the weſt, are built high upon the ſhore. Genzano is ſo called after its antient name *Cynthianum:* or *Fanum Cynthiæ:* the temple of Cynthia. You know that Apollo and Diana were called *Cynthius* and *Cynthia;* after the mountain *Cynthus* in *Delos;* becauſe Latona was delivered of them both in this iſland. According to ſtill earlier mythology, Apollo only was born in Delos*; and Diana in the little iſland *Ortygia*, near *Sicilia:* on

* Homer's Hymn to Apollo.

which the moſt antient and the only remaining part of Syracuſe now ſtands. In the temples of Diana this Goddeſs was worſhipped under the title of *Diana Scythica*, or *Diana Taurica*, in antient Latium; becauſe that it was believed that Oreſtes and Iphigenia had ſtolen her image and brought it hither. Nemi was called after the grove of this temple, which the Romans named *Nemus*: the word *Nemus* ſignifying a grove. I know not whether the Romans of thoſe times had named the deep ſtill and clear lake of Nemi the mirror of Diana; but it is often ſo called by the preſent Italians. It was generally called by the antients *Lacus nemoroſus*, the lake of the foreſt; becauſe it is ſurrounded by foreſts. There is a ſmall pleaſant path in moſt parts by the ſide of the lake; which is ſhaded by the cheſnut, the poplar, and the alder tree.

The antient town of Nemi ſtands very high, on a rock; under which, on the declivity of the ſhore, the rivulet ſprings of which Ovid, in his beautiful fables, relates that the diſconſolate Egeria, after the death of Numa, wandered weeping here at the foot of the mountain; and that, melting in tears, ſhe was metamorphoſed by Diana into this ſtream.

—— montiſque jacens radicibus imis
Liquitur in lacrimas, donec pietate dolentis
Mota ſoror Phœbi gelidum de corpore fontem
Fecit, et æternas artus tenuavit in undas.

OVID. lib. xv. 548—51.

Beneath the hill all comfortleſs ſhe laid,
The dropping tears her eyes inceſſant ſhed;
Till pitying Phœbe eas'd her pious woe,
Thaw'd to a ſpring whoſe ſtreams for ever flow.

DRYDEN, 809.

The ſame poet tells us that Hippolytus, the ſon of Theſeus, after his flight from Athens to Trœzen, and being dragged by his horſes, which had been terrified by the monſter riſing from the ocean, was again reſtored to life by Æſculapius. By favour of Diana, in recompenſe for his

his continence, he having reſiſted the enflamed ſolicitations of his ſtep-mother, Phædra, he was admitted one of the leſſer Deities; and inhabited the grove of the Goddeſs, under the name of *Virbius* *.

As I was proceeding along the bank of the lake, I heard the running of a rivulet at a diſtance; and, aſcending the hill, I came to its ſource. Here it ſoftly murmured along, and meandered through the herbage; till it concealed itſelf among the rocks, which were overgrown by ivy to a conſiderable height. Preſently afterward it ruſhed from among the evergreen ivy, frothing and noiſy. The metamorphoſed Egeria, widowed, and mourning for Numa, now gives motion to four mills before ſhe arrives at the lake. Thus, in antient times, the widows of impriſoned heroes, and of ſlain kings, have frequently been reduced to the moſt degrading labours, and to work in mills.

The Romans have likewiſe made a canal from this lake, by which it is prevented from overflowing. This canal runs into another, in the valley of Riccia; which by theſe means is become extremely fruitful.

The whole country is very charming, and well cultivated. The farmers are induſtrious; and the inhabitants of Genzano muſt be proſperous, for they have built a handſome church at their own expence. Nemi ſupplies Rome with excellent fruit. Much charcoal is burnt in theſe parts. Their fields and kitchen gardens are well managed; and their vineyards induſtriouſly ſupplied with reed poles. The ſtrong reed, *Arundo Donax*, grows to an aſtoniſhing height, in all the lakes and marſhy places of Italy. It is introduced into gardens; partly to ſupport weak plants, and partly, while the reeds are young, to ſeparate, by being twined together, the flower beds from each other.

We are not often now, as in the time of Horace, invited to drink Albanian wine of nine years old: though this wine is ſtill brought in great quantities to Rome †.

The

* Ovid. lib. xv. 497.

† *Eſt mihi nonum ſuperantis annum*
Plenus Albani cadus—
HOR. iv. od. 11.

The vines of Aricia were formerly famous for their extraordinary height. Cineas, the friend and ambaſſador of Pyrrhus, was ſurpriſed at them: but he thought the wine acid, and ſaid that the mother of the wine, the grape, deſerved to be crucified on ſo high a croſs *. Near Riccia are great remains of the antient *Via Appia*; or Appian way; which Appius Claudius, the Blind, in the year of Rome 442, while he was Cenſor, conſtructed. It is paved with broad ſtones, which the Italians call *ſelci (ſelce)* from the Latin, *ſilex*. They are blue, and of volcanic origin; a kind of lava. In this place the road is cut through the ſide of a hill; and, that the earth might not fall down and overwhelm it, the antients have given it a ſupport of large ſtones, with a degree of labour which cannot be beheld without amazement. The road is not broad; becauſe the carriages of the antients were narrow in their conſtruction. Their horſes were not ſhod; for which reaſon the ſmooth ſtones were to them no inconvenience. Yet horſes that are ſhod ſoon accuſtom themſelves to ſuch roads. The Daniſh horſe of Count Souſa, which I rode, has gone very ſafely over theſe ſmooth ſtones †.

In other reſpects, the Roman roads had many great advantages. As

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Phillis, I have a caſk of wine,
Mellow'd by ſummers more than nine.

FRANCIS.

Horace, in one of his ſatires, deſcribing the voluptuous giver of a banquet, appears to rank this wine as equal to that of Falernia.

—— *Albanum, Mæcenas, ſive Falernum*
Te magis appoſitis delectat, habemus utrumque.

Lib. ii. ſat. 8. v. 16.

If Alban and Falernian pleaſe you more,
So ſays our hoſt, you may have both good ſtore.

FRANCIS.

* Plin. Nat. Hiſt. xiv. 1.

† All Naples is paved with lava; as are the high roads of Naples. The horſes accuſtomed to them will often ſlip; but I have ſeen none of them fall.

far

far as it was poſſible, they were conſtructed in a right line; and in the ſhorteſt direction. They were convenient; becauſe the flat ſtones neither jolted, occaſioned the foot of man to ſlip, nor injured the hoof of the horſe. They were not damaged by rain; becauſe it would not lie on a ſlippery pavement: and their duration is a proof of their ſtrength.

Going in a carriage on the road to *Paleſtrina*, formerly *Præneſte*, one of the oldeſt and moſt famous towns of Latium, I alighted with Signor Fea, the Italian tranſlator of Winkelmann, and examined the ruins of the villa of the Emperor Antoninus Pius. Little of the walls above the ground is now remaining; but the broad terraces and large foundations denote the circumference of this villa. From this place I had an extenſive proſpect. Before me lay *Veletri*; formerly *Velitræ*; an antient town of the *Volſci*; beyond that, *Cora;* which was likewiſe an antient town of the ſame people. On the broad declivity of a hill to the right, was a long ſtretch of the marſh of *Pomptinæ;* and, at the extent of the horizon, the high promontory of *Circe*. I was not a little delighted to ſee the regions of Homer.

Homer called this promontory an iſland. Either the marſh of Pomptinæ, in antient times, extended to what is now the land ſide of this hill, or Homer, having ſeen it from the ſea, ſuppoſed it to be an iſland *.

Cluverius, who was no leſs acute than induſtrious in his enquiries, ſays that the hill appeared, as well by ſea as on ſhore, to be an iſland †; and, from the place where I ſtood, I ſhould have taken it for a high iſland. It appears to me about as high as, or perhaps higher than, the

* Αἰαιην δ' ἐς νησον ἀφικομεθ' · ἐνθα δ' ἐναιε
Κιρκη ἐϋπλοκαμος, δεινη θεος, αυδηεσσα.
Ody. x. 135, 36.

Now dropp'd our anchors in th' Aëan bay,
Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the day.
POPE, b. x. 157.

† Cluv. Ital. Ant.

iſland Gorgone; which we ſaw at Piſa. The villa of Antoninus Pius ſtood near the antient Latin town *Lanuvium;* which was the native place of this Emperor; and ſtill more near to the temple and grove of *Juno Sospita*, mentioned by Livy and other writers. This temple muſt have been famous in the fourth century after the building of Rome, when the Romans granted the rights of citizens to the people of *Lanuvium*, and the enjoyment of all things in common, except the uſe of this temple and grove *. The foundation of the temple is ſtill viſible. As I entered the little town of *Lanuvium*, which is now called *Civitá Lavina*, Signor Fea pointed out to me the remains of two beautiful pillars that now ſupport a cellar in a wretched houſe, and which it is probable formerly belonged to the temple of Juno.

The modern name of this town has led many, even among the Italian antiquaries, into a whimſical error: they confound *Lanuvium* with *Lavinium*; which is ſituated beſide the ſea; from which Lanuvium is diſtant two German miles. One error gave riſe to another, and it has farther been affirmed that the ſea, which actually has receded from the ſhore, formerly waſhed its walls. There is an iron ring in the wall of a houſe, to which, according to their account, Æneas, when he landed, moored his veſſel.

Near La Riccia, I ſaw at this time an almond tree in bloom. What a climate is this!

* Liv. viii. 14.

LET-

LETTER LIV.

Rome, 21ſt January 1792.

I HAVE ſeen the famous picture of Raphael, the transfiguration; which is in the church of *San Pietro in Montorio.* Confident in his own powers, he has been daring beyond imitation: or perhaps he has done that, of which, if it be blameable, he knew the defects would be overpowered by the beauty of the thought, and its execution. A genius like Raphael will ſtand in no need of pardon: he will rather enforce aſtoniſhment. He will deliberately bid defiance to rule; and will delight himſelf with his own daring.

The ſports of genius are proper to itſelf. Raphael has ſhewn us Chriſt high in the clouds: a little lower, above the mountain, Elias and Moſes are hovering: John, James, and Peter, lie extended in ecſtacy on its ſummit; and at the foot of the hill is the poſſeſſed man, out of whom the other diſciples could not drive the Devil during the abſence of Chriſt.

At what place could we be ſtationed, ſo as to ſee at once the ſignificant countenances of all theſe perſons? Raphael affords no time to the ſeverity of criticiſm. His illuſions are enchanting! Terror ſeizes us, at the aſpect of the poſſeſſed youth! We participate the embarraſſment of the diſciples, the attention of the ſpectators, the anguiſh of the enquiring eyes of the father, who wiſhes to know if his ſon can be relieved, and the bitter grief of the mother and the ſiſter! Our eye fearfully wanders farther: we are entranced with the diſciples: with the two great prophets, we ardently aſpire after heaven; aſpire with them to approach him who aſcends in clemency, ſurrounded by the rays of eternal glory! him who beams with love, with grace, with dignity

nity undeſcribable! his devotion riſing in ecſtacy; his mercy and infinite benevolence deſcending to bleſs the earth!

Snarler, where is thy ſting? Critic, where is thy victory?

LETTER LV.

Rome, 23d January 1792.

NO private perſon in Europe, and very few princes, poſſeſs ſo ample and excellent a collection of antiques as the Prince Borgheſe, in his villa; which is near the walls of Rome. A mere catalogue of them would fill many pages. I ſhall conſequently be obliged to follow my uſual cuſtom, of mentioning none but ſuch as I think are the moſt meritorious.

The very walls of the houſe, particularly toward the garden, are embelliſhed with ſeveral *baſſi relievi* of *ſarcophagi*, many of which would probably be the principal ornaments of a German or Northern cabinet of art. I much doubt whether any king poſſeſſes ſix pillars of *lumacello*, or ſhell marble *, in his moſt magnificent apartment, equal to thoſe which are placed in the entrance hall of the villa. You know that I do not ſet any extraordinary value upon things of this kind; the exceſſive pomp of which was eſteemed, by the nobleſt men of antient Rome, as the harbinger and the cauſe of its decline †: but I laugh, when I recol-

* A ſpecies of marble, mixed with petrified ſhells of periwinkles, which it is ſaid is no longer to be found. T.

† When Fabius had taken Tarentum, he left the citizens their beautiful ſtatues, concealing a ſerious thought in a jeſt. "Let us," ſaid he, "leave the Tarentines their angry Gods!"

I recollect how many of our little and our great grandees boaſt of a collection of rarities which the people here, who are accuſtomed to what is really rare, would trample under foot.

The following works you will no doubt think intereſting.

A ſtatue; ſuppoſed to be that of Maſiniſſa, King of Numidia. Mr. Hirt believes it to be Segeſtus; who, unworthy of his great ſon, Hermanus, was the ally of the Romans. The breeches that he wears, the manner in which his hair is tied, and the traits of his countenance, may well indicate an antient German; but certainly not a Numidian.

A baſſo relievo. In works of this kind, the antients repeatedly preſented the ſame perſon as acting, or acted upon, at different points of time: a fault with which ſome of our old painters are reproached. Of this fault the preſent baſſo relievo is guilty. The figure of Achilles is wanting: but we ſee the kneeling and entreating Priam, beſide the body of Hector, and, immediately afterward, in the middle of the marble, Hector is already brought back; and the weeping Andromache, the little Aſtyanax, with his nurſe, Helen, and others, are ſurrounding and contemplating the body. Caſſandra is turning toward Troy; with her head thrown back, and her arms ſtretched upward to heaven. In her we behold the lamenting propheteſs, foreboding the fall of Troy.

A ſtatue; which till lately was ſuppoſed to be that of Mars. Winkelmann himſelf was of this opinion. How could Achilles remain ſo

Gods!" Cato of Utica, having conquered the iſland of Cyprus in the name of Rome, took no ſtatue but that of Zeno, "For Zeno taught me," ſaid this great man, "to prize that which was great greatly; and that which was little but little." Cicero, in the ſame ſpirit, ſpeaks with indignation of the exceſſive admiration in which the works of art were held, in ſeveral of his orations againſt the plunderer and connoiſſeur Verres. Cicero even capriciouſly vaunted of his ignorance of ſuch things; the beauty of which however he well underſtood. His letter to Fabius Gallus (Lib. vii. Epiſt. ad famil.), and his fifth paradox, are remarkable; and ought to be read to thoſe who affect to be *dilettanti*.

long

long unknown? Who that ever read and felt the Iliad could fail to recognize the hero? It needed not the outward token, at the ankle; the part by which Thetis held him when, endeavouring to render him invulnerable, ſhe dipped him in the Styx, and, unknowing what ſhe did, by graſping the leg with her hand, left an entrance for death. For my own part, I wiſh the artiſt had omitted this tale of later times; and not of Homer: unworthy as it is of the Achilles of the Father of Poetry. The whole ſtatue is full of dignity, and beauty; of the activity, the power, and the fire, of Achilles. How characteriſtic is this form! this mixture of heroic courage and youthful impetuoſity! of native benevolence and iron inflexibility! So could Achilles have raged over the dead body of the noble Hector: and ſo would have been obliged to melt, as he liſtened to the entreating Priam. While the monarch only entreated, he could ſtart paſſionately away; but, when he beheld the tears of Priam dropping over Hector, he could not forget that he had left an antient father at home. His ſoul was ſoftened; and ſympathetic tears began to flow. He could not reſiſt condoling with the afflicted Priam, taking him by the hand, and baniſhing all fear from the heart of the aged King.

A *baſſo relievo*, upon a *ſarcophagus*; repreſenting the death of Meleager. In this likewiſe the unity of time is not obſerved. You ſee Meleager in combat with his uncles, in one place; and in another you behold the enamoured lover of Tægea, by whom the two uncles, who took the ſkin of the wild boar from Atalanta, had already been murdered.

At a diſtance ſtands the mother, holding the brand on which the life of her ſon depended: for, after having been delivered of her child, ſhe beheld the *Parcæ*, who threw a brand into the fire, and ſang

Tempora, dixerunt, eadem lignoque tibique,
O modo nate, damus.

Ovid. lib. viii. 454.

——— To this red brand and thee,
Oh new born babe, we give an equal deſtiny.
So vaniſhed out of view——

DRYDEN.

The mother ſprang to the brand, ſnatched it from the flames, and preſerved it moſt carefully: but, in her rage for the murder of her brothers, ſhe afterward caſt it in the fire. One of the Furies is repreſented as exciting her wrath. Near the Fury ſtands the Goddeſs of Deſtiny, with her foot ſtopping her wheel.

——— *Dextraque averſa trementi*
Funereum torrem medios conjecit in ignes.

For the laſt time, the mother lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and half unwilling drops the brand.

DRYDEN.

In the centre of the baſſo relievo the ſick Meleager is lying; with his lamenting ſiſters by his bedſide, one of whom is adminiſtering medicine. An antient pedagogue ſtands mourning: but the affliction of his old nurſe appears to be the moſt clamorous.

A penſive man, ſitting wrapt up in a ſmooth mantle, negligently thrown about him, has been called a Beliſarius: but the declining arts could not have produced a work equal to this, in the age of Beliſarius. Mr. Hirt ſuppoſes it to be a Chryſippus. It appears indeed to be one of the ſtoic philoſophers: and who among them, after Zeno, was ſo celebrated as Chryſippus?

A vaſe; with maſks of ſatyrs, and *nebrides*, or ſkins of young deer, in which the Fauns were accuſtomed to clothe themſelves, hanging to *thyrſi*.

A capacious and very beautiful vaſe of Ariadne, playing on the lyre to Bacchus; with Fauns and Bacchantes dancing. The intoxicated ſtate of one of the Bacchantes is moſt excellently expreſſed, in all the parts of the body, in the head thrown backward, in the ſwelling neck, and in the floating hair. Silenus is ſupported by Fauns. The old

drunkard is characterized as well by this paſſive incident as by the manner in which the conſequences of exceſs of wine are viſibly pourtrayed.

Had Leſſing examined more works of antient art, he would not have affirmed that the Greeks had only repreſented the beautiful. I acknowledge the poſſibility of imparting horrible beauty to the Furies; and probably of terror to the Graces. The antients had their terrible Graces (φοβερας χαριτας). A grand thought! But many of their Furies are armed with ſtill more horrid terrors: Furies like theſe, with their drunken Silenus, handled in a manner ſo diſguſting; a manner which ſurpaſſes nature itſelf, and the repreſentation of which is made durable in marble. They likewiſe had their Marſyas, flayed at the command of Apollo; and other repreſentations of the ſame kind prove that the antients, though comparatively ſeldom, have repeatedly employed their powers on the diſagreeable, and the terrible. The eternal principle of art was, and is, to combine the rigorous reality of truth with the utmoſt ſtretch of poetic reality. Happy the artiſt, happy the poet, who thus knows to unite the laws of truth with the ſelection of the ſublime and beautiful.

Theſe vaſes, and many others, are decorated with figures, ſome of which repreſent Bacchus, and others the perſons and things by which he was characterized. The Drama was conſecrated to Bacchus. Theſpis, whoſe vagabond car was the cradle of the tragic Muſe, at each repreſentation accepted of a goat; which was the enemy of the grape, and was ſacrificed to Bacchus. From the word *Tragos*, which, in the language of the Greeks ſignified a goat, Tragedy derived its name.

In later times, thoſe poets whoſe pieces gained the prize were preſented with a vaſe; and it is extremely probable that ſeveral of theſe vaſes, which are ornamented with Bacchantes, nebrides, thyrſi, the figures of Bacchus, Ariadne, Silenus, and others, had been the prizes of ſome tragic or comic poet.

A Boxer,

A Boxer, with nothing but leather ſtrings round his hands and arms: the ceſtus therefore was not always furniſhed with knobs of iron. The attitude in which this pugiliſt ſtands is excellent. He ſtrikes, and throws back his body upon his guard. You imagine you behold his antagoniſt; whom, though the great artiſt could not repreſent, he knew how to make you ſuppoſe.

A Faun, ſuffering another Faun to draw a thorn out of his foot. To prevent himſelf from falling, he holds with both hands by the ſtump of a tree, on which he ſits; and, pitifully crying, turns back his head. The other Faun ſupports himſelf on one knee. The very careful good will with which he is gently drawing the thorn from the foot has a very comic effect on his Faun countenance.

Three ſleeping Cupids; all of them lovingly lying one over another.

Two Cupids and a goat. One milks; and the other drinks out of a cup with infantine ſatisfaction.

The dancing Hours, in baſſo relievo, abound in grace. The Hours, painted by Guido in his Aurora, muſt have been taken from theſe.

Venus girding herſelf with the ſword of Mars; and Cupid trying on the helmet.

A common Venus (in oppoſition to the heavenly Venus, which was named *Venus Urania*) who has clipped the wings of Cupid, which ſhe is holding in her hand. The boy weeps pitifully. How charming is this ſubject; and how full of deep reflection!

The Gladiator; ſo called. This is one of the nobleſt works of Grecian art, and is very improperly called the Gladiator. The beſt informed connoiſſeurs have now diſcovered it to be a hero. The figure is perfectly beautiful: not the beautiful of imagination, but of nature, formed in her luckieſt moments; when, to all that was beautiful, ſhe added all that was great; when ſhe was guilty of no exceſs; of nothing too little, nor any thing too much. With all the reality of life, the ſtrength of age in its prime, and the dignified courage of active power, he ſtands immoveable as manhood, agile as youth. He leans

forward, ſupported on the right leg, the left ſtretched out behind. From the left ſhoulder to the left heel, you may draw a right line. With his left hand, he covers himſelf by his little round ſhield; and in his right, which is drawn backward, he holds a ſhort javelin. His attitude is the attitude of power in action, which cannot ſtand ſtill. How could the maſter ſeize the very moment when nature, in motion, ſhould aſſume this attitude! It would not be poſſible for man to ſtand thus for a minute before a painter. I may as well aſk how could Raphael paint the heavenly flight of the winged angels in Heliodorus, whoſe feet while they touch are quitting the earth, and whoſe flaming hair ſtreams backward? In inſtances like theſe, model is out of the queſtion.

In the ſtatue, we ſhould have diſcovered the hand and the genius of a Greek, though the Greek maſter had not inſcribed his name on the work. He was called Agaſias, the ſon of Doſitheus; and was of Epheſus. It would greatly promote the knowledge of art, could we diſcover who were his contemporaries.

A Silenus, holding a young Bacchus in his arms, is very expreſſive. The boy looks with infantine kindneſs on Silenus: Silenus with anxious love on the boy. It is an excellent piece.

An old Centaur, with his hands bound behind him. A Cupid is riding on his back; whom the Centaur endeavours to bruſh away with his tail as a horſe does a fly; but turns at the ſame time with an entreating look toward Cupid. The thought is fine. The animal part uſes its arms often inſtinctively, when they cannot afford any help. The hands of man are bound by men: his proper limbs are impeded, by their own power, at the very time they entreat to be free. The ſympathy of regret and the abuſe of power are reciprocal.

The pictures of this palace are placed in the uppermoſt ſtories.

A Venus ſtanding, by Paul Veroneſe, is of extraordinary beauty.

A Venus lying, by Titian.

One entire apartment is filled with landſcapes by Van Blumen, or

Bloemen, a Flemiſh painter. They are excellent, yet loſe of their effect by being thus aſſembled together. This painter's ſky has always the ſame deep blue colour. The ſimilarity of his horizons was ſo great that the Italians called him *Orizonte;* by which name alone he is known in Rome.

A John the Baptiſt, by Mengs. Mengs was a great maſter, and deeply initiated in the ſecrets of the art. It may no doubt be diſgraceful to me ſhould I ſay that his pictures, in my apprehenſion, always appear cold. Yes, no doubt it may; and yet ——

Some excellent animals, by Wenceſlaus Peter.

An apartment entirely filled with landſcapes by Hackert. The pencil of this great maſter is known to you. It is known how he embraces Nature, is favoured by her, and is an honour to her. His excellent choice of ſubjects, and his animated delineation of them, are equally known.

There are various ſtatues and *ſarcophagi* in the garden. I ſhall ſelect firſt a large chandelier, which ſtands on a triangular marble pedeſtal, in order to ſhew how eaſily miſtakes may be committed, reſpecting antient art. Three *baſſi relievi* repreſent the twelve ſuperior deities, under which the inferior are placed.

One baſſo relievo has been repaired, and badly repaired: on the lower part of a Vulcan, the upper part of a Juno has been placed; by which means the tongs of the limping God are put into her hand. Winkelmann ſuppoſed this to be the figure of a *Juno Lucina*, holding theſe tongs to aſſiſt in childbirth. I doubt if any ſuch inſtrument were known to the antients: but ſuppoſing it had been known, what an idea!

On another baſſo relievo, in the ſame garden, Jupiter is ſitting on the back part of a Centaur. Winkelmann ſays he is going to the chace. The connoiſſeur frequently formed his judgment from copies: had he examined the originals of all that he has deſcribed, he would in the firſt inſtance have ſeen the blunders of repairing that I have deſcribed; and in this the ſtar in the corner of the marble. He would have

have compared this *baſſo relievo* with two others that belong to it, and would have diſcovered that the ſubject was aſtronomical; and that it was the planet Jupiter, repreſented in the ſign of the *Centaur Sagittarius*.

It is far from my intention to be guilty of detraction againſt this learned, this acute man; and, what is more, this man whoſe ſenſibility was ſo much alive. I honour his merit, and am not ignorant how highly he promoted the knowledge of art, and eſpecially of antiquity:

> ——— *neque illi detrahere auſim*
> *Hærentem capiti multa cum laude coronam.*
>
> HOR. Sat. lib. i. 10.

> Nor from his head ſhall I preſume to tear
> That ſacred wreath he well deſerves to wear.
>
> FRANCIS.

I ſpeak only to warn. The flowers which flouriſh in Rome decay and lie confounded in cabinets. Winkelmann himſelf ſtaggered. What muſt thoſe loud talkers do, who not only did not poſſeſs his intelligence, and good taſte, but who have never ſeen the remains of antiquity?

I have already mentioned to you the very ſpacious and pleaſant garden of the villa Borgheſe. Oh that we could ſtray together among its groves, together could wander among the ruins of Rome, and together recline on the banks of the lake of Nemi, beſide the ruſhing fountain of Egeria!

We have ſeen the Aurora of Guido, in the palace *Roſpiglioſi*. This picture is called the Aurora becauſe, of all the beautiful figures it contains, that of Aurora is the moſt beautiful. Phœbus is ſeated in his chariot, drawn by four foaming horſes, the flying ſpeed of which he is guiding. Round him dance ſeven lovely virgins, the Hours *.

* Ὧραι, daughters of Zeus and Themis. They were the goddeſſes of the hours, of the ſeaſons, and of the life of man; particularly of youth: for which reaſon Homer, in his ſecond hymn to Venus, makes this goddeſs to be attired by the Hours.

Over

Over the horſes, the figure of a boy, with a torch, hovers; denoting the morning ſtar: and, preceding them all, with flying drapery, her hair floating backward, and ſcattering flowers with both hands, Aurora glides along. She turns to look at the bright God of day, whoſe beautiful countenance beams upon and enlightens her lovely face. His ſpreading rays are diffuſed, in a joyous and cheriſhing manner, through the whole picture. The ſea has that deep blue with which, as the clouds diſappear at break of day, it is tinged, before the morning ſun burſts upon its waves.

A fine engraving has been made of this picture, by an artiſt of Rome; which, of all the pieces that I have ſeen of this kind, in the preſent day, appears to me the moſt excellent. The name of the engraver is Morghen. He is of a German family; though his father, who is now living at Naples, was an Italian born.

The following verſes, by my friend Puccini, are written under the engraving:

Quadrijugis invectus equis Sol aureus exit,
Cui ſeptem variis circumſtant veſtibus Horæ.
Lucifer ante volat. Rapidi fuge lampada Solis,
Aurora, umbrarum victrix ne victa recedas.

Drawn by four foaming ſteeds, bright Sol appears!
In varied veſts, the Hours come dancing round!
Lucifer flies! Fly thou, Aurora! Fly
The rapid ſplendour of his golden beams;
Leſt, conquereſs of the ſhades, thou conquer'd be.

This morning, we have a third time been to contemplate the apartments of Raphael, in the Vatican: Puccini went with us. This man of genius, of feeling, and of fire, has entered more deeply into the ſpirit of Raphael, and has better underſtood his immortal works, than perhaps even any painter. Dante would have ſaid of him *S' é internato nel Rafaello.* He is entombed in Raphael. What beauties, what thoughts, has he pointed out to me from theſe wonderful productions!

How

How deeply has he dived into this ocean of delight! No painter ever like Raphael poſſeſſed equal wealth and equal frugality. He exhibits nature living and full as ſhe is, but not overflowing. The longer we look, the more we diſcover. Every part is a poem. Poets, beware how you paint too much! Learn the dignity of poetry! Raphael, from whom all painters are ſo infinitely diſtant, was thus inimitably great, becauſe, in his works, he was not only a poet, but a philoſopher. Perhaps he never wrote a line; yet few poets ever had ſo many poetical thoughts.

Since the death of Raphael, many of his thoughts remain unobſerved in theſe pictures. I hope that Puccini will benefit the public with his remarks, and his diſcoveries; which ſhould he do, I ſhall be glad to have given you this notice.

In expectation of this pleaſing publication, I cannot prevail on myſelf to ſend you the poor remarks I am able to make.

LETTER LVI.

Rome, 26th January 1792.

WE have been wandering over the Palatine hill, among the buried ruins of the great Lords of the world! We paſſed through a garden which, in the time of the Cæſars, was called the garden of Adonis; and which was very much embelliſhed by Domitian. We then proceeded to the baths of the imperial palace; which had long been buried under rubbiſh, and were firſt diſcovered in 1724.

Here we ſaw two ſubterranean rotundas, various apartments, and a hall. Theſe, as well as the rotundas, have ſquare niches; in which were the bathing veſſels: and round niches; in which ſtatues were placed:

placed: but theſe, as well as the other, and with them the marble with which the baths were faced within, were taken away by a Frenchman, who was the poſſeſſor of the garden.

In the times of Auguſtus, the water uſed for the baths was carried in; but under later Emperors it was ſupplied from the Claudian aqueduct, and the Anio.

The Palatine may figuratively be called the foundation, or corner ſtone, of antient Rome. Here Romulus began to build the immortal city; and we might imagine that he had a foreknowledge, in this beginning, of its immortality. About four hundred years before his time, Evander, on this height, had founded his little ſovereignty; and, above eleven hundred years after Evander, on the ſouth ſide of this hill, Auguſtus built his palace, and ſucceeding Emperors endeavoured to rival each other in their magnificent ſtructures.

Not ſatisfied with one hill, Nero extended his golden palace over three; the Palatine, the Eſquiline, and the Cœlius; with the whole ſpace that lay between them: which included the greateſt part of what was properly antient Rome, whoſe citizens were compreſſed together in the ever increaſing ſuburbs.

Galba played but a ſhort part. Otho and Vitellius performed their characters on the great theatre of the world but wretchedly. Veſpaſian, Titus, and Domitian, once again limited themſelves to the Palatine: but Domitian built new palaces on this hill, from which hill the term *palace* is derived. From the Hippodrome of Auguſtus, which is now a fruit garden, you have a view of the whole circumference; with its walls and ruins.

What are called the baths of Livia, but which were probably the work of Auguſtus, in part are ſtill remaining. We deſcended into them with torches; for they are ſubterranean, and do not admit of day-light. On the upper arching, which is ſtill decorated with gold, we ſaw Arabeſc ornaments; and little pictures, the colours of which are almoſt gone and the drawing light.

On the eaſt, Domitian had built a great hall of audience: *Aulam Palatinam:* in which he received princes and foreign ambaſſadors, and probably likewiſe adminiſtered juſtice.

The barracks, for the Prætorian guard, were built round the hill; which, after the manner of the Romans, was terraced. Theſe terraces were erected on prodigious foundations of ſtone; under which were arcades, that ſerved partly as the habitation of ſlaves, and partly were embelliſhed to ſerve as cool walks.

Of the barracks high walls are remaining; which prove that they conſiſted of two ſtories. Auguſtus conſtructed a colonnade above them; from which he could overlook the greateſt part of Rome, and the ſurrounding country. The Aventine hill lies to the weſt; and between this and the Palatine the great Circus extends itſelf. The elder Tarquin was the firſt that began it; and he ſurrounded it with wooden benches. By Cæſar, it was ornamented with marble ſeats, and arcades. This Circus would contain three hundred thouſand ſpectators. Auguſtus gave it the additional decoration of an Egyptian obeliſk; and a ſtill much greater obeliſk was placed there by Conſtantine. The laſt now ſtands on the Lateran; and the firſt on the *Piazza del Popolo:* the place of the people.

Here we ſtill ſee the *pulvinar*, or the tribune of Auguſtus; and his *exedra* is ſtill ſtanding in the Hippodrome. The *exedra* was a kind of building that was ſo called, by the Romans, and that was open in front, half circular, and arched like the choirs of many churches; or like the half ſection of a rotunda.

Of the moſt magnificent of the buildings of the Palatine hill, at leaſt the moſt beautiful that were there in the time of Auguſtus, the temple of the Palatine Apollo, there is now no remaining trace. It ſtood on a ſpot which is now occupied by a Franciſcan cloiſter. Propertius has given us a deſcription of this building, which ſufficiently inſpires us with an idea of its great beauty. The ſtatues of the fifty daughters of Danaus ſtood in the portico, between pillars of Punic marble: *giallo antico.*

antico. The marble image of the God was not merely beautiful, and animated, but appeared as if inſpired. The altar was ſurrounded by four life-breathing animals, the workmanſhip of Myron. I do not here ſpeak of the altar within the building; but of the altar without the temple. The temple itſelf was of white marble. On the frontiſpiece was the golden chariot of the Sun. The folding doors were of ivory, embelliſhed with *baſſi relievi;* one of which repreſented the expulſion of the Gauls from Parnaſſus, and the other the ſtory of Niobe *. Within the temple ſtood Apollo, between Latona and Diana †.

Two libraries were on the ſide of the temple; one of Greek authors, and one of Latin. Celſus, a young poet, who, as it appears, was very

* Pauſanias, b. x. 23, where, with the licence of fable, this defeat of the Gauls is deſcribed.

† *Quæris cur veniam tibi tardior? Aurea Phœbi*
Porticus a magno Cæſare aperta fuit.
Tota erat in ſpeciem Pœnis digeſta columnis:
Inter quas Danai femina turba ſenis.
Hic equidem Phœbo viſus mihi pulchrior ipſo
Marmoreus tacita carmen hiare lyra.
Atque aram circum ſteterant armenta Myronis
Quatuor artificis vivida ſigna boves.
Tum medium claro ſurgebat marmore templum,
Et patria Phœbo carius Ortygia.
Auro ſolis erat ſupra faſtigia currus,
Et valvæ Libyci nobile dentis opus.
Altera dejectos Parnaſſi vertice Gallos,
Altera mœrebat funera Tantalidos.
Deinde inter matrem Deus ipſe interque ſororem,
Pythius in longa carmina veſte ſonat.

PROPERT. ii. elegia 29.

I know not on what tradition Propertius makes Ortygia the native place of Apollo. Homer makes Delos his place of birth, and Ortygia that of Diana. This has been the prevailing opinion; though later mythologiſts give Delos as the native country of both.

willing to appropriate to himſelf the thoughts of great writers, is thus warned to greater caution by Horace:

Privatas ut quærat opes, et tangere vitet
Scripta Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo.

HOR. i. ep. 3. ver. 16, 17.

Let Celſus be admoniſh'd, o'er and o'er,
To ſearch the treaſures of his native ſtore,
Nor touch what Phœbus conſecrates to fame.

FRANCIS.

Were this very temple of Apollo now ſtanding, however it might have affected me, I ſhould have been ſtill more affected by the north weſt part of the Palatine, which is called *Velia*. Here it was that the noble Valerius, who had ſo great a part in the expulſion of the Tarquins, had built his houſe. That envy to which his renown had given birth was his calumniator: the people were told he was ambitious of the ſupreme rule, for his houſe overlooked the whole city, like a fortreſs. He heard the calumny with virtuous indignation, and cauſed the people to be aſſembled. Being Conſul, he commanded the lictors to lower the faſces before the people, thus aſſembled, as an acknowledgment of their ſovereignty: after which, he thus complained of the injuſtice of his fellow-citizens:

"Can virtue find no ſufficient proof, that ſhall ſecure it againſt ſuſ-
"picion? Is your confidence in me ſo unſtable that it depends more
"on where, than what, I am? No, Quirites: the houſe of Publius
"Valerius ſhall be no obſtacle to your freedom! You ſhall be ſecure
"from Velia. Not only in the plain but immediately under the hill
"will I build my houſe; that it may be overlooked by the ſuſpicious
"citizens. Let the man build on Velia who is a better guardian of
"freedom than Publius Valerius."

Accordingly, he ordered his houſe to be pulled down, and built another

other in the place below; and the people honoured him with the ſurname of *Publicola*.

The new palaces of Domitian did not ſingly occupy the open place of the Palatine: he likewiſe built a *Forum* there, and Nerva incloſed it by building a greater. The *Forum* of Nerva exteriorly had an irregular form; as may at preſent be ſeen, by the very ſtrong and lofty walls that almoſt ſurround it. This building is of the ruſtic kind, and ſuggeſted the model of the palaces of Florence; which moſt of them are of ruſtic architecture. The intention of a *Forum* was properly a court of juſtice: baſilics, or courts of juſtice, were built within it; and there are ſtill three large Corinthian pillars remaining of the baſilic of Nerva. The architrave is ornamented with beautiful *baſſi relievi*; which repreſent the figures of females, variouſly occupied.

We could not contemplate the remains of the Thermæ of Caracalla without aſtoniſhment. The golden palace of Nero excepted, this work, and the buildings that belonged to it, formed the greateſt of the works of Rome. Prodigious ruins of walls, which formerly were all coated with marble, ſtill point out the two temples, the two *ephebea*, the places where youths exerciſed themſelves in the gymnaſtic games, the place for the wreſtlers, the *piſcina*, or the pool for the ſwimmers, different diviſions for the houſes of the ſuperintendants, the *apodyterion*, or place where the wreſtlers undreſſed, the *coniſterion*, or place where the wreſtlers, after being anointed with oil, were ſprinkled with duſt, the *heliaſterion*, or place where they funned themſelves, the *veſtibulum*, which was a rotunda, the baths, which conſiſted of cold, lukewarm, warm, and ſweating baths, the theatre, two libraries, one Greek and one Latin, the courſe for racing, the place for playing at ball, a place which formerly was planted with the plane tree, and *exedræ*, for poets, philoſophers, and rhetoricians. The ſubterranean baths of the ſlaves ſerved as the foundation of a terrace; on which people exerciſed themſelves in throwing the quoit, or *diſcus*.

All theſe places, as well thoſe that were open as thoſe that were in-

cloſed, were embelliſhed with ſtatues. The niches in which they ſtood are in part ſtill in exiſtence. The different baths were capable of receiving three thouſand people.

From this, we went to Mount Cœlius; another of the ſeven hills of antient Rome.

The gate, which leads out of the city to the antient ſuburb, was built by Dolabella, the ſon-in-law of Cicero, in the year that he was Conſul.

Not far from this place is the church of Lateran; the oldeſt church in Rome, and probably the moſt antient in Chriſtendom. This building was founded by Conſtantine. It is a baſilic of five aiſles, originally built in the ſtyle of St. Paul's church at Rome. Clement the Twelfth, if I do not miſtake, in later times entirely built up the large columns with ſquare pillars; and thus injured the beauty of the architecture. Four columns of bronze ſtand fronting the altar, with which Titus had formerly decorated the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. They are of the Roman order. Tradition maintains them to have been brought by Titus from the temple of Jeruſalem; and the probability is that the bronze, of which they conſiſt, was brought by Titus from this temple, where he found that metal in abundance. The portico is large, and is outwardly ſuſtained by pillars. The entrance is ſupported by four large columns of white marble, of the Roman order. At the end of the portico there is a ſtatue of Conſtantine, of wretched workmanſhip.

Facing the Lateran ſtands the largeſt and moſt antient obeliſk. It was brought to Rome by Germanicus, and is ſuppoſed to be of the time of the antient Egyptian King Rhamſes, who was a powerful conqueror.

Another obeliſk, which ſtands in front of the council houſe, on the *Monte Citorio*, is ſaid to be of the age of Seſoſtris.

To the ſon of Seſoſtris, Pheron, who is ſaid to be Pharaoh, the oppreſſor of the Iſraelites, whom the power of God by the arm of Moſes deſtroyed,

deſtroyed, the obeliſk is aſcribed which ſtands before the church of St. Peter. It is the only one which contains no hieroglyphics. This circumſtance has ſuggeſted a hypotheſis to Mr. Hirt, which appears to me ſo ingenious as to deſerve your notice.

Pheron, ſuppoſing him to be the Pharaoh who oppreſſed the Iſraelites, we are informed by holy writ, was arrogant and cruel. The ſame character is given of him by Herodotus *. Angry with the exceſſive riſing of the Nile, which the Egyptians held to be a ſacred ſtream, he threw his ſpear into the overflowing river. For this he was puniſhed by the Gods with ten years' blindneſs; and he was cured by a remedy, which was ſuggeſted by a ſoothſayer, but the execution of which occaſioned him to commit great cruelty.

A king like this might well become hateful to his people. You no doubt remember the excellent cuſtom of the Egyptians; who, after the death of their kings, brought to judgment and condemned them to open ſhame, or revered them with public honours. The opinion of Mr. Hirt is that this Pheron was condemned to diſgrace; and that, for that reaſon, his obeliſk was without inſcription. And indeed this ſilent cenſure appears to me more ſevere than any ſentence that ſhould have been recorded in hieroglyphics; the ſacred characters of which the people did not underſtand.

The obeliſk which is on the *Piazzo del Popolo* is aſcribed, by Pliny †, to a much later King, Semneſerteus; in whoſe time Pythagoras viſited Egypt. Pythagoras was a contemporary of Cyrus and Solon.

Beſide theſe four principal obeliſks, there are ſeven others that ornament different places of Rome.

Thus did this antient Queen of cities collect within herſelf the labours and arts of many nations, and many ages. She adorned herſelf with the antient and modern works of her children, with the myſtic obeliſks of Egypt, and with the fineſt ſtatues that Greece produced.

* Herod. lib. ii. † Nat. Hiſt. xxxvi. 9.

Many

Many centuries before her foundations were laid, the hewers of ſtone on the banks of the Nile laboured for her; and, before her name was known beyond the narrow limits of Latium, the artiſts of Aſia Minor, of Corinth, of Sicyon, and of Athens, were vying who ſhould embelliſh her moſt. Out of her duſt and aſhes, from which the Goths and Vandals had bedecked themſelves, again, after a weary winter, the youthful arts ſprung up; and, like the groves of Italy, once more appeared to bloom in eternal ſpring. To her Germany has ſent her Angelica; who now weaves young and not faded flowers into the antient and never withering garland of immortal Rome.

LETTER LVII.

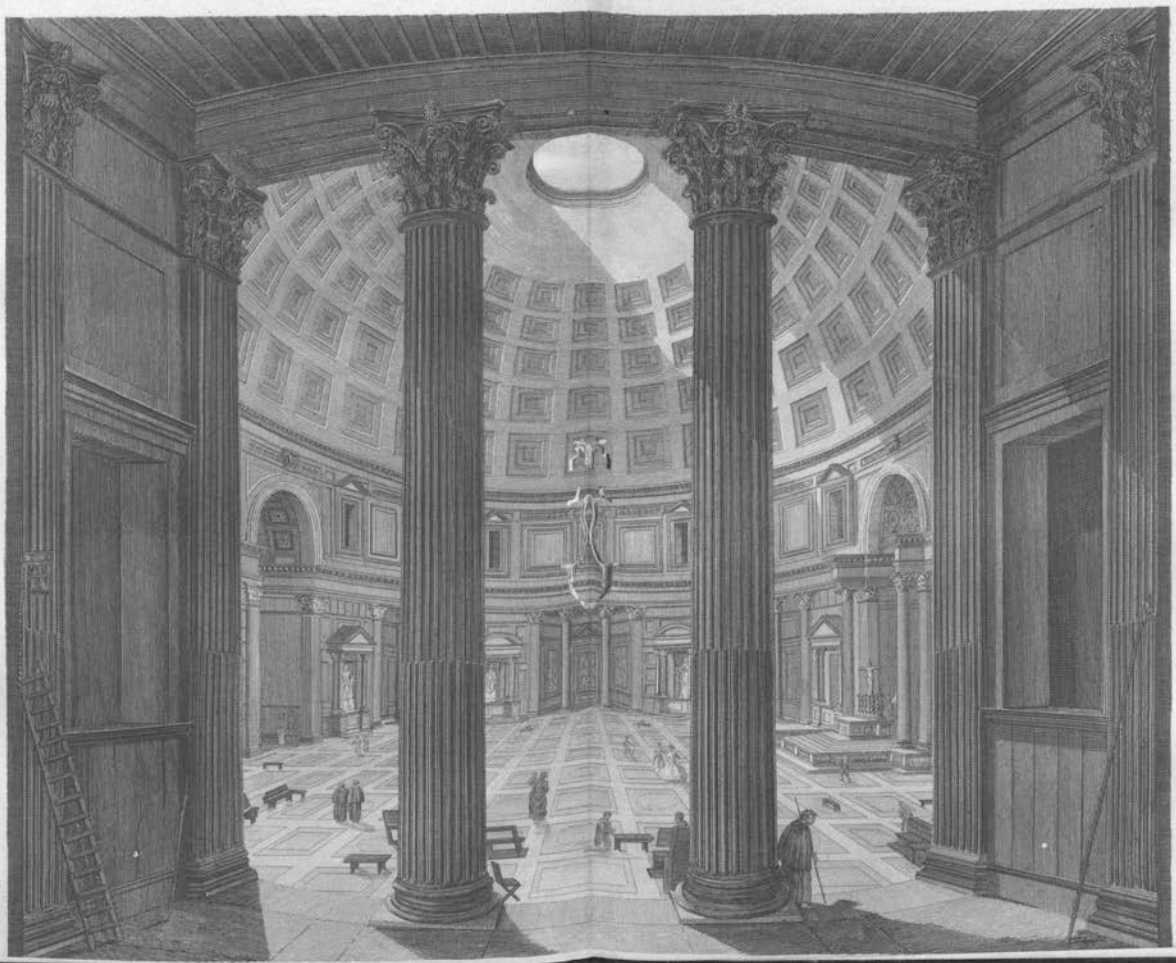
Rome, 28th January 1792.

I HAVE now been four times to the Pantheon; and I feel ſatisfaction in ſending you an engraving, which may convey ſomething of an idea of the beauty of this temple.

It is the only monument that has withſtood the ravages of time; or rather of the barbarians, who ſo often deſolated Rome. It was built by Agrippa, after the battle of Actium, and conſecrated to Jupiter the avenger, whoſe ſtatue was placed in the principal niche over the entrance. In the other ſix niches there were ſtatues of other Gods.

The architrave reſts on ſixteen large columns of *giallo antico*, or yellow African marble; the chapiters of which were of the bronze of Syracuſe. Over the cornice, according to Pliny, there formerly ſtood *caryatides:* by which word you muſt not here underſtand the female figures that with their heads ſupported a part of the building, but detached female ſtatues; which were the work of the Athenian, Diogenes.

They



They were celebrated, by Pliny, as maſterpieces of art*. The cupola is perfectly hemiſpherical. The light falls entirely from above, through a circular aperture; which is twelve ells in diameter, and has a clear and pleaſant effect: for, as it falls in one maſs, it produces no falſe lights, but expands over all the beautiful objects of the whole temple.

In the wall between the niches, there were tabernacles; with frontiſpieces, ſupported by ſmall columns of *giallo antico:* which, as well as the niches themſelves, now ſerve for altars. The brazen gates, which formerly were embelliſhed with *baſſi relievi*, notwithſtanding that they have been robbed of their ornaments, are beautiful in their grandeur. The architrave, with its poſts and entablature, are of the nobleſt architecture. The whole cupola was covered with gilded bronze; which, as well as the brazen ſteps before the portico, was carried away by Conſtans the Second, for the embelliſhment of Conſtantinople. The *pronaos*, or portico, before the temple, was ſupported by ſixteen columns of red granite. The frontiſpiece was adorned with a bronze *baſſo relievo;* and from what remains of this, the ſubject is ſuppoſed to be Jupiter in a war chariot, wielding the thunder againſt the Titans, whom he is hurling from heaven. This allegory, which was ſo well adapted to a temple that was dedicated to Jupiter the Avenger, had likewiſe a flattering alluſion to the victory of Auguſtus; which he gained over the enemy at Actium; he being by adoption the ſon of Julius Cæſar, who by Venus was of the race of Jupiter. The immenſe armament of Anthony might very well be compared to the mountains heaped upon mountains of the giants, ſtorming heaven; and the wild valour of the man, his ambition, and preſumption, gave him an emblematical reſemblance to the mighty ſons of the earth.

On the top of the frontiſpiece, and at both corners, there likewiſe were brazen ſtatues of great beauty.

* *Agrippæ Pantheum decoravit Diogenes Athenienſis; et caryatides in columnis templi ejus probantur inter pauca operum.* Plin. xxxvi. c. 5.

Whoever would wiſh to have a juſt idea of the purpoſes to which this building was dedicated, and of what it formerly was, ſhould read the hiſtorical architectural remarks of Mr. Hirt, on the Pantheon *.

It was connected with the Thermæ of Agrippa, as may ſtill be plainly ſeen. Some of the learned, in expreſs contradiction to the teſtimony of the antients, place the erecting of the Pantheon in the times of the republic; and, with as little reaſon and greater abſurdity, maintain that it was a bath. The baths were indeed adorned with the ſtatues of the Gods: but who could behold this maſterpiece of art, in which it had exerted its higheſt magnificence, and ſuppoſe the building to be a bath? Theſe viſionary conjectures have been ſilenced by Mr. Hirt; who has made it appear probable that, at firſt, the columns, which now ſtand facing the ſix great ſide niches, once ſtood beſide them; and ſupported the projecting of an architrave, ſimilar to the niches in the middle; which now ſtand detached.

Dion Caſſius is of opinion † that this temple was not called the Pantheon becauſe it contained the images of the Gods, but becauſe its cupola was arched like the firmament.

The columns of the portico bear deep traces of the conflagrations; to which calamity Rome was ſo frequently ſubject.

Some of theſe columns had been entirely calcined, and were fallen down; but were replaced by ſimilar columns, that had been found in the Thermæ of Nero.

The Emperor Phocas granted the Pantheon to Pope Boniface the Fourth; by whom it was conſecrated as a church. By degrees, it was embelliſhed with ſtatues and pictures: but why were not the moſt beautiful ſelected, for this purpoſe? The hand of Raphael ſhould have been exerciſed in this building.

In the walls there are ſmall oval niches, that are faced with white marble, in ſome of which there are the buſts of great artiſts; and

* *Die hiſtoriſch-architektoniſchen Betrachtungen, des Herrn Hirt, über das Pantheon.*

† Lib. liii.

M·AGRIPPA·L·F·COS·TERTIVM·FECIT

others of them are vacant. Raphael and Annibal Caracci were both buried here. Among the buſts, we find thoſe of Metaſtaſio, Nicholas Pouſſin, Mengs, and Winkelmann; and over the graves of Raphael and Annibal Caracci are the buſts of thoſe great maſters. The church is now called the Rotunda, and is dedicated to the Holy Virgin and all the martyrs.

Caſt your eye over the engraving. The church of St. Peter is much larger, and is truly a noble building: but how inferior is it, in that which characterizes real grandeur and beauty, to the Rotunda!

Place yourſelf in the centre of the Rotunda, and all your ideas are awful. You are inſpired with a profound ſenſe of the noble ſimplicity which every where meets your eye. Before you riſe the ages that have paſſed away, and the races of men that have deſcended to the duſt, ſince the foundation of this temple.

When Agrippa raiſed this monument to the power of Auguſtus, the earth was covered with the altars of idols. It was but the dawn of that day which was to enlighten the earth: the temple of idols is now conſecrated to the living God. Imbued with ſolemn reverence, I looked upward and beheld the open vault of the azure and infinite heaven. Clouds here and there concealed its ethereal beams: but they were diſperſed by the all enlightening ſun.

Ever intent on the means of immortalizing their deeds, the thought ſuggeſted itſelf to the Romans of raiſing columns, which ſhould remain the monuments of their fame. The pillar of Trajan was erected on the *Forum* which bore his name. The ſhaft conſiſts of three-and-twenty large pieces; and there is a winding ſtair caſe within, that leads up it to the very top. This ſtair caſe, the interior of the pillar, and the whole of the outſide, have all been hewn from the ſame bed of marble. The ſteps of the ſtair caſe are high, and a hundred and eighty-five in number. The ſurrounding ſoil has been ſo increaſed, by the rubbiſh of houſes that have fallen, that it envelops the whole of the pedeſtal; ſo that you deſcend three-and-twenty ſteps to the foot of

the pillar. Trophies are cut in the pedeſtal; and the acts of the Emperor embelliſh the ſhaft. The number of the figures of men, which are three palms or ſpans high, are eſtimated at two thouſand five hundred; with numerous elephants, horſes, trophies, and other objects.

Theſe *baſſi relievi* repreſent the victories of Trajan, during his campaign againſt the Daci.

On the top of the pillar was the coloſſal ſtatue of Trajan, caſt in bronze, and gilded; which was placed on a pedeſtal, that had the form of a truncated cone.

Sixtus the Fifth replaced this ſtatue by a no leſs coloſſal ſtatue of the apoſtle Peter.

From the top of this pillar, we overlook the whole city and the ſurrounding country.

The pillar of Antonine was erected, by the ſenate, to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. This column is likewiſe embelliſhed with *baſſi relievi*; which repreſent the deeds of the Emperor againſt the Marcomanni and the Quadi: nations that inhabited Bohemia and Moravia.

Though theſe *baſſi relievi*, which are ſo projecting that they might almoſt be miſtaken for *alti relievi*, are very beautiful, yet the artiſt ſeems to have over-ſtepped the ſage laws of antient proportion. They are leſs excellent than the figures of the pillar of Trajan. The pillar of Antonine, however, has been injured by fire.

One of the remarkable events that are here recorded was the danger in which the Romans found themſelves, during a battle, from thirſt and heat; and from which they were relieved by a miraculous tempeſt, by the rain of which they were cooled while lightning and hail fearfully annoyed the foe.

The rain, which revived the army, is typified by the Jupiter Pluvius; who is perſonified under the figure of an antient head, with a dripping beard, and dripping wings, hovering over the army of the Romans. The artiſt appears to have had the paſſage of Ovid in his recollection, where

where he deſcribes the blowing of the ſouth wind before the general deluge of Deucalion.

——— *Madidis Notus evolat alis,*
Terribilem picea tectus caligine vultum.
Barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis:
Fronte ſedent nebulæ: rorant pennæque, ſinuſque.
Utque manu lata pendentia nubila preſſit,
Fit fragor: hinc denſi funduntur ab æthere nimbi.

OVID. lib. i. 264.

The ſouth he loos'd, who night and horror brings;
And fogs are ſhaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two ſtreams he pours,
His head, and rheumy eyes diſtil in ſhow'rs.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow:
And lazy miſts are low'ring on his brow.
Still as he ſwept along, with his clench'd fiſt
He ſqueez'd the clouds, th' impriſon'd clouds reſiſt:
The ſkies, from pole to pole, with peals reſound;
And ſhow'rs inlarg'd come pouring to the ground.

DRYDEN.

The artiſt thought proper to give no more than the head and wings of the Jupiter Pluvius.

Sixtus the Fifth cauſed the ſtatue of the apoſtle Paul to be placed on the top of the pillar, inſtead of the ſtatue of Marcus Aurelius.

It had long been believed that this was the pillar which Marcus Aurelius Antoninus erected to the memory of Antoninus Pius. 'Tis ſtrange that Marcus Aurelius could be ſo miſconſtrued. How could he dedicate a pillar to the memory of his great predeceſſor, and benefactor, and commemorate his own actions on this pillar? The pillar was erected by the Senate to Marcus Aurelius; and that which was erected by him to Antoninus Pius was diſcovered about fifty years ago. It was without *baſſi relievi*; and was broken by an accident, while they were again attempting to erect it.

Beautiful

Beautiful as theſe works are, for their proportion, invention, and great labour, they yet appear to characterize an age in which the arts began to degenerate. I think it at leaſt a miſtaken idea to place a ſtatue upon a pillar, or to inſcribe thoſe deeds upon ſuch a work, which by their height almoſt eſcape the eye.

How different is the genius of the antient Greeks! Follow me to the Quirinal. Behold with what animation, what power, the two coloſſal youths ſtand beſide the horſes that ſeem to fly! Heroic power, more than human, teſtifies Caſtor and Pollux to be the ſons of Jupiter. How daring! How dignified! The horſes indeed are not beautiful: but they are alive. They once ornamented the two extremities of the ſtone pier, which circled the haven of Alexandria. They were brought here by Conſtantine. There are inſcriptions of the age of this Emperor on the pedeſtals, which aſcribe them one to Phidias, the other to Praxiteles: but I do not ſo much truſt to the inſcriptions as to the character diſcoverable in the work. The ſtatue that is aſcribed to Phidias has that expreſſion of intrepidity, and power, which were the ſculptor's proper qualities. The other, no leſs full of life and genius, is wrought with greater delicacy, but leſs boldneſs; and might perhaps be acknowledged by Praxiteles for his own work. The preſent Pope has cauſed an Egyptian obeliſk to be erected between theſe ſtatues.

The Quirinal mount has been called *Monte Cavallo*, or horſe hill, after theſe ſtatues. Above, on the ſame hill, the palace of the prince of Colonna is built; which contains a fine collection of pictures. Among others, there are two here by Raphael, in his firſt manner.

One of them is Mary, with the child Jeſus; and in this we perceive the ſcholar of Perugino. The more lofty ſpirit of Raphael however breaks forth.

The other is likewiſe a Mary and Jeſus: the latter bleſſing the child John the Baptiſt. The charms of infancy are equally conſpicuous in the bleſſing and the bleſſed, who appears to feel the value of the boon beſtowed.

beſtowed. Peter and Paul are preſent; and properly characterized: eſpecially Peter. This deeply conceived and powerfully felt picture was painted by Raphael when he was but eighteen years of age.

In a gallery below is a famous *baſſo relievo*; the ſubject of which is the Apotheoſis of Homer. Jupiter, ſeated on the top of Olympus, graſps the thunder; with his eagle by his ſide. Below him, on different heights, ſtand Apollo Muſagetes, Mnemoſyne (the Mother of the Muſes) and the Muſes; one of whom, full of inſpiration, dances down the mountain. Below ſits Homer, with his chair ſupported one on each ſide, by two female figures; the one holding a ſword in her hand, the other a rudder: the laſt denotes the Odyſſey, the firſt the Iliad. Behind the great poet ſtand the Genius of time and the Genius of the earth, placing a crown on his head. Mice are running round him, in alluſion to his poem of the war of the frogs and mice; and before him is an ox led to the altar. Nature, Wiſdom, and Memory, juſtly take part in the honour done to Homer. Hiſtory, in a ſacerdotal character, ſtands beſide the altar; and behind her Poetry, inſpired, with torches in her outſtretched hands.

The artiſt has inſcribed the name beneath each perſonage. I grant you that ſuch an inſcription is no ornament to a work of this kind; and I very well know the objections that may be alleged. I have no doubt but that the artiſt knew them likewiſe: but he ſacrificed this trifling inconvenience, or in ſome ſort conventional evil, to the greater advantage of not diſturbing the imagination.

Tell me what it is that more diſturbs us, than exerciſing the acuteneſs of divination on allegorical ſubjects. We are not only diſturbed by the exerciſe of the underſtanding, but we are aſſaſſinated by the ebullitions of vanity; which prides itſelf on its conjectural penetration. The pure feelings, that the poet and artiſt would excite, are killed by nothing ſo much as by conceited pretenſions to learning and connoiſſeurſhip. For my own part, nothing ſo effectually diſturbs my ſenſations as the vain prattle of thoſe who, while they

make

make their remarks on the beauties of the artiſt, endeavour to turn the attention of others all on themſelves, on their own knowledge, and on that factitious flame by which they ſtrain to light up their falſe feelings.

I am much leſs offended by the apathy of an Engliſh My Lord and My Lady, who paſs a Raphael without noticing its beauties, than by a French Abbé, who, with as little feeling as the firſt, plays the part of an enraptured *dilettante*, or a diſcerning connoiſſeur. I even prefer them to a lady who, having been taught to admire, makes a memorandum of the beauties in her pocket-book; and the next moment produces this ſecond hand opinion, this ſenſation which ſhe never experienced, this illegitimate foundling, as the child of her own heart and underſtanding.

All theſe are only ridiculous: but there are other feelings that are painful and diſguſting. Such to me is a woman, who ſacrifices the modeſty of her ſex to the vanity of being a *dilettante;* who expatiates with learned rapture on a naked Apollo, argues with men concerning the feminine charms of a Venus or a Danaë, and, regardleſs of the pain ſhe gives to her officious huſband, places her learned finger on the muſcular thigh of a Hercules.

The *Muſeum-Pium-Clementinum* is certainly beyond all compariſon the moſt beautiful collection of antiques now in exiſtence. At firſt, it only occupied ſome apartments on that ſide of the Vatican which, from its extenſive proſpect, has been called the *Belvedere.* Clement the Fourteenth enlarged the place, becauſe he improved the rich collection. The preſent Pope, who has built new galleries and two charming rotundas in addition, and has likewiſe adorned it with numerous maſterpieces, has now called it, after himſelf and its former benefactor, *Muſeum-Pium-Clementinum.*

As I entered, I immediately perceived the great *Torſo;* in which Winkelmann (ſhall I call it penetration or delightful inebriety?) imagined he diſcovered ſo much which other eyes can with difficulty ſuppoſe, on examining the mere trunk and thighs of a ſtatue. What remains,

mains, however, is ſo inexpreſſibly beautiful, that the conjecture does not appear to me very abſurd which doubts whether the great maſter, leſs pleaſed with the head, the arms, and the legs, than with the remainder, did not deſtroy them himſelf; that the before imperfect work might enjoy the higheſt degree of perfection which the art affords. His name is on the *Torſo:* he was called Apollonius, the ſon of Neſtor, and came from Athens.

The *ſarcophagus* (removed from the ſepulchre of the Scipios) of Scipio Barbatus, who lived in the fifth century after the building of Rome, is ſimple, and remarkable for its antiquity; which is likewiſe proved by the antient Latin of the inſcription that it contains—

CORNELIUS. LUCIUS. SCIPIO. BARBATUS.
CNAIVO. D. PATRE.
PROGNATUS. FORTIS. VIR. SAPIENS. QUE
QVOIVS. FORMA. VIRTVTEI. PARISUMA.
FVIT. CONSOL. CENSOR. AIDILIS. QVE. FVIT.
APVD. VOS. TAURASIA. CISAVNA.
SAMNIO. CEPIT. SUBIGIT. OMNE. LOVCANA.
OBSIDES. QVE. ABDQVCIT.

He who has only ſeen the caſt of the famous Apollo Belvedere is but half acquainted with its beauties. Its dignified and not ſo much angry as godlike angry countenance loſes in the caſts many of its Olympian graces. And yet—Oh thoſe Greeks!—And yet, this ſtatue appears to be no more than a copy after an antient Greek ſtatue; for it is of the marble of Carrara. * It was found in the ruins of the villa of Nero, at Antium.

The *Laocoon*, however, if any work of genius remains of antient Greece, is Grecian. The inſcription does not tell us the time, but only the names and the countries of the artiſts; and that they were all from Greece. Every part of this maſterly work would tell us that, without an inſcription. There were three maſters, who worked at this group. Ageſandros, of Rhodus, and his two ſons; Polydorus,

and Athenadorus. What genius was it, that preſented himſelf before Ageſandros in the attitude which he has given to the Laocoon! Nothing leſs than the pains of death, his ſtruggles to reſiſt them, and the ſufferings of his ſons, one of whom is at that moment bitten by the ſerpent that twines round him, could produce this diſtorted anguiſh: the perfect harmony of which is diſtinct in every part, from the riſing hair down to the ſwelling veins of the feet! The imagination of the artiſt has ſo faithfully ſeized on the reality of nature that every eye acknowledges it! Every tongue exclaims, Yes! Thus muſt Laocoon have appeared! Thus muſt he have wreſtled with death; thus have writhed, in the laſt moments of his mighty yet impotent ſtruggles, and have retained thoſe traces of fatherly affection which are apparent in the very midſt of his horrible anguiſh! This was the purpoſe of Ageſandros: and this purpoſe he has attained. The palm is due to him and to his ſons.

The collection of maſterly works is immenſe; and I can only take ſome ſlight notice of a few.

A Cow, of grey marble. This cannot be the work of Myron, for he only worked in braſs: but it may be the copy of a cow by Myron; and perhaps the very cow for which he became ſo celebrated, by the Greek epigrammatiſts. In this gallery there are many figures of animals, which are moſt of them very beautiful.

The Nile; a recumbent coloſſal ſtatue, holding in his right hand ears of corn, and in his left a *cornucopia*. Sixteen children are at play round him; ſome with crocodiles; others ſitting on the curving of the *cornucopia*; on the rim of which one is ſeated, encircled with fruits and flowers, and with his arms thrown round another boy. The boy that is thus ſitting is moſt delightfully infantine. The God is extended upon a Sphinx. The ſixteen boys perhaps are types of the ſixteen canals, that flow from the Nile; or perhaps of the ſixteen degrees of the *Nilometer*. I am much inclined to the latter opinion: for the ſix-

teenth degree is ſignificant of the higheſt fertility; and for this reaſon a child is ſeated at the mouth of the *cornucopia*.

Oppoſite to this is the Tiber; with a *cornucopia* in the right hand, and a rudder in the left. Beſide him the wolf is placed; with Romulus and Remus ſucking at her nipples.

There is a charming repreſentation of two weeping Genii, on a *ſarcophagus*; one of them holding a butterfly, the type of the ſoul, over torches on the ground. A lovely allegory of the refined ſtate of man after death, when purified by pain.

A Hecate; with her quiver on her back, and her torch in her left hand. Her ſteps are terrible, her pace is winged, and her haſte menacing. Her hair flies backward; and the folds of her garments are ſwelled, and wafted, in the ſame direction by the quick-healing air.

Apollo, the Απολλων Σαυροκτονος, or the Lizard-ſlayer, after a ſtatue by Praxiteles, is very beautiful.

The nine Muſes, and Apollo in flowing robes, as Muſagetes, the leader of the Muſes. Theſe ſtatues are very fine: eſpecially Melpomene, and Thalia. They likewiſe intereſt us becauſe of their antient owner: they were found at Tivoli, in the villa of Caſſius.

An Indian Bacchus, of uncommon beauty. The heads of the Indian Bacchus are generally ſuppoſed to be the head of Plato. It is a charming miſtake! Why ſhould not Plato have had ſuch a head? Did not Plato poſſeſs that noble inebriety of imagination which is aſcribed to the ignoble Bacchus? The Indian Bacchus holds the ſame rank, compared to the common Bacchus, as the Venus Urania to the common Venus.

A Triton, bearing a Nereid away. Oh how the charming Nereid ſhrinks, as ſhe ſtruggles! Two Cupids are ſeated on the monſtrous fiſh-tail; one of them laughing: the other, a ſatirical knave, puts his finger to his lip; with all the expreſſion of malicious, ſilent, and therefore the more bitter, irony.

The Fiſherman of Cyrene, as it is called: after which a loſt comedy

by Menander was entitled. The good old man is almoſt naked; and the impotence of age is exhibited in the half opened mouth, the body bending forward, the ſinking knees, the relaxed muſcles of the thighs, the foldings of the ſtomach, and the wrinkles of the ſkin. The upper part of another body, ſimilar to this, was found; and was then and ſtill is held to be a Seneca in the bath, after his veins were opened: but Seneca would ſcarcely have continued ſtanding after this operation. Neither does the ſtatue poſſeſs thoſe characteriſtics which ſhould betoken a Seneca.

A Menander, ſeated. The keen obſerver, and the animated dramatic poet, are evident in his forehead, his looks, and his lips.

A Paris, ſeated; with the Phrygian bonnet, and holding an apple in his hand. We perfectly conceive Venus, in his aſtoniſhed enamoured aſpect.

Ajax, enraged: a coloſſal buſt. His helmet is on, his wrathful eye is caſt upward, and aſkance, his lips are half open, and his hair and beard are alive with paſſion.

A delightful Amazon, ſtanding.

A Chariot and pair. The driver has obtained the victory, and bears a palm branch in his hand. His body is tight bound, that the rapid force of the air may not produce ſpaſms.

Aſpaſia, as a Herma: which means only the head on a pillar, that, from its baſe, gradually extends itſelf. It is very fine, wholly Aſpaſia, all charming, all ſoul!

A coloſſal Melpomene: a ſtatue of extraordinary beauty.

An excellent Juno.

The Lanuvinian Juno: that is, a Juno that was worſhipped in Lanuvium. Her temple was very famous. She has a ſpear and a ſhield, and treads upon a ſerpent. Theſe attributes are given her from her hiſtory; according to which, when ſhe was called upon for aid, ſhe appeared, and was the author of peace.

A beautiful horned Bacchus, as a Herma.

A Chloris:

A Chloris: the only ſurviving daughter of Niobe. She was the mother of Neſtor. Her hair is cut ſhort, and her drapery is gathered up in ſhort folds; with the intention, as it ſhould appear, to begin the courſe in the Olympic games of Piſa. The firſt name of this Chloris was *Melibœa*; and ſhe obtained the name of Chloris becauſe ſhe turned pale with terror, and ſo remained. According to a paſſage in Pauſanias *, her ſiſter, Amycla, was likewiſe ſaved; becauſe they both called for aid on Latona. And, from another paſſage of the ſame writer, one of their brothers was alſo ſaved †. She bore the prize from the virgins in the Olympic race.

A little Cupid, with the Nemean lion's ſkin purloined from Hercules; the claw of which he has twiſted round his neck. He ſtaggers againſt the ſtump of a tree, holds a beaker in his hand, and looks ſo knaviſh that he appears as if he only counterfeited intoxication.

A young Mercury, with a purſe in his hand; in which we behold the arch raſcal who, having ſtolen the cattle of Apollo, as a trial of ſkill, made the God laugh, when, looking round for his quiver with an intention to puniſh the theft, he found it was ſtolen likewiſe.

Te boves olim niſi reddidiſſes
Per dolum amotas puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetra
Riſit Apollo ‡.

Hor. lib. i. od. x.

When from the God, who gilds the pole,
E'en yet a boy his herds you ſtole,
With angry voice, the threat'ning pow'r
Bade thee the fraudful prey reſtore:
But of his quiver too beguil'd,
Pleas'd with the theft, Apollo ſmil'd.

FRANCIS.

* Pauſ. lib. ii. † Pauſ. lib. v.

‡ See the Hymn to Mercury aſcribed to Homer.

A remark-

A remarkable baſſo relievo, on an urn, repreſents one Cupid holding a ſwine; another a butterfly. The idea of the *metempſychoſis* of the ſoul of a drunkard, the ſouls of whom, according to Plato, were condemned for a certain ſeaſon to the bodies of ſwine, here appears to be typified. Yet, is it not ſtrange that any thing ſo injurious, to the memory of a man, ſhould be repreſented on the urn that contains his aſhes? Beſide, there is a third Cupid, with a bird in his hand: what does that ſignify?

A vaſe of baſaltes, made brown by fire, is a proof that all baſaltes, as ſome maintain, are not lava. Where were the volcanos of Egypt, in which country ſo much baſaltes is found?

One of the fineſt works of art is that which is called the *Antinous*: but, in the figure which ſo many have diſcovered to be the *Antinous*, it needs only an experienced eye to diſcover a hero. An imitation of this ſtatue, with wings at its feet, having been elſewhere found, the learned Abate Viſconti ſuppoſed it to be a Mercury. Winkelmann imagined he found in it the ſtatue of Meleager; and, in the opinion of Mr. Hirt, it is a Perſeus. This reconciles us to the wings on the feet of the imitation: which ſtatue was not found till after the death of Winkelmann. Hence we may infer that the feet of the original ſtatue were broken off, and afterward replaced; which was probably done to rob them of the wings of braſs. It is generally acknowledged that braſs was coveted by the Barbarians; and particularly by the Vandals.

In this Muſeum, there is a gallery of paintings; of which I will only mention the following.

Maria, with maternal rapture and folded hands, beſtowing her benediction on the ſuppliant John; who kneels to Jeſus, ſitting on his mother's lap. Elizabeth ſupports the hand which beſtows the bleſſing. Joſeph ſtands in the back ground, in earneſt meditation. This picture is by Raphael.

Two landſcapes, by Paul Brill: who was properly the father of landſcape

ſcape painting. In aërial perſpective, he is excelled by modern painters of landſcape: his pictures, however, are full of life, full of nature; ſuch only as genius could imagine, ſuch only as genius could delineate.

LETTER LVIII.

Rome, 29th January 1792.

DEPART not from Italy, without viewing the pictures of Michael Angelo. Imagine not that the grandeur of this man's genius may be entirely comprehended from his ſtatues.

In the chapel of Pope Sixtus IV. in the Vatican, his greateſt works are placed. The ceiling of this chapel was painted forty years before his great picture of the Day of Judgment; where God the father is repreſented on the flying clouds of the open heaven. In this principal figure, he has not been ſucceſsful. Oh that he rather had concealed him by the clouds than have painted him thus! Terror would have ſeized us, had we not ſeen the Judge of the world; for Michael Angelo has diffuſed the expreſſion of terror through every figure in the picture. The Virgin herſelf clings fearfully to her ſon. The dread of this moment is expanded, with a deep felt variety, over the juſt and the unjuſt. A tender maiden ruſhes into the arms of her mother. Below the dead awake and riſe, half ſkeletons, and half clothed with fleſh, at the ſound of the trumpet of the awakening angel. To many the ſound is rapture: to many deſpair. Above, the apoſtles and the ſaints ſurround the Judge: the martyrs ſhew him their wounds — The very beſt among them tremble, at this awful moment! The moſt holy feel themſelves ſtill impure!

In

In the ſhady diſtance, two lovers are riſing upward.

Angels bear the righteous to heaven; while the condemned are ſeized, and caſt among the damned, by Devils.

In imitation of Dante, Michael Angelo has had recourſe to mythology; and has repreſented old Charon, and his boat. The old boatman is ſeen conducting condemned ſouls over a river. The painter had evidently theſe verſes of the poet in his recollection:

Caron, dimonio, con occhi di bragia,
Loro accennando tutte le raccoglie;
Batte col remo qualunque s'adagia.

DANTE, Inf. iii.

And as, in crowds on crowds, the ſinners came,
Charon, with lifted oar and eyes of flame,
Compell'd the ling'ring ſouls to haſte on board.

BOYD.

In the foreground on one ſide, the painter has introduced a certain *Monſignore della Caſa;* who, while he was preſent, had made remarks to the Pope on the naked figures that were in the picture. Michael Angelo has clothed him with twining ſerpents. When La Caſa complained to the Pope, his Holineſs anſwered—"Had he placed you in "purgatory, I might perhaps have done ſomething for you: but there "is no releaſing you from hell.*."

Prophets and ſibyls, mingled with each other, are painted by Michael Angelo above; on the ceiling of this chapel. Some among them are of very dignified beauty.

The

* The following is the ſtory, as told by Pilkington; in his Dictionary of Painters. T.

"The picture of the Laſt Judgment employed him for eight years; and, in that celebrated compoſition, a multitude of figures preſent themſelves to the view; wonderfully invented, and grouped with great judgment; every muſcle, and limb, being diſtinctly, and curiouſly, marked, as the figures were repreſented entirely naked. That circumſtance, of ſo many nudities, occaſioned the obſervation made by *Biagio*, of Ceſenna, the Pope's maſter

The moſt excellent of the pictures of this chapel are thoſe that repreſent the creation of the firſt man, and the firſt woman: in both of which Michael Angelo has diſplayed himſelf, in all his ſplendour.

God is ſuſpended in the clouds, and repreſented under the figure of a majeſtic ſire. In the full courſe of his motion, he throws his mantle over him, and ſtretches out his arm with an almoſt inconceivable expreſſion of power; which power is viſible in the moſt minute part of his body. Adam is extended on the ground: there he lies, but newly called from non-exiſtence; yet beginning to raiſe himſelf, and holding out his hand toward the Eternal Father, to whom his eye is firſt directed.

A perſonification ſuch as this, eſpecially of the angels in the mantle, would have been inſufferable from any other hand than that of Michael Angelo; Raphael alone excepted. But theſe great maſters communicated ſuch potency of animation to all their perſonages, that we continually imagine we behold them live. Raphael has imitated this Eternal Father, in the *Loggie di Rafaello* of the Vatican; where he is repreſented ſuſpended above the globe, touching the earth with his finger, and preſcribing the limits of land and water.

In the Creation of Eve, Michael Angelo has given her thoſe female graces which the pencil of Raphael himſelf could not have ſurpaſſed. Adam is on the ground, and aſleep. The Eternal Father ſtands before him. Eve is riſing, and already ſupporting herſelf on one foot, and bending the knee of the other leg. We behold her moving, through

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maſter of the ceremonies, "that ſuch an exhibition of naked figures was more ſuitable to a brothel, than a chapel." But Michael Angelo revenged himſelf ſufficiently on Biagio, for that ſarcaſm; for he painted his portrait exceedingly like, and repreſented him as a demon with aſs's ears, encircled with a large ſerpent, and placed him in hell. The Pope indeed frequently ſolicited Buonaroti to deliver his maſter of the ceremonies from that place of torment; but he excuſed himſelf by obſerving to the Pope, "that, had he been only in purgatory, he might have been releaſed; but from hell there was no redemption."

the power of the Creator, as cheerful as the morning dawn. To him ſhe ſtretches out her claſped hands. He looks benevolently upon her, and warns her with dignified rectitude.

Michael Angelo Buonaroti was born in the year 1474, in the Great Duchy of Tuſcany; a country which has produced ſo many great men of every kind. This was nine years before the birth of Raphael, whom he long outlived. Raphael died in his thirty-ſeventh year. Michael Angelo attained the age of ninety.

ONCE more I trembling ſnatch and ſtrike the lyre,
That trembles ſtill with theme too bold. The ſong
Was mighty and immortal Raphael's praiſe!
Again, with tears of ecſtacy bedew'd,
In majeſty the maſter roſe! The trance
Was holy! luminous! The gloom of ſhades
That glided by godlike creations all!
Like viſions of the night, they haunt me ſtill!

But, lo! earth heaves, and tempeſts rend the ſky!
Terrors appal my ſoul; and, burſting from
Concealing clouds, a phantom frowning ſtands,
Accuſing, threat'ning, dreadful in his ire!
With hair erect and eyes aghaſt, I cry,
"Speak, potent ſpirit! ſay! what is my crime?
"Oh! more puiſſant than thy brother ſhades,
"More terror ſtriking, ſpeak! What have I done?"

Paſſing, as if diſdainful of reply,
Back tow'rd his native heaven the ſpirit flam'd.
Not Ætna, in its wildeſt burſt, inſpires
Superior awe! 'Tis he! 'Tis Angelo!
"Jealous, perturbed ſpirit, be appeas'd:
"Avert thy wrath, for I confeſs thy pow'r.
"Deep of ſublimity thy ſoul has drunk!
"At thy command, behold! the marble lives!
"Thy colours, lo! in magic terrors move!
"In pallid horrors dipt, they ſhake the ſoul!
"I honour, feel, and own thy juſt renown."

The

The ſoften'd ſpirit heard, and paus'd, benign:
And as, the tempeſt paſt, the clouds diſſolve,
And ſmiling day with tenfold joy breaks forth,
So Michael ſmil'd, and beam'd, and melted into air.

LETTER LIX.

Rome, 1ſt February 1792.

THE *palazzo Borgheſe* is one of the largeſt and moſt magnificent palaces of Rome. It contains two galleries; one of which belongs to the Prince Borgheſe, and the other to his uncle Prince Aldobrandini.

In the firſt, which is very ſpacious, the following pictures will probably be thought principally to deſerve notice.

A Virgin and Child, with St. Jerome and St. Francis; by Perugino.

A Virgin in the clouds, ſurrounded by angels, with a woman who claſps her hands and looks upward; by Old Palma.

The Adoration of the Shepherds; by Angelo Bronzino. Above are hovering little angels, who ſupport a lovely garland of flowers worthy of being brought from heaven.

The celebrated Chace of Diana; by Dominichino. The Goddeſs is not beautiful, her attitude offenſive, and ſhe injures the picture ſo much at firſt view, at leaſt according to my feelings, that, after caſting my eye over it, I was tempted to leave it: but I was to blame. The longer it is conſidered, the more beauties it will be found to contain. A Nymph, drawing her bow, is excellent; and another little plump Nymph is full of nature. She is *naïve*, frolickſome, and a little roguiſh.

The Roman Charity; by Guercino.

The portrait of Valentine Borgia. Were but the hand painted like the excellent head, who would have any doubt but that it is juſtly aſcribed to Raphael?

A Saint Catherine; in Raphael's firſt manner, while he ſtill continued to reſemble his great maſter, Perugino: though already more noble: *piu grandioſo*, as the Italians ſay.

The celebrated Cecilia; by Dominichino.

The ſtill more beautiful Cecilia, if I may truſt my own judgment, by Guido.

Chriſt borne to the ſepulchre; by Raphael, in his ſecond manner, before he came to Rome. His genius had by this time enriched itſelf; and was more dignified in compoſition than that of Perugino. The mother of Chriſt fainting, and the holy women that ſurround her, form a group in the high ſtyle.

A beautiful Mary, with her infant, by Raphael.

Another Mary and child; which, although beautiful, is not characteriſtic. I ſcarcely ſhould be inclined to think it the work of the great Leonardo da Vinci, to whom however it is aſcribed.

A Mary and child, by Franceſco Raibolini, called *Francia*. In a letter that was written to him by Raphael, in the year 1508, he mentions this Madonna; and likewiſe ſpeaks of one ſtill ſuperior by this maſter.

Io pure le mirero con quel guſto, e ſodizfazione, che vedo, e lodo, tutte l'altre; non vedendone, da niſſun altro, piu belle, e piu divote, e ben fatte *.

I admire it with all the enjoyment, and ſatisfaction, with which I contemplate and praiſe all the others: for I find no one more beautiful, more devout, or better executed.

A Madonna, in company with a Saint; by Albert Durer.

IN THE GALLERY OF PRINCE ALDOBRANDINI.

A Sea piece; by Adrian Manglard, a French painter, the maſter of Vernet.

* *Raccolta di lettere, ſu la pittura, ſcoltura, ed architettura.* Roma 1754.

Two beautiful Landſcapes; by Locattelli: or perhaps by Lucattelli; for theſe are names that are frequently confounded.

A charming Holy Family; by Benvenuto: to whom the name of *Garofano* * has been given, becauſe he generally introduced a gilly-flower in each picture. At firſt, they called him *Ortolano*, or Gardener, becauſe he was a gardener's ſon. The Italians in general only know him by the name of *Garofano* †. This is a very delightful picture. The Eternal Father is ſeen in the open heavens, ſurrounded by angels, looking down on the godlike child.

The Flight into Egypt; by Barocci.

Mary, the child Jeſus, and the little John the Baptiſt; by Raphael: an excellent performance.

Chriſt among the Phariſees; by Leonardo da Vinci. No painter, I will not except Raphael himſelf, has preſented us with a more noble and beautiful figure of Chriſt than this. Cunning and malice are excellently expreſſed, in four of the old Phariſees; by whom he is viſited.

Chriſt looks right before him, with the moſt diſpaſſionate ſerenity, placing a finger of his right hand upon a finger of his left, as if he would diſtinguiſh between two propoſitions. This direction of the hand denotes, in my opinion, that paſſage in holy writ which is recited by three of the Evangeliſts. I will give it you in the words of St. Matthew.

"Then one of them, which was a lawyer, aſked him a queſtion;
"tempting him, and ſaying,

"Maſter, which is the great commandment in the law?

"Jeſus ſaid unto him, Thou ſhalt love the lord thy God with all thy
"heart, and with all thy ſoul, and with all thy mind.

"This is the firſt and great commandment.

* See *Allgemeines Künſtler-lexicon: von Füeſslin.* Zürich 1779.

† The author *twice* ſpells this word *Garofalo*: yet it was probably an error of the preſs. T.

"And

" And the ſecond is like unto it: Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as " thyſelf.

" On theſe two commandments hang all the law and the prophets *."

This wiſdom, this impulſe of ſoul, this benevolence, beams in the eyes of the moſt beautiful and manly countenance which perhaps was ever painted. The picture is in excellent condition.

Leonardo da Vinci, who may be placed in the ſame rank with Raphael and Michael Angelo, and in which rank, according to my judgment, no other painter can ſtand, though none ſo nearly approach them as Correggio and Dominichino—Leonardo da Vinci was born in the year 1445, in the Duchy of Tuſcany. He was of a noble family, and was one of the ſtrongeſt and handſomeſt men of his age. The Hours, the Graces, and the Muſes, had each preſented him with their gifts, in emulation of the other. He united the moſt extraordinary excellence, in all bodily exerciſes, with profound knowledge, and uncommon genius. This genius, guided by his judgment, was made ſerviceable to him in the acquirements which he attained, in mathematics, hydraulics, anatomy, optics, and mechanics. Like Michael Angelo and Raphael, he was a painter, a ſculptor, and an architect: nay more, he was a muſician and a poet. He invented a lyre, which was celebrated for its harmonious tone. He produced a lion, which was moved by ſprings. He undertook, and executed, the cutting of the canal, which is carried from the city of Milan to the river Adda, after ſeveral engineers had abandoned the enterpriſe.

Leonardo da Vinci died in the arms of Francis the Firſt, king of France.

In the *Palazzo Farneſina*, which muſt not be confounded with the *Palazzo Farneſe*, though they both belong to the king of Naples, is a

* Matt. xxii. 35.

ſpacious

ſpacious hall; the ceiling of which was painted by the ſcholars of Raphael, after the deſigns of their maſter. This great work contains, in many diviſions, the whole hiſtory of Cupid and Pſyche. One of the two principal compartments, into which the roof is divided, repreſents Venus and Cupid, demanding juſtice againſt each other of Jupiter, in a full aſſembly of the Gods. The other exhibits the nuptials of Cupid and Pſyche. Round theſe the whole charming hiſtory of Pſyche is given. Raphael died while he was employed in executing the drawings of this *epopeia* of his pencil. His ſcholars were great maſters; yet many of thoſe graces were loſt, which none but Raphael could have expreſſed.

Theſe paintings had ſuffered by time; and have been retouched by Carlo Maratti, who lived at the latter end of the laſt century and the beginning of the preſent. How much more of the ſpirit of Raphael muſt thus have evaporated! And yet, we ſtill behold the numerous and ever blooming, rich, poetical, ideas, and deeply conſidered art, of this great man.

Here likewiſe is his Galatea, drawn in a ſea ſhell by dolphins, and ſurrounded by Tritons, one of whom is embracing a beautiful Nereid. Three Cupids hover in the air, and prepare to ſhoot. A fourth hides himſelf among the clouds, with a proviſion of arrows in his quiver.

This beautiful picture is deſcribed by Raphael, in a letter which he wrote to Count Balthaſar Caſtiglione, at the time that Leo the Tenth had entruſted the building of St. Peter's church to him, after the death of Bramante. Raphael's liberal feelings concerning himſelf, and the noble diſcretion by which they were guided, are apparent in this letter; the inſertion of which will ſcarcely be thought unintereſting.

Signor Conte,

HO fatto diſegni, in pui maniere, ſopra l'invenzioni di voſtra Signoria; e ſodisfaccio a tutti, ſe tutti non mi ſono adulatori. Ma non ſodisfaccio al mio guidicio; perche temo di non ſodisfare al voſtro.

Ve gli

Ve gli mando. Voſſignoria faccia eletto d'alcuno, ſe alcuno ſará da lei ſtimato degno. Noſtro ſignore, con l'onorarmi, m'ha meſſo un gran peſo ſopra le ſpalle; queſto é la cura della fabbrica di S. Pietro. Spero bene di non cadervici ſotto; e tanto piu quanto il modello, ch'io ne ho fatto, piace a ſua Santita, ed é lodato da molti belli ingegni; ma io me levo col penſiero piu alto. Vorrei trovare le belle forme degli edifizi antichi; né ſo ſe il volo ſara d'Icaro. Me ne porge una gran luce Vitruvio; ma non tanto che baſti.

Della Galatea, mi terrei un gran maeſtro, ſe vi foſſero la metá dille tante coſe, che V. S. mi ſcrive; ma nelle ſue parole riconoſco l'amore che mi porta, e le dico con queſta condizione, che V. S. ſi trovaſſe meco a far ſcelta del meglio; ma, eſſendo careſtiá e de' buoni giudici e di belle donne, io mi ſervo di certa idea che mi viene alla mente. Se queſta ha in ſe alcuna eccellenza di arte, io non ſo; ben m' affatico d'averla. V. S. mi comandi.

Di Roma. *Raffaello Sanzio* *.

Signor Count,

I HAVE made deſigns, in various manners, after the inventions of your lordſhip; to the ſatisfaction of all who have ſeen them, if they do not all flatter me; yet not equal to my own deſire, leſt they ſhould not equal yours. I ſend them. Your Lordſhip will chooſe that which pleaſes you, if any of them ſhould be thought worthy. His Holineſs has done me the honour to burthen me with a great undertaking; the care of the building of St. Peter's. I hope I ſhall not ſink under it; and the rather becauſe the model, which I have made, pleaſes his Holineſs, and is praiſed by many ingenious perſons. Yet I raiſe my thoughts ſtill higher. I wiſh to equal the beautiful forms of antient edifices. I know not whether I ſhall have the fate of Icarus. Vitruvius has afforded me great light; but yet not ſufficient.

* *Raccolta di lettere, ſulla pittura, ſcoltura, ed architettura; ſcritte da' piu celebri profeſſori che in dette arti fiorirono dal ſecolo* XV *al* XVII. Roma 1754.

Reſpecting

Reſpecting the Galatea, I ſhould conſider myſelf as a great maſter, were half the things your lordſhip has written to me but true. However, I recognize in your language the love you bear me; and accept it on this condition, that your lordſhip will aſſiſt me in the choice of the beſt: and, there being a ſcarcity of good judges and handſome women, I avail myſelf of thoſe ideas of the beautiful that have occurred to me. I know not whether I have attained any excellence of art; but I well know that I have uſed my utmoſt endeavours.

Your lordſhip's to command,

Rome. RAFFAELLO SANZIO.

In the Farneſina palace are two beautiful pictures, in freſco; by Sodoma of Sienna, whoſe proper name was John Antonio Verzelli.

The nuptials of Alexander and Roxana. Roxana is ſeated on the nuptial bed, and is undreſſed by Cupids that are very lovely: eſpecially a little knave, who, affecting modeſty, has concealed himſelf in the folds of the curtain, from which he peeps hypocritically, as from a friar's hood.

The other picture in freſco repreſents Alexander in the tent of the Perſian Princeſſes, his priſoners. It is the charming ſcene in which Syſigambis, the mother of Darius, throws herſelf at the feet of Hephæſtion; whom ſhe ſuppoſes to be Alexander. Hephæſtion ſteps back, embarraſſed; and Alexander comes forward to the unfortunate princeſs, while we read in his countenance his immortal anſwer: "Mother, you are not miſtaken: he too is Alexander *." Pain and confuſion are finely contraſted, in the princeſſes, with the indifference of the concubines; who all appear to examine their new lord either with curioſity or ſome concealed hopes.

To-morrow we ſhall leave Rome; where there are ſtill ſo many remarkable things, which we have not examined. On our return, in autumn, we probably ſhall only continue here a ſhort time, and be able

* Quint. Cur. iii. 12.

to collect a few gleanings. My intention however is not to leave the things beſt deſerving notice unſeen: nor am I averſe again to contemplate thoſe I have ſo frequently viewed. Neither ſhall I deeply regret the having ſacrificed ſome objects; which, though excellent, are leſs intereſting. I may ſome day perhaps wiſh the number had been more confined, that I had ſelected the moſt perfect of all kinds, had examined them oftener, and conſidered them deeper. Impreſſion is always weakened by exceſs. The Genius of the ſublime and beautiful is a jealous ſpirit, and only half reveals himſelf to thoſe who worſhip inferior objects.

I ought to have dedicated more of my time to the pictures of Raphael; and have delved more deeply into this mine of treaſure. I ſubmit the two following remarks, one of which relates to the interpreters of antient art, and the other to the works themſelves, to your penetrating judgment; and ſhall expect your opinion, after you have made your intended tour to Italy.

Many reaſons may be given for the miſinterpretation of antiquaries. Vanity, for example, a deſire of novelty, a blind confidence in the received opinions of certain perſons, or the weakneſs of thoſe whoſe peculiar folly it is to hunt after paradox.

They likewiſe are frequently led aſtray by the ſuppoſition that every work of antient art muſt be elucidated by the antient writers. They forget that ſo many of the antient writers, or rather beyond compariſon the greateſt part of them, have been loſt. If, inſtead of their numerous profound conjectures, they had the juſtice and the courage to acknowledge their ignorance, they would be leſs liable to miſlead thoſe they mean to inform; and would obtain more reſpect for their own learning.

A certain character of ſeverity, a want of ſympathy, the gloom of melancholy bordering on anger, characterize moſt of the heads of the antient ſtatues: as well the gods as the men; as well the male as the female race. If I do not miſtake, the imagination of the heathen artiſts

artiſts was thus worked upon by the recollection of the wide ſtretching power of death, ταυηλέγεος θανατοιο; and worked upon in different manners, according as the character of each artiſt ſteeled itſelf againſt, or nouriſhed, theſe impreſſions. The ſenſation was in the heart; and, from the heart, was communicated to the arm, and the marble. I appeal to the feelings of all diſpaſſionate perſons, though they ſhould only be acquainted with the works of the antients from engravings. The thought of death hovers like a black cloud even over the features of their gods, whoſe youth is eternal.

LETTER LX.

Naples, 8th February 1792.

ON the 2d in the forenoon, we departed from Rome. Our road to Naples led us through the pleaſant diſtricts, with which we were before acquainted, of Albano, Riccia, and Genzano, to Velletri; the antient *Velitræ*; which was one of the principal towns of the Volſci, and which is ſituated among the hills in a charming valley. The mildneſs of the air, and the clearneſs of the ſky, invited us to a walk by moonlight. We remarked the different ſituations of the ſtars, as ſeen in this place and as ſeen by us in Germany.

The pole ſtar here is much lower. Orion and Sirius riſe higher than with us; and below theſe we ſaw ſtars that are many of them inviſible to us, and others that but ſeldom riſe ſufficiently to be diſcoverable.

While we were obſerving theſe with pleaſure, ſuddenly a Will of the wiſp roſe over a marſh, which we ſuppoſed to be the beginning of the *Pomptine* or *Pontine Marſh*. This drew our attention. I had never

ſeen one ſo bright before. It frequently roſe very high, danced to a great diſtance, and always returned back to its former place.

On the following day, we found our travelling by no means ſo unpleaſant as we had expected. We had been deceived by the *ignis fatuus:* we ſuppoſed that the Pontine marſh began immediately beyond Velletri; but we continued our journey through pleaſant countries, ſaw varieties of agriculture, and came through a charming wood of the prickly oak to Ciſterne; the antient *Tres Tabernæ;* whither ſome of the firſt Chriſtians went to meet the apoſtle Paul *. Others met him in the *Forum Appii*; which muſt have ſtood on the place where the canal begins, that had been dug by Appius Claudius the Blind, when Cenſor, in the firſt fifty years of the fifth century of the Roman æra, along the road that leads through the marſh. From the narrative of Horace of his journey to Brunduſium, we learn that this place abounded in ſeamen and cheating landlords.

Diſſertum nautis cauponibus atque malignis.
HOR. lib. i. ſat. 5.

Stuff'd with rank boatmen and with vintners baſe.
FRANCIS.

The preſent Pope has reſtored the antient Appian way, and the canal; and people now may perform this journey in a boat, as in the time of Horace. We met one of theſe boats; but it was not, like that of Horace, drawn by a mule, but by men. Without ſeeing this canal, which now after the preſent Pope is called *Linea Pia*, it is impoſſible to know any thing of this part of the journey of Horace.

There is a vulgar prejudice, which blames the modern Romans; as if they had ſuffered this marſh to riſe through neglect of culture. A very ſlight knowledge of antient authors would have corrected this miſtake. In the year of Rome 591, the conſul, Cornelius Cethegus,

* Acts, chap. xxviii. 15.

cauſed the marſh to be drained, and changed it into arable land *. About a hundred and fifty years before, when Appius conſtructed the Appian way, he certainly had done the ſame. A hundred and eighty years afterward, Cæſar died with the intention of again undertaking the work †; and it was completed by Auguſtus. Probably, the commotions of Italy, during the firſt and third triumvirates, drove the inhabitants from this country, and favoured the ſtagnation of the waters. Whether Trajan, who repaired the Appian way, paid any attention to the improvement of the country is uncertain: but, had it been neceſſary, the work would certainly not have been neglected by ſo good and great an Emperor. Theodoric, king of the Oſtrogoths, and firſt king of Italy, drained the marſh. Several of the Popes were not deficient in that public ſpirit which undertakes great national works; but moſt of them were deterred through old age, and by the experience of former times: from which they learned how ſeldom it happened that any work which one Pope began had been completed by his ſucceſſor. The undertaking has been begun by the preſent Pope, Pius the Sixth; and is continued with great perſeverance. Much is already effected: May it not be renounced by his ſucceſſor!

The road is good, the canal broad and clear, and different lateral canals drain a part of the marſh. Thoſe verdant fields are contemplated with delight which, for ages, had been covered with ſtagnant water. Parts that are the moſt humid are either converted to paſture or planted with trees; and theſe plantations, and this culture, render a journey through the Pontine marſh, in a cool time of the year, very refreſhing and pleaſant. The Apennines riſe on the left; on the right, you frequently have a proſpect of the ſea, and ſeldom loſe ſight of the promontory of *Circe*; or *Monte Circello*; which has likewiſe been called by the inhabitants *Monte Felice*. And even thoſe, to whom the name of Circe is as little known as the name of

* Liv. Epit. 46. † Suet. in Jul. Cæſ. cap. 44.

the

the poet who rendered the enchantreſs immortal, have yet their narratives to detail, concerning the great ſorcereſs that once inhabited this mountain. But, oh, godlike Homer! It was not from her incantations but from thine that the memory of Circe is immortalized. Should the ſtream of ages inundate Europe with another race of barbarians, ſtill the untaught countryman of Italy will celebrate the memory of Circe, as long as the riſing promontory ſhall be viſible to him on which thy mighty ſpirit placed her abode.

Among other beaſts, we here ſaw the buffalo grazing. His colour is a dark deep red. He is ſmall, ſavage, and has ſhort horns bent backward; which rather ſerve him to butt with than to gore. When domeſticated, he ſtill is wild and ſhy; and it is long before the buffalo cow will quietly ſuffer herſelf to be milked. The traveller finds entertainment in the numerous eagles, kites, ſtarlings, wild geeſe, and other birds, which partly inhabit the marſh and partly viſit it for the ſake of prey.

Much yet remains to be done before this road from Rome to Naples will be paſſable at all ſeaſons in the year; and which you muſt paſs, if you travel in a carriage. The air is very dangerous, in the months of July, Auguſt, and September: particularly if you ſleep; to which you are prompted by its denſity. The drains ſhould be carried to the ſea, and always kept in repair. The drains already cut are beneficial; but not ſufficient to carry off the water, which annually deſcends from the hills, and remains ſtagnant at their feet. At the beginning of the marſh, we found the thermometer ſtanding at the ſeventh degree above the freezing point; and, after travelling a few leagues, it mounted to the twentieth degree: yet this is only the third of February.

Three Italian miles from Terracina is the charming ſpring of *Feronia;* at which Horace diſembarked, and proceeded by land to the town. It riſes out of an advancing promontory of the Apennines, which lies immediately on the road. The diſtance of the town, which is ſtated by

by Horace at three miles, as well as ſome conſiderable ruins, point out the place of the Temple of Feronia: but I ſaw no trace remaining of its grove, which is mentioned by Virgil—

——— *Viridi gaudens Feronia luco.*

VIRG. Æn. vii. 800.

And where Feronia's grove and temple ſtands.

DRYDEN, vii. 961.

We had ſcarcely turned the corner of the hill before we ſaw Terracina facing us; ſtanding on a rocky ſummit—

Impoſitum ſaxis late candentibus Anxur.

HOR. lib. i. ſat. 5.

——— And climb the rocky ſteep
Where Anxur ſhines.

FRANCIS.

The name the Volſci gave it was *Anxur*; for this town likewiſe belonged to that warlike nation. By the Greeks, it was called, from a word that ſignified rugged, or craggy, *Tarracina*: τραχυς: and afterward *Terracina*. Previous to the taking of Veii, this town was conquered by a Fabius, and given up to plunder. At this time, Livy tells us, it was rich in antient proſperity: *Oppidum vetere fortuna opulentum* *. It appears, from his account, that one part of the town, at that time, was built on the mountain; and another part immediately on the ſea ſhore. A Roman colony was ſent here, in the year of Rome 425.

There was no need of a journey through a marſh, to be moſt agreeably ſurpriſed by the ſight of Terracina. Here we found the paradiſe of the ſouth of Italy. This charming little place, which rather reſembles a row of country houſes than a town, is built partly upon the rocks, partly beſide them, and is partly bathed by the ſea. It extends itſelf

* Liv. iv. cap. 59.

lengthways

lengthways among orange and citron groves; which appear to form a little foreſt. Thoſe who have only ſeen our orange trees can have but little idea of the beauty of theſe; ſwelling as they are with the ſap of life, embelliſhed with their golden fruit, and growing in the friendly open air. Among them, we occaſionally find the noble palm tree. The almond was in full bloom; and there too the lovely Italian pine ſpread its branches: a tree which has a peculiar charm for the eye, and to the vivid foliage of which few of our pines can be compared.

I never before beheld rocks ſo beautiful. One of them, on the ſouth of the town, riſes to a great height; like a round tower. Its baſe formerly extended itſelf farther: but it has been levelled by the pick ax; and the hewn ſtone was numbered with Roman figures, by which the contents in palms were given. On the lower part, the number a hundred and twenty is cut. The ſection thus hewn away appears to me to contain about a fourth part of the height of the rock. The work is aſcribed to King Theodoric the Firſt; who turned the Appian way below along the ſea ſhore, which had formerly proceeded over the rock.

As ſoon as we arrived, we went and enjoyed the majeſty of the ſea; and the proſpect of its ſhores, and iſlands. Some well intentioned and friendly Franciſcan monks invited us into the garden of their cloiſter, to view the ſetting of the ſun.

This they did with that kind and noble humanity which is as preferable to complacency as complacency is to politeneſs.

We cheerfully accepted their invitation, and found that theſe good men not only lived in Elyſium but were ſenſible of their happineſs. Their cloiſter is ſituated on the north of the town, and built on the ruins of antient *Anxur*; probably on the very place where formerly a temple of Minerva ſtood. A part of their wall was once the antient town wall; and, on the top of the hill that belongs to them, which is higher than the reſt, there are large ruins of an antient ſquare building; the

the twelve arcades of which afford a charming proſpect toward the ſea.

This building is generally ſuppoſed to have been a theatre: but I have never heard that the antients had ſquare theatres. Why may it not have been the temple of Jupiter, which was ſo celebrated? That it might have been built on this height would have been very probable, even had it not ſeemingly been glanced at by Virgil. Speaking of the people who were led by Turnus in perſon, he ſays:

> —— *Queis Jupiter Anxurus arvis*
> PRÆSIDET, *et viridi gaudens Feronia luco;*
> *Qua Saturæ jacet atra palus, gelidiſque per imas*
> *Quærit iter valles atque in mare conditur Ufens.*
>
> VIRG. Æn. vii. 799.

> And thoſe who live where lake Ciminia ſprings;
> And where Feronia's grove and temple ſtands,
> Who till Feſcennian or Flavinian lands:
> All theſe in order march, and marching ſing
> The warlike actions of their ſea-born King.
>
> DRYDEN, vii. 960.

Satura Palus ſignified likewiſe the marſh of Pomptina; and the *Ufens* is a river, which flows into the ſea not far from Terracina.

In the garden of the Franciſcans, we beheld thoſe plenteous gifts which nature pours down on this happy country. The *cactus opuntia*, or Indian fig, grows plentifully among the rocks. Fruitful trees ſtand one above another; which, by engrafting, bear two kinds of fruit, the citron and the dark orange, on the ſame trunk. Among them, we ſaw a high palm tree; and the almond in bloom; with various other fruits. One of the monks told us that they had gathered pears on the 24th of December, and ſent them to the Pope. Thus do productive harveſt and the flowery ſpring ſhake hands together, in a country, ſuch as our much-loved Fenelon ſang of his Abbey, in the ſouth of France,

Où le ciel ſerein nous donne
Le Printems, après l'Automne;
Sans faire place à l'Hyvèr.

Where Spring ſucceeds to Autumn, each ſerene;
And icy Winter dares not intervene.

The pea already is here in bloom; and we ſaw, growing wild at our feet on its high ſtem, the beautiful flower of the *ornithogalum*, of the colour of the peach flower; whoſe little pale ſiſter, in our gardens, is often falſely ſuppoſed to be a baſtard hyacinth. We ſaw the long verdant elder in bloom; which, as you know, in the north of Germany, happens about the end of May.

The ſun was ſetting behind the promontory of Circe: before us lay the iſlands of Ponza, Palmarola, Zannone, and Ventotiene; and, farther toward the left, Iſchia: then the promontory of Sorento, the mountain of Veſuvius, and, more near us, on its projecting cape, Gaeta, ſtanding on a rock.

We took leave of the friendly monks, who cordially invited us to pay them another viſit in a finer ſeaſon of the year. They are protected againſt the Scirocco wind by their mountain. They ſuffer but little from the bad air of ſummer, on their height, the influence of which is ſo prejudicial in the town that a traveller would not wiſh to remain there all night. The landlord himſelf, about the end of May, is annually obliged to remove to the *Mola di Gaeta*. He is a native of Avignon: but the natives of the place themſelves ſuffer much from the unwholeſome air; and many of them are ſometimes cut off in the courſe of a ſummer.

Here we ate the *rhombus* of the antients, which ſtill is called *rombo*: a fiſh which the voluptuous Romans valued very highly. It is our *ſteinbütt**.

After ſupper, we ſat on the rocks and liſtened to the roaring of the ſea; and, between nine and ten in the evening, we took a boat and

* Turbot. T.

went

went on the water by moonlight. Our merry boatmen had brought a man with them, who ſang to the mandoline, and had the pleaſure of giving a ſerenade to a Spaniſh veſſel. The captain had a light in his cabin; and, had all the men on board been aſleep, the jocund ſhouts of our Italians would have awakened them. Their efforts however could not overcome Spaniſh gravity; though they ſeveral times rowed round the veſſel, with their feſtive uproar. They were only anſwered by the watch dog, that barked and capered.

Büſching is miſtaken, when he tells us that the haven of Terracina was conſtructed by Antoninus Pius: it was only repaired by that Emperor.

Proceeding to Naples, you leave the ſea, after travelling about half a league, and arrive at the lake which, from *Fondi*, is called *Lago di Fondi*. It is ſhaded with trees; and ſurrounded on the ſouth-weſt by high hills.

Here are the boundaries between the kingdom of Naples and the ſtates of the Church. The difference of the ſtate of agriculture is ſtriking. There are no provinces of Italy in which tillage is ſo bad as in the ſtates of the Church *: in the kingdom of Naples it is excellent. Harveſt time excepted, the labour of the countryman is not ſo ſevere as with us. He cultivates a delightful ſoil; which, beyond the annals of hiſtory has been turned by the plough, and is free from ſtones. His labour however continues through the year: at the time that he is planting one thing he gathers another. Vegetables are continually in ſeaſon. Soon after he has houſed his cheſnuts, which are not plentiful here, his olive harveſt begins; and this laſts long, for the trees are very numerous, and the fruit is gathered partly ripe, for the making of oil, and partly unripe, for preſerving. The ſweet and Seville orange, as well as various kinds of lemons, then are fit for plucking. The land muſt be dug, for the ſeeds and plants of ſpring; and peas, flax, and beans, are ſoon afterward in bloom.

* I wrote this before I had ſeen the eaſtern provinces of the Church ſtates; the Duchy of *Urbino*, the *Romagna*, and the *Marca d'Ancona*, which are excellently cultivated, and very flouriſhing countries.

The friendly Hours ſcatter flowers and fruits over every ſeaſon of the year: but their favour muſt be obtained by aſſiduity; though they do not, as in colder climates, rigorouſly tax the huſbandman.

Fondi is ſeated among orange groves: it was the antient *Fundi;* a town of *Oſcian*, or *Auſonian*, origin *. The *Oſci*, or *Auſoni*, were the ſame people. The celebrated wine of *Cæcubum* was produced here; which is ſo frequently mentioned by Horace. After proceeding about a league, this flat country was changed for a valley ſurrounded by hills; ſome of which are very ſtony, but yet embelliſhed with the myrtle buſh, and the *lentiſcus:* others bear the olive tree, and beſide it the St. John's bread tree, or *carobs ceratonia;* the evergreen leaves of which refreſh the eye. This tree attains the medium height; and is frequently hollow, without appearing to be ſickly.

Juſt before we come to *Caſtellone*, there is an antient round tower; on which a ſmall ſquare wall is built. It points out the place where Cicero was murdered, by Herennius and Popilius, two of the dependants of Antony, when he endeavoured to ſave himſelf from the power of the latter. Soon afterward, you perceive large ruins, and terraced places; which point out the antient town of *Formiæ*. This place was built where the preſent *Caſtellone* and *Mola di Gaeta*, which join each other, now ſtand. You, likewiſe, perceive, as you enter Caſtellone, a circular portico, ſuſtained by columns, a bath, and arcades, which are precious remains of Cicero's villa. They lie in an orange grove on the ſea ſhore. Both the towns are built on the ſea ſhore, with their backs toward the Apennines. Formiæ was one of the moſt antient towns in Italy; and was long ſuppoſed to be the town of the *Læſtrigons*, which Homer called *Telepylos*.

——Ἱκομεσθα Λαμε αιπυ πτολιεθρον·
Τηλεπυλον Λαιστρυγονιην——
Od. b. x. 81.

The next proud Lamos' ſtately tow'rs appear,
And Læſtrigonia's gates ariſe diſtinct in air.
POPE.

* Cluv. Ital. Ant.

The

The ſituation of Mola is one of the moſt beautiful imaginable. When I ſay Mola, I include Caſtellone; for they both together make only one long town. They are ſeated, on each ſide, among orange groves; behind which the rocky, lofty, and in part foreſt clothed, Apennines tower. The winding coaſt on the right, toward the north-eaſt forms a ſpacious bay; and, at the extremity of the cape, the fortreſs of Gaeta is built high on a rock. Before you ſtands the iſland of Iſchia, which riſes like a mountain in the ſea; to the left the iſland of Capri; and you afterward trace the winding coaſt beyond Naples, as far as the promontory of Sorento.

I looked for the fountain of *Artacia;* from which the daughter of King Antiphates, the Læſtrigon, drew water, to give the men who were ſent by Ulyſſes to diſcover the country, and by whom ſhe was met. We were ſhewn two ſprings; one of which iſſued from the rocks at the end of Mola, and the other of Caſtellone, and each in an orange grove. The firſt bubbles below, from a ſtony cliff; the other ſprings from a rock under a laurel tree. Both are abundant in water, are limpid, and refreſhing, and equally deſerve the epithet of *fine-flowing*: καλλιρεεθρον: which is applied to the fountain mentioned by Homer.

My pleaſure, at having diſcovered theſe charming ſprings, was not a little increaſed by the belief that one of them was the ſpring of Homer: though I heſitated which it might be. Antient and modern writers conſider this town as the Telepylos of Homer. Horace, in his ode to Ælius Lamias, ſays, that the moſt antient records deduce the lineage of this Roman from the Lamos who had reigned over Formiæ and the ſhore of the Liris. But what is any authority, even that of Horace himſelf, compared to the ſingle teſtimony of Homer? He deſcribes, with all that imagery which was proper to himſelf, the haven of Telepylos—

Ἐνθ' ἐπει ἐς λιμενα κλυτον ἠλθομεν, ὀν περι πετρη
Ἠλιβατος τετυχηκε διαμπερες ἀμφοτερωθεν·

Ἀκται

'Ακται δε προβλῆτες ἐναντιαι ἀλληλῃσιν
'Εν ϛοματι πρȣχȣσιν· ἀραιη δ' ἐισοδος ἐϛιν.
'Ενθ' ὁιγ' ἐισω παντες ἐχον νεας ἀμφιελισσας.
'Αι μέν ἀρ ἐντοσθεν λιμενος κοιλοιο δεδεντο
Πλησιαι· ὀυ μεν γαρ ποτ' ἀεξετο κυμα γ' ἐν αυτῳ,
'Ουτε μεγ', ουτ' ολιγον· λευκη δ' ην ἀμφι γαληνη.

Od. b. x. 87—94.

Within a long receſs a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs, high-pointing to the ſkies;
The jutting ſhores that ſwell on either ſide
Contract its mouth, and break the ruſhing tide.
Our eager ſailors ſeize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet:
For here retir'd the ſinking billows ſleep,
And ſmiling calmneſs ſilver'd o'er the deep.

Pope, Od. b. x. 101.

This whole deſcription does not agree with Mola, the ſituation of which forms no haven; except ſuch as it may afford to a few fiſhing boats *. But where muſt we ſeek for the town of the Læſtrigons? The mariners of Ulyſſes rowed ſix days and ſix nights from the iſland of *Æolus*, which is the modern Lipari; and, on the ſeventh, came to the reſidence of Lamos. As this cannot be Mola, what other could it be, except Terracina; the origin of which is loſt in the annals of antiquity? Its haven lies among rocks formed by nature. The high rock, which riſes over it like a round tower, muſt have ſtrongly impreſſed an imagination ſuch as Homer's. The whole ſituation is in the higheſt degree poetical. Ulyſſes aſcended a rock; other rocks concealed the town from him, but he ſaw the ſmoke riſe. The antient

* Cluverius appeals to Tacitus, to prove that there had been a kind of haven in Formiæ: and the hiſtorian in reality ſays, Ann. xv. cap. 46, that ſhips ſailed from Formiæ: but a haven, ſuch as Homer deſcribes, was certainly never there. Add to this, Formiæ had been founded by Lacedæmonians, the companions of Caſtor and Pollux; and Caſtor and Pollux were the contemporaries of Ulyſſes, who landed on the Italian coaſt a few years after their death. How came he to find, in this newly founded Grecian town, barbarians, cannibals, and giants?

wall

wall of Anxur ſtill lies concealed behind a hill; upon which, long after the time of Homer, a temple was built, the ruins of which I have ſeen. The fountain of Artacia was the fountain of Feronia. Here the Læſtrigons hewed the wood from the mountains, according to Homer; and afterward, in the time of Virgil, there the nymph Feronia had her grove—

Viridi gaudens Feronia luco.

And where Feronia's grove and temple ſtands.

DRYDEN.

Homer farther ſays that Ulyſſes, after he had loſt his other ſhips and companions, eſcaped in a ſingle ſhip with his remaining followers. He thus makes Ulyſſes relate:

Ἐνθεν δὲ πρότερω πλέομεν, ἀκαχήμενοι ἦτορ,
Ἀσμενοι ἐκ θανάτοιο, φίλους ὀλέσαντες ἑταίρους.
Αἰαίην δ' ἐς νῆσον ἀφικόμεθ'.——

Od. b. x. 133.

But the ſad fate that did our friends deſtroy,
Cool'd every breaſt, and damp'd the riſing joy.
Now dropp'd our anchors in th' Ææan bay.

POPE, b. x. 155.

He does not ſay that they had rowed all day long—Ἐνθεν ἀφικόμεθ': —"From thence we came."—The promontory of Circe is not in reality an entire day's rowing diſtant from Terracina.

In the afternoon, inſtead of purſuing our journey, we were rowed over to the fortreſs of Gaeta; which, according to Virgil, was formerly called *Cajeta:* after the nurſe of Æneas, who was buried here. This fortreſs is high, and built on a circular rock of the promontory. There is a ſmall iſthmus; by which this promontory is connected with the winding coaſt, on which the long and narrow ſuburbs of Gaeta are built, that contain fourteen thouſand inhabitants. In the fortreſs, there are only three thouſand; and its works are hewed in the rocks, and

riſe very high above the ſea. Standing on the cape, you have a proſpect of the two bays which this promontory helps to form. As the aſcent was too difficult at preſent for my wife, ſhe remained below on the coaſt.

Here they ſhewed us a phenomenon ſo remarkable as ſeldom to be equalled. A rock of an incredible height ſeems to be burſt open from top to bottom: the two ſides are full three ells diſtant; and in the centre, where the opening is much the greateſt, there is a large ſtone which forms a natural bridge, and connects the two rocks. This ſtone lies on the outward ſide, next the ſea. Pious tradition relates that the rock was thus cloven at the death of our Saviour. A chapel has been built upon the ſtone; to which the people go through a paſſage that has been hewn in the rock, and which is fifty-ſeven paces in length. From the chapel, you look through a crevice in the rock down into the ſea; which beneath, with its emerald waves, daſhes foaming in the air. The deep blue horizon can likewiſe be ſeen through the cavity. In the clefts of the rock palm trees have taken root, of the date bearing kind; among which we ſaw the white *tacett* *, and primroſe, in bloom on the fourth of February, on a ſteep high ſtone on which there is no earth; ſome duſt excepted, which falls from above †. As we paſſed under the fortreſs, we received an invitation from the commandant, General Von Tſchudy, a Swiſs from the canton of Glaris, whoſe meſſenger informed us that my wife was with him, and requeſting our company.' This worthy warrior received us with that dignified cordiality which characterizes his countrymen. He had ſeen

* An odoriferous flower of ſpring, ſomething like a *jonquil*: the Engliſh name of which I cannot diſcover. T.

† With reſpect to the palm tree, I have no doubt been miſtaken, and confounded the *Palma Chamærops* with which I was then unacquainted, with the date-bearing palm tree. The firſt is frequently found growing wild in the ſouth of Italy, and ſtill more frequently in Sicily: but the laſt will not grow wild even in Sicily itſelf, but muſt be under the care of man: and the foot of man never ſtepped on the declivities where I ſaw the tree growing, nor could it be conveyed thither by birds, becauſe the ſeed is too large.

my

my wife in the garden, and had invited her into the fortreſs. He would not conſent that we ſhould row back to Mola by night; and Nicolovius and Jacobi eſcaped him with difficulty. When we returned, he accompanied us himſelf.

We unwillingly departed from the beautiful Mola, and ſoon loſt ſight of the ſea coaſt. We ſaw the *aloe* planted in the ſurrounding country: or, more properly, the *agava*.

We arrived at the conſiderable ruins of *Minturnæ*, which conſiſt of the great remains of an aqueduct, and of ſeveral arches ſtill ſtanding, that are ſuppoſed to be the ruins of a theatre; though to us they rather appeared to be the ruins of *thermæ*. We ſuppoſed a hollow, that we ſaw in the earth, to have been the bed of a pool for ſwimmers; which the antients called *piſcinæ*, or fiſh ponds, although thoſe that were within the *thermæ* ſerved for the exerciſe of the young men.

The antient town extends itſelf to this ſide of the river *Liris*; which now is called *Garigliano*. Horace repeatedly mentions this river. We ſaluted the fields——

——— *quæ Liris quieta*
Mordet aqua, taciturnus amnis.
HOR. od. 31.

———that Liris laves
And eats away with ſilent waves.
FRANCIS.

We had ſcarcely croſſed the river, over a ferry, before, on the right ſide of the road, lapwings, and ſea gulls, denoted the watery parts where formerly the marſh of *Minturnæ* lay! in which Marius concealed himſelf from the horſemen of Sylla. However, he was diſcovered; and brought priſoner into the town of *Minturnæ*. A ſoldier was ſent to put him to death, who knew not the perſon on whom he was to exerciſe his office. He was a Cimbrian: and, during the glorious war which Marius had waged with that people, this man had been a priſoner. As he entered the dungeon, Marius raiſed himſelf

up, and exclaimed, " Dareſt thou, man, put Marius to death ?" Terror ſeized the Cimbrian, when he beheld the conqueror of his nation; he dropped the ſword with a cry, and ran away. The people of Minturnæ reconſidered the matter, and furniſhed Marius with clothing and proviſions, and likewiſe with a veſſel, on board of which he failed to Africa to his ſon *.

We left the hill *Monte Dragone*, the *Maſſicus* of the antients, on our right; the wine of which was ſo famous. On the oppoſite ſide to this hill, you ſtill ſee the great ruins of the antient *Sinueſſa*; which the Greeks called *Sinope*; and its haven. This Sinueſſa of the *Aurunci* muſt not be miſtaken for the *Sinueſſa* of the *Volſci*; a large town, which was ſituated in the country near *Velitræ*, and *Cora*. On the left, we paſſed what is now the little town of *Seſſa*.

The diſtrict from *Monte Dragone* to the river *Volturno*, the *Vulturnus* of the antients, is that which produced the noble Falernian wine. The modern *Capua* is ſituated on the *Volturno*. This place was built about the middle of the ninth century. The antient *Capua* was founded by the *Etrurians*, eight-and-forty years before the building of Rome: its firſt name was *Vulturnum* † after the neighbouring river, *Vulturnus* ‡. In the year 332 after the founding of Rome, the Samnites, who had always been received as the friends and fellow citizens of the people, ſeized on this city by night, and murdered the antient inhabitants; and from them it received the name of *Capua*. Forgetful of their origin, in the year of Rome 412, joining the *Sidicini*, they became the opponents of the Samnites §. The *Sidicini* were ſoon humbled; becauſe the Campanians, whoſe principal city was *Capua*, could not afford ſufficient aid. The latter were obliged ſingly to bear the burthen

* Plut. Life of Mar. † Liv. iv. 37.

‡ According to others, the river was firſt called *Alturnus*; the town *Alturnum*: but Livy ſays its firſt name was *Vulturnum*. Vid. Cluv. Ital. Ant.

§ Liv. vii. 29.

of

of the war. They had already been beaten, the enemy was at the gates of *Capua*, and, in this ſtate of diſtreſs, they applied to the Romans for aid. The Romans anſwered them that they could not march againſt the Samnites, their allies: but they would intercede in their favour. To this the ambaſſadors of the Campanians replied, "If you "will not defend us againſt violence, at leaſt defend what is your own. "Into your hands we deliver the people of Campania, the city of *Ca-* "*pua*, the lands, the temples, and all that belongs to the gods and "men. Whatever we muſt endure we will endure as your depen- "dants."

The Romans ſent to the Samnites, and requeſted them not to oppreſs their friends: but their ambaſſadors were received with haughtineſs; and the chiefs of the Samnites, in their preſence, commanded their captains to lay waſte the lands of Campania. This was the origin of the obſtinate war of a hundred years duration, between the Romans and the Samnites: in which both people teſtified equal valour, though in the concluſion the Samnites were ſubdued. In the ſecond Punic war, after the battle of Cannæ, the Campanians went over to the Carthaginians. Hannibal gave repoſe to himſelf and his army, during the winter, in *Capua* *. Livy accuſes the Carthaginian of having here given himſelf up to pleaſure, and of having become effeminate: but the diſtreſſes which he for fifteen years brought upon Italy, and the deeds that he performed, ill ſupported as he was by his country, will vindicate Hannibal from this aſperſion.

The Romans marched againſt *Capua*; and, after a long ſiege, the Campanians having in vain hoped that their city would be relieved by Hannibal, the ſenate determined to ſubmit to the Romans. Vibius Virius, who had induced them to ally themſelves to the Carthaginians, made an energetic oration againſt this proceeding; which he repreſented both as pernicious and degrading. He concluded his ſpeech with invit-

* Liv. xxiii. c. 1.

ing all thoſe who felt like him to partake of a banquet, and of a bowl, which ſhould at once relieve them from ſhame and ſervitude *. Seven-and-twenty ſenators followed him, partook of his feaſt, drank the poiſon from his cup, embraced, and wept over the fate of their country. Some returned to die in their houſes; the reſt remained together, that their bodies might be conſumed on the ſame funeral pile. The poiſon did not take effect ſo quickly as was expected †: however, they all died before the gates were opened to the Romans.

The conſuls, Q. Fulvius Flaccus, and Appius Claudius, differed concerning the manner in which they ought to treat the people of *Capua*. Claudius, whoſe temper was mild, deſired that the Roman ſenate ſhould determine on their fate. Fulvius received the command of the Senate to ſpare the ſenators of *Capua* at the very moment that they were bound to the ſtake. He did not read it till the ſenators had been ſcourged, and beheaded; and in this manner eighty ſenators were put to death, three hundred nobles thrown into priſon, and the people ſold as ſlaves ‡.

Thus did the Romans indulge their revenge, againſt a people who probably would have ſuffered as much from the Carthaginians, had they not allied themſelves with Hannibal after the battle of Cannæ. The buildings of the city were preſerved and given to ſtrangers, who had not enjoyed the rights of citizenſhip, to freedmen, and to merchants. Theſe people had no magiſtrates properly their own §, but were governed by an officer annually ſent from Rome.

The ruins of *Capua* denote that it afterward became very flouriſhing, under the Romans. The amphitheatre, which was built in the firſt century after the birth of Chriſt, conſiſts, like the Coloſſeum, of the four orders of architecture; one above the other. The *arena* is a hundred and ſixteen paces in length, and ſixty-four in breadth: the lower arches are many of them ſtill ſubſiſting. The Romans, while

* Liv. xxvi. c. 13. † Liv. xxvi. c. 14. ‡ Cap. 15. § Cap. 16.

free,

free, never had a building that was equal to this in grandeur. It included all that luxuriant magnificence of which their Emperors were ſo prodigal. The temper of Rome, while a republic, was more beneficial, more circumſpect: though its undertakings were equally great, and more beneficial, in aqueducts, roads, and public works.

The plains of Campania maintain their antient renown for their abundant fertility, and are excellently cultivated.

We journeyed on to *Caſerta*, where there is a royal caſtle; and there ſaw the great aqueduct which, in the true Roman ſpirit, was conſtructed by the late King. The water is brought through hills and over a valley by a walled aqueduct; in the deepeſt part of which there are three high arches, one above the other. It is ſo broad that it may be travelled over, from one hill to another: though the King reſerves this privilege for himſelf, and ſuch as he ſhall authorize. You may likewiſe walk on foot under the uppermoſt arches; for through each of the arches there is an opening left. This canal does not merely ſerve to ſupply a waterfall at Caſerta, as a haſty and invidious traveller might think, but furniſhes a great part of the city of Naples with water, paſſing over a tract of ſeven German miles.

As we wiſhed to arrive at Naples in good time, we deſiſted from viewing the large caſtle and the gardens; which are celebrated for being laid out in the Engliſh taſte.

We proceeded from Caſerta to Naples, which are about two German miles aſunder, through fruitful fields, and gardens, planted with vegetables; where we ſaw the vine plant continually twining round rows of high elms. Beyond the city, Mount Veſuvius and its exhalations roſe.

Many travellers go poſt, from Rome to Naples, in five-and-twenty hours: we have employed five days on the journey; five delicious days; not one hour of which I would have ſhortened.

How much could I tell you, already, of the wonderful proſpect toward the ſea, of the Poſilipo grotto, and of other matters!

Sed nos immenſum ſpatiis confecimus æquor,
Et jam tempus equûm fumantia ſolvere colla.
VIRG. Georg. ii. 542.

But overlabour'd with ſo long a courſe,
'Tis time to ſet at eaſe the ſmoking horſe.
DRYDEN, v. 793.

P. S. I think I have ſufficiently proved that Mola cannot be the Telepylos of Homer. The general ideas, which I had collected from the Greeks and Romans, have induced me to ſeek the country of the Læſtrigons on the coaſt of Italy. I am in like manner embarraſſed between the antients and moderns, when I conſider the iſland of Lipari as the iſland of Æolus. A map of the world, ſuch as it was laid down by the antients long after the time of Homer, and which appeared with Voſs's new edition of the Odyſſey, will prove, though this is but the leaſt merit of Voſs, the perſeverance with which he has traced the geographical documents of the antients. He is the firſt who has given us a clue, that will guide us on our journey with Ulyſſes; and lead us out of that labyrinth in which we have been wandering for centuries.

LETTER LXI.

Naples, 11th February 1792.

THE city of *Neapolis*, or Naples, is of high antiquity, and Greek origin: you muſt therefore expect that the wanton flowers of fable twine themſelves round the old trunk of its early hiſtory. Some tell us that its name *Parthenope* was derived from a Syren; who threw herſelf into the ſea, becauſe Ulyſſes refuſed to liſten to her ſong; and that ſhe was buried, by him, on a hill in the city. If, however, we may

may truſt a paſſage in Strabo, the city pretends to a much higher origin than that of having been founded by Falernus: one of the Argonauts.

It is ſufficient for us to know that its founders were Greeks; and that it was either built or increaſed by the citizens of the neighbouring Cumæ; who were deſcendants from Chalcis, in *Eubœa*. Its name, which in the Greek tongue ſignified new city, was given it to diſtinguiſh it from its ſiſter *Palæpolis:* or old city. Livy attributes the ſame origin to both. He tells us that the people of Chalcis firſt landed on the iſlands of Iſchia and Procida*, ſoon made themſelves powerful by ſea, and then ventured to eſtabliſh themſelves on the continent. Palæpolis ſtood between Neapolis and Heraclea; and, ſince the time of Auguſtus, who united the two firſt, they have formed only one city.

In the time of the ſecond Punic war, Neapolis had become a place of power. Hannibal made ſeveral attempts either to conquer or to win it over. He was pleaſed with the haven: but Naples remained true to the Romans, and Hannibal was deterred by its high walls. The city long continued to uſe the cuſtoms and the language of the Greeks †.

In the fifteenth century, it was ſubdued by the Goths; and reconquered by Beliſarius. Totila next took it, and laid it in ruins: after which, Neapolis again fell under the power of the Empire of the Eaſt. It became tributary to the Lombards: but the Saracens vainly endeavoured to conquer it; though they laid waſte the neighbouring country, and an alliance was entered into with them by Sergius, Duke of Naples.

Forty Norman knights, on their return from the Holy Land in the eleventh century, gave a new form to all Lower Italy. Melon, a Lom-

* *Primo in inſulas Ænariam et Pithecuſas egreſſi:* I think we ſhould read, *Ænariam et Proeidam;* for *Ænaria* and *Pithecuſæ* were two names given to the iſland of Iſchia, which likewiſe was called *Inarime*. Perhaps Livy merely called it *Ænaria;* and it may have been corrupted by a commentator, who, to explain it, introduced the word *Pithecuſas*.

† Liv. xxiii. c. 1. 14.

bard,

bard, endeavoured to aſſiſt the city of Bari; which was beſieged by the Greeks, and requeſted the aſſiſtance of theſe bold warriors. By them Bari, and afterward Salerno, which was beſieged by the Saracens, were relieved. The Italians invited them to remain in their country; and the Normans ingratiated themſelves with the people, willingly exchanging their own rude regions for the paradiſe into which they had been admitted. Thus connected, they drove away the Saracens and Lombards; and erected a new kingdom. In the year 1060, Robert Guiſcard took the title of Duke of Calabria. His deſcendants gradually acquired power; and, at laſt, aſſuming the regal title, ruled over the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily. After the death of the laſt of the Norman Kings, William the Third, Conſtantia, the laſt heireſs of this kingdom, became the wife of the Emperor Henry the Sixth; who was of the Suabian line; and placed her ſon the Emperor Frederic the Second on the throne. Manfred, his natural ſon, after the death of his brother, Conrad the Fourth, took poſſeſſion of the kingdom.

The Pope, who hated the Suabian family, invited Charles of Anjou to ſeize on both kingdoms; and Manfred was killed in a battle. The uſurpation of Charles was followed by tyranny; but he was hated by the people, and they invited the ſon of Conrad the Fourth, the younger Conrad, who is better known by the name of Conradin, to take poſſeſſion of the kingdom. The noble youth was impriſoned; and, with the concurrence of the Pope, beheaded in Naples: and Charles of Anjou remained King, under the title of Charles the Firſt.

The French, whoſe preſence even where they were not ſovereigns was welcome to no people, were guilty of pernicious tyranny, in Sicily. John of Procida, the poſſeſſor of the iſland of that name, was at the head of a conſpiracy which, among the antients, would have immortalized his name: a conſpiracy which, even under our milder manners, would have been celebrated and admired, had its end been to drive out the French from the iſland, and not to aſſaſſinate them. On the third day of Eaſter, in 1282, while the bell rang the people to veſpers, they

were all put to death; and Peter of Arragon was choſen King: whoſe ſucceſſors governed Sicily, till, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, it was again united with Naples. Only one perſon * eſcaped the general maſſacre; William of Porcelets, Signor of Arles, who was an adherent of Charles of Anjou; but who, by his wiſdom and virtue, had rendered himſelf beloved and reſpected. That an embittered people, in the exerciſe of vengeance, ſhould honour wiſdom and virtue in one, is a proof of the guilt of the reſt.

Charles the Firſt, his ſon Charles the Second, and Robert, grandſon of the firſt, remained in poſſeſſion of the kingdom of Naples. The grandaughter of Robert, Johanna, firſt married Andrew, King of Hungary; whom ſhe was ſuſpected afterward to have ſtrangled; then a Duke of Taranto; after him Jacob of Arragon; and at laſt Otho of Brunſwick. Her adopted ſon was Charles Durazzo: but he revolted againſt her, and had the kingdom of Naples conferred on him by Pope Urban the Sixth. The enraged Johanna then adopted Lewis of Anjou; on which Durazzo marched againſt her, beſieged and conquered her, and ſhe died in priſon. According to ſome, he put her to death.

Durazzo continued in poſſeſſion of the kingdom; and his ſon, Ladiſlaus, was ſucceeded by his ſiſter, Johanna the Second. She married Alphonſo, king of Arragon and Sicily: by which the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily were again united.

Ferdinand the Second, the fourth who ſucceeded after Alphonſo, was dethroned by Charles the Eighth, King of France. Ferdinand once more recovered his kingdom; and was once more deſpoiled of it, by Lewis the Twelfth.

Gonſalo of Cordova conquered the kingdom for Ferdinand, King of Spain, ſurnamed the Catholic; and it was governed by Spaniſh Viceroys, till the beginning of the preſent century.

In the year 1707, Count Daun conquered the kingdom of Naples

* According to Henault, there were two; Porcelets, and Philip Scalambre. See *Nouvel Abrégé, &c. de Henault.* T.

for Charles of Auſtria; who was afterward the Emperor Charles the Sixth. In the year 1720, he likewiſe became King of Sicily; and, in the year 1734, the Spaniards conquered both kingdoms for Don Carlos; and the Emperor, Charles, ſolemnly renounced his pretenſions.

In the year 1759, when Don Carlos became King of Spain, he declared his third ſon, Ferdinand, King of Naples and Sicily; and from 1761 he has continued to govern both kingdoms, which have greatly ſuffered under the ſelfiſh and ſevere adminiſtration of the Spaniards. The preſent King, however, is beloved of both; and, by the goodneſs of his heart, is deſerving of their love. The wounds of the people, inflicted by the Spaniſh Government, though ſtill bleeding, begin to heal. The country is the moſt fertile in Europe. It is favoured by heaven, earth, and ſea; and is ſo well ſituated, for trade, that it only requires a little time, and wiſe encouragement, which ſhould rather entice than compel, to bloſſom in all that fulneſs of proſperity to which, if the will of nature be conſulted, it is deſtined. Above all things, the tyranny of the grandees muſt be repreſſed, the middle ranks more honoured, and commerce unreſtrained; that it may aſſume that animation which liberty alone can give. The wild and ſimple countryman muſt likewiſe be careſſed, and humanized; in order to exalt a nation which, from the time of the Normans, has been groaning under oppreſſion: a nation quick in conception, ardent in feeling, and certainly not wicked in propenſity.

A great city is a great evil. It is pernicious to population, the ſink of morality, and the wide diſpenſer of its own poiſon. Naples is very large, and extremely populous: it contains above four hundred thouſand, or probably as many as five hundred thouſand, inhabitants; yet, ſo excellent is the ſoil, that the neceſſaries of life are in great plenty, and very cheap. Among theſe neceſſaries, we muſt include ice: the want, or the dearneſs, of which would enrage the people. The common people of Naples, and indeed of all Italy, are very moderate in eating and drinking: they would rather ſuffer all the inconveniences of life

than

than remove them by their labour. This appears a very natural inclination in a hot country. What enjoyment can be greater than that of repoſing in the ſhade? Thoſe, who repeatedly wonder at, and are diſguſted by, the indolence of this people, ſhew that their remarks are either the conſequence of haſte or incapacity. That the effects of indolence are prejudicial is undoubtedly true: but that the men, who, to ſatisfy ſome of their artificial wants, labour a few hours more than others are preferable to the laſt, who prefer the moſt natural of all pleaſures, reſt, and ſhelter from the heat, is what I cannot diſcover.

The principal wants of the Neapolitan are ſupplied by benevolent nature; without requiring him ſcarcely to ſtretch out his hand. Abſtemious in eating and drinking, the clothing he needs is trifling, the fuel none, and he can even live without a habitation. The claſs of people called *Lazaroni*, ſome of whom you meet with even in Rome, are here computed at forty thouſand. Many of theſe live in the open air; and at night, or in bad weather, take ſhelter under gateways, porticos, the eaves of houſes, or under the rocks. They cannot eaſily be perſuaded to work, while they have the ſmalleſt coin in their pocket. They think not of making proviſion for to-morrow. The ſerenity of the climate, and the ever generous, ever fruitful lap of earth, ſympathiſe with their joyous hilarity. Their blood flows lightly through their veins: with care they are unacquainted. Should any one offer money to a Lazaroni, when he is not preſſed by neceſſity, he raiſes the back of his hand to his chin, and toſſes his head upwards, being too idle to ſpeak, in token of refuſal: but, if any thing delights him, I do not ſpeak of his paſſions, which may be kindled and extinguiſhed as eaſily as a fire of ſtraw, if he be invited to partake any pleaſure, no man is more talkative, more alert, more full of antics, than himſelf.

Theſe people have wives and children. At preſent, there is one among them whoſe influence is ſo great that they call him *Capo de gli Lazaroni*: The chief of the Lazaroni. He goes barefoot, and in tatters, like the reſt. He is the orator for the whole body, when they

have any thing to demand of the Government. He then generally applies to the *Eletto del Popolo:* the repreſentative of the people: a kind of tribune, as far as ſuch an office can exiſt in an unlimited monarchy, like that of Naples. He likewiſe appeals to the King in perſon. The demands of the Lazaroni are moderate: they have a ſenſe of right and wrong: which the people ſeldom want, when they are not miſled. To diſregard any juſt remonſtrance of this people, or not to comply without ſtating the grounds of refuſal, would be dangerous. They love the preſent King; and I am aſſured that, in caſe of neceſſity, he might depend upon their aſſiſtance: of this, however, he is in no need.

Before the King laſt year made a journey to Germany, Nicola Sabbato, for ſo is the preſent chief of the Lazaroni called, made him a ſpeech. He lamented that the King ſhould be abſent ſo long from his people: yet rejoiced in a journey that ſhould afford pleaſure to a prince, who took ſo much ſatisfaction in the good of his ſubjects. "We are," ſaid he, "thirty thouſand ſtrong; and, in your abſence, we will preſerve "the peace of the country. You certainly have nothing to fear from "any man: but, ſhould any one have the inſolence to ſpread inflam- "matory opinions, we will tear him into as many pieces as we are "men; and each of us will have a morſel of him to ſmoke in our "pipes."

During the abſence of the King, this Nicola Sabbato viſited the Princes and Princeſſes; that, as he ſaid, he might give the people an account of their welfare. He likewiſe viſited the prime-miniſter, Mr. Acton; and, on one occaſion, came to him breathleſs, demanding to ſpeak to him. "I have juſt ſeen a man," ſaid he, "in the dreſs of a "pilgrim, in the great ſquare, who is diſtributing French hand-bills; "the meaning of which neither I nor any of us yet underſtand; and "he is kiſſing a ſtone, which he has brought from the ruins of the "Baſtille. He will certainly excite an inſurrection. We would have "thrown him into the ſea, but I wiſhed firſt to hear your opinion: "though I think we ought to have thrown him into the ſea."

The

The miniſter had much difficulty to make him conceive that a preliminary enquiry was neceſſary. He continually returned to the neceſſity of throwing the orator into the ſea; and, when the miniſter told him he would ſend ſoldiers to put the man in priſon, Nicola replied, "There is no occaſion for ſoldiers; I will undertake that buſineſs."

The man accordingly was taken to priſon, by the Lazaroni. The contents of the hand-bill were entirely ſeditious. The inſurgent was one of thoſe emiſſaries that were ſent, by the too provident care of the French clubs, over Europe; to enlighten, improve, and make the people happy. He had diſguiſed himſelf like a pilgrim, and was ſubject to the gallows, according to the common rights of nations; but the Government only thought proper to baniſh him to the iſland of *Maritima*; one of the *Ægades*, on the weſt ſide of Sicily.

The Lazaroni are devoted to the preſent King. A body of many thouſand men, who have nothing to loſe, may reaſonably be dreaded; and may keep a tyrannical King in very wholeſome awe. A deſpotic conſtitution may perhaps need a remedy like this: the terror of which ſhall preſerve a balance between itſelf and a power that is equally blind, and unwiſe. A free conſtitution requires order; for order is the foundation of freedom. Bodies of people, like the numberleſs Lazaroni of Naples, or the hags of the halls, the fiſhwives of Paris, could not exiſt among a people that ſhould be truly free.

The ſtreets are uncommonly crowded: yet the crowd is much leſs inconvenient here than in other cities. The coachmen too are leſs inſolent than ſuch gentlemen uſually are; when, mounted upon their throne, they look down with contempt on the multitude beneath. However, the number of coaches is ſo great that the foot paſſenger muſt be continually on his guard: which it is difficult to be, ſtunned as the ear is by the rolling of the carriage wheels. Yet the coaches are much leſs dangerous than the little one horſe cabrioles; which are driven through the city by the young gentlemen, who imagine that the

the foot paſſengers ſhould vaniſh before them, as eaſily, and as inſtantly, as the yielding air before the breath of their ſnorting horſes.

There is great oſtentation here of carriages and horſes: which laſt are juſtly famous. They are ſmall, but beautiful, full of fire, and are treated with cruelty. Nothing is ſo highly diſpleaſing, in the Italians, as the manner in which they treat their animals.

Horace called this city *otioſa Neapolis:* the indolent Naples. I, and my fellow travellers, were lately taking a walk on the ſea ſhore; when a great crowd of men and women made us imagine there was ſomething extraordinary in agitation. All preſſed forward to the ſame place; for curioſity is catching, and we got into the midſt of the throng. The object of enquiry was a fiſhing boat, the people of which were dragging up a large net; and the ſpectators were in eager expectation to know how many fiſh had been taken. Had a man of war, after a ſea fight, returned to harbour, and had the mothers, wives, brothers, and ſiſters, all crowded together on the ſtrand, to enquire how many of their deareſt relations were on board, or how many were cut off, the emotion in their countenances could not have aſſumed a more animated appearance. The draught of fiſh was found not to be very great; and the people retired in a diſconſolate manner, with very evident tokens of diſappointment.

In general, the city is well built: you feel, however, the want of the better ſtyle of the Romans; and ſtill more of the more noble palaces of Florence. The houſes are moſt of them flat roofed. The pavement conſiſts, as in moſt of the cities of Italy, of ſquare flag ſtones of lava. The royal palace is capacious, and has a noble appearance. The ſituation of the city is inexpreſſibly beautiful. No great city in Europe, Conſtantinople alone excepted, can, in this reſpect, be compared with Naples.

There is a long extenſive walk on the ſea ſhore; from which the whole high mountainous coaſt is ſeen on the left, and oppoſite to the

city

city the promontory of *Sorento*. Mount Veſuvius likewiſe riſes to the left; and *Portici* lies at its feet. On the right of the city, the hill *Poſilipo* extends itſelf far into the ſea.

The fortreſs of *Caſtell del Uovo* is built on an iſland, which is connected with the city by a bridge. On this rock, which the antients called *Megaris*, and *Magalia*, Lucullus had his garden. From the walk, the proſpect of the haven is concealed by this fortreſs. On the right of the promontory of Sorento ſtands the high iſland of Capri; like a rocky mountain, in the open ſea.

This walk on the ſea ſhore would be ſtill more pleaſant, were it planted with lofty trees. Two long alleys of the *Yprenſis-Ulmus*, with its branches cut to form a trellis, and hung round with vine plants, afford it a neceſſary ſhade in ſummer. Small orange and oleander trees are planted on each ſide. In the centre of the place is the celebrated group of white marble, known by the name of the Farneſian bull; which is one of the moſt beautiful of the antiques.

This walk is called *Villa Reale*; and, between this and the rocky ſhore at the foot of the Poſilipo, there is a large place which is deſtined for the exerciſe of arms. What a delightful walk would this be, were it ſhaded by the ſpreading plane tree! The way is open as far as the beautiful haven, and the coaſt of Portici, on the left. On the right, I amuſed myſelf among the rocks; which I now climbed, and now ſtood waiting till the waves ſhould retreat. The Nymphs of this bay are a little malicious. They ſuffer you peaceably to approach the edge of the ſea, and ſuddenly ſend a rolling wave that daſhes over your feet. You ſtep back, and the ſea aſſumes its former repoſe.

The water either feels, or appears to feel, the charms of the climate. Varieties of ſhell fiſh abound upon its ſhore, the forms and colours of which are enchanting. Many of the ſpecies are eaten; and ſome of theſe are very beautiful.

Upon and between the rocks, ever blooming nature buds and ſprouts; and theſe rocks ſtand at the foot of the hill Poſilipo, which is

ornamented with trees and country houſes. I have not yet been upon this hill; but I have been through it: for a large cavern toward the ſea ſerves the city as a gate. When this cavern was made no man knows; but it is one of the moſt wonderful and greateſt of the works of men. Imagine to yourſelf a grotto cut through a volcanic rock, which grotto is nine hundred and ſixty paces long, nine broad, and of a very conſiderable height. Modern writers affirm that an inſcription has been diſcovered, which attributes this work to a perſon of the name of *Cocceius*. Strabo, who lived in the time of Auguſtus, is the firſt who, to my knowledge, has mentioned this grotto. It is evidently the work of man: but in what age was it executed? Was it by Romans or by Greeks? Were the inhabitants of the Greek town ſo powerful as to be able to execute this work? Would the Romans have been at ſo much labour, for the convenience of any city, except Rome? What muſt we underſtand from the ſilence of hiſtory? Windows from above had been cut in the time of Strabo. Seneca complains of its darkneſs. The cavern was widened by Alphonſo the Firſt, King of Naples; and after him by Charles the Fifth.

It is aſcribed by the people to Virgil. The memory of this great poet ſtill flouriſhes at Naples; where he lived ſeven years, and where his ſepulchre is ſhewn, over the entrance of the Poſilipo grotto. Some of the common people ſuppoſe him to have been a Saint; others a Necromancer. When Robert of Anjou, King of Naples, once paſſed through this cavern with Petrarch, he aſked him whether it were really true that Virgil had effected this miracle by magic? To which the poet anſwered, "I have never read that Virgil was a magician; and "the traces that I ſee are thoſe of the pickaxe, not of the Devil."

The road through this grotto leads to *Pozzuoli*; the *Puteoli* of the antients, a neighbouring place which I ſhall ſoon viſit. Before you leave the road and enter the cavern, you find it ſurrounded with high rocks, and in a place which reſembles a hermitage. This appearance, this calm, has a good effect: eſpecially as, but the moment before, you have

have been ſtunned by the din of a city, the ſtreets of which are probably the moſt noiſy in Europe.

The magical proſpect of the ſea, from its ſituation and iſlands, which are inexpreſſibly beautiful, is heightened by the monotonous roar of its waves, the mildneſs of the healthy air, the ſerenity of the ſky, and the abundantly budding, ever blooming, ever ſwelling, ever ripening, fertility. Here, through the circling year, the friendly Hours dance, with intertwining arms, to the ſong of joy. When the Greeks diſcovered this country, they were enraptured by its beauties; and ſuppoſed this the ſite of the enchanted Heſperian gardens, and the delightful Elyſian fields. It was here that Homer made his Syrens ſing; and his enchantreſs, Circe, inhabited an iſland on the Italian ſhores. Rocks, and whirlpools of the ſea, were changed, by the intoxicated imagination of the godlike Homer, to living monſters. All was breathing; all was life; fancy was ever fed, and the heart inceſſantly inſpired, by nature; which here flouriſhes in eternal youth.

Virgil mentions the time when he lived at the lovely Naples with emotion—

Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope ————

VIRG. Georg. iv. 563.

While I at Naples paſs'd my peaceful days.
DRYDEN, v. 815.

And, when Ovid ſends *Æſculapius*, concealed under the form of a ſerpent, from *Epidaurus* to Italy, while deſcribing the coaſt, he caſts a friendly glance on *Parthenope;* born for eaſe and enjoyment—

———— *in otia natam*
Parthenopen————

OVID. Met. lib. xv. 711.

Naples for ſoft delight and pleaſure born.
WELSTED, v. 1009.

The atmoſphere is here of a deep blue; and the moon and ſtars appear to aſſume a clearer light. All nature contributes to combine the moſt lovely benevolence with the higheſt grandeur. The Greeks, who had a keen ſenſe and deep knowledge of the beautiful, early went in ſearch of new lands on the ſouthern coaſt of Italy, and, ſeveral centuries afterward, their poetical deſcriptions of the wonders of theſe countries were abundant. Even the profound and ſerious Ariſtotle ſpoke, in his time, of this enchanting country as of a new world; which, from its native charms and intoxicating poetry, was long to the inhabitants of antient Greece a Peru: like as Peru, in the ſixteenth century, was ſuppoſed to be a necromantic Utopia.

LETTER LXII.

Naples, 14th February 1792.

TO the north weſt, and immediately facing the city, on a very commanding hill, ſtands the ſix ſided fortreſs called *Caſtello di Sant' Elmo*; which is entirely hewn out of a rock. From this, you look down on the city beneath your feet; with the haven, the ſurrounding country, Mount Veſuvius and the whole gulph of Naples. Turning to the left, you purſue the hilly winding ſhore, to the promontory of Sorento; to the right, the cape that extends itſelf and concludes in the hill Poſilipo, and beyond this the coaſts of *Baiæ*, and the high promontory of *Miſenum*, which is connected with the ſhore by a long iſthmus. The iſlands of Capri, Iſchia, and Procida, embelliſh this proſpect: the magnificence of which rivets the eye, and animates the whole frame.

All the iſlands of the Mediterranean that I have yet ſeen, Elva, Gorgona,

gona, Ponza, and their companions, Iſchia, Capri, Procida, and Niſida, have very high ſhores; and ſtand like rocks in the ſea. This ſeems to be the prevailing feature of all the iſlands of this ſea. The promontory of Circe has entirely the ſame appearance; it ſtands alone, ſeparate from all other hills: yet for a hill, in the midſt of plains, to riſe and ſtand thus detached is entirely contrary to the character of Italian mountains. This promontory not only appeared in Homer's time to be, but really was, an iſland. I grant that Veſuvius, likewiſe, ſtands ſeparated from other mountains: but Veſuvius is a volcano. You remember that Menelaus would have preſented young Telemachus with three horſes, and a handſome chariot; but Telemachus declined accepting the gift, becauſe they would have been of no uſe to him in Ithaca. After having expatiated on the fertility of the continent, he thus continues:

Ἐν δ' Ἰθακῃ δυτ' ἀρ δρομοι ευρεες, ουτε τι λειμων·
Αιγιβοτος· και μαλλον ἐπηρατος ἱπποβοτοιο.
Ου γαρ τις νησων ἱππηλατος, ουδ' ἐυλειμων
Αιθ' ἁλι κεκλιαται· Ἰθακη δε τε και περι πασεων.

HOM. Od. b. iv. 309–312.

The courſers for the champion ſports retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain:
Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allows
Thin herbage, for the mountain goat to browſe;
But neither mead nor plain ſupplies, to feed
The ſprightly courſer, or indulge his ſpeed:
To ſea-ſurrounded realms the gods aſſign
Small tracts of fertile lawn; the leaſt to mine.

POPE, Od. b. iv. v. 821.

The urbane youth firſt gave due praiſe to the country of Menelaus: but then indulged the overflowing of his heart: Και μαλλον ἐπηρατος ἱπποβοτοις. To him, the inconſiderable and ſtony Ithaca is more dear than all the world. The inhabitants of mountains and iſlands are characterized by their partiality for their own country. Ithaca is a moun-

tainous iſland. How dearly muſt Telemachus love his country! Oh Homer! what poet like thee was ever ſo deeply inſtructed, in phyſical and moral nature!

Theſe proſpects are ſeen with ſtill greater effect from the top of the hill Poſilipo: for there the whole iſland of Niſida is open to the eye, and but a part of it can be ſeen from the *Caſtello di Sant' Elmo.* Add, to this, the charms of the place itſelf, and the diſtricts that it overlooks. In one direction on the land ſide, you ſee the rock *Gajola*, which the Alexandrian mariners, in antient times, uſed to call *Euplæa:* or good paſſage: becauſe they were then almoſt in port.

Lucullus had a country houſe, and fiſh pond, on the other ſide of the Poſilipo; and, that he might continually ſupply it with ſea water, he cauſed a paſſage to be dug through the hill of Poſilipo. Conſiderable traces of this work are ſtill to be ſeen: for which the Stoic philoſopher, Tubero, called him a Xerxes clad in the *toga.* Remains of the building of the Villa of Lucullus are likewiſe viſible; and are called by the people *La Scuola di Virgilio:* the ſchool of Virgil. The appellation is erroneous: but there is no doubt but that the finely feeling poet, when he lived at Naples, uſed frequently to viſit theſe places; the air and the ſhady walks of which were delightful, and the proſpect one of the moſt beautiful in the world.

The name of Poſilipo was given to this hill by the Greeks: that is, they called it *Pauſilipæ:* Care calming: from παυειν and λυπη. A Neapolitan poet tells us it was a morſel of heaven, dropped upon earth. Its proſpect, its hills, and vales, which are partly covered with trees, partly with vineyards productive of excellent wine, and the fertility of the ſoil, where the aloes and *cactus opuntia* grow wild, do indeed impart to this high cape a charm which, even in theſe regions of Paradiſe, is peculiar to itſelf.

The Latin and Italian poet, *Sannazaro*, who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth and the beginning of the ſixteenth century, had a country houſe here; which was preſented to him by King Frederic.

He

He lies buried in a chapel, which was built by himſelf, and dedicated to the Holy Virgin.

What is called the Tomb of Virgil is upon the Poſilipo; beſide the entrance of the cavern. Although ſo near a great city, it ſtands in a ſolitary place, among trees and rocks; from which there is a proſpect toward the ſea: a ſituation worthy the delicate ſenſibility of the great poet. How unwilling was I to refuſe myſelf the ſweet deception of imagining I ſtood beſide the tomb of Virgil! Addiſon, and before him Cluverius, have remarked that Virgil was buried on the ſide toward Veſuvius. Statius ſays the ſame. Donatus, in his life of the poet, tells us that he died in Brunduſium; and was buried near Naples, at his own requeſt. Of the famous laurel, concerning which two of the German literati, as I am told, have waged a war that has not been productive of fame, there is no trace; unleſs the ſprigs of laurel that are found among the high graſs. The old root may probably have overgrown itſelf; and, if this be ſo, thoſe who have maintained that no laurel ever grew here, but that the owner of the place decorated the tomb with its branches, will indiſputably be wrong.

I quit with reluctance the deſcription of this care calming place, which in the Spring I ſhall behold in ſtill higher beauty, to ſend you an account of a feſtival, that has been repeatedly given during the Carnival; and by which the manners of the people are characterized.

On appointed days, gentlemen and ladies proceed, maſked, in open carriages, to the long broad and ſtraight ſtreet called *Toledo*. Here they wage facetious war; with each other, and with the ſpectators, who ſhew themſelves from the houſes and balconies. There is a balcony before each window in this ſtreet. The warriors hold a ſhield for defence in their left hand; and pelt each other with ſugar plums, and balls of bread ſugared over, with the right. That they may throw the farther and ſtrike the ſurer, they make uſe of ladles; and are provided with full baſkets of ammunition. The carriages and horſes are in part fantaſtically decorated; and the whole ſtreet is

thronged with ſpectators. The children run under the carriages, and the horſes feet, to gather up the ſcattered ſugar plums. Dragoons are ſtationed to maintain order; or rather perhaps to give the greater brilliancy to the feſtival. Thoſe that we ſaw from a balcony were a detachment of the body guard; which entirely conſiſts of the nobility. A troop of horſe was followed by numbers of the fine regiments of *Albaneſe*; and after them came the body guard, on horſeback. Both theſe and the Albaneſe were in the Hungarian uniform, and richly dreſſed. The beautiful Neapolitan horſes were ſhewn highly to their advantage; while their native fire was thus increaſed, by the clamour of the multitude. To the body guard ſucceeded a high carriage, drawn by eight horſes four abreaſt, which conſiſted of ſeveral ſtories; in which were perſons in allegorical habits, repreſenting Fame, Victory, Peace, and other poetic perſonages, who diſtributed papers containing a poem.

The whole feſtival was very charming in its kind; and the hilarity of the people was more entertaining to me than the ſpectacle. Neither the coachmen, who were often detained by the preſſure of the crowd, nor the people, who were pent up by the carriages, teſtified a moment's impatience. The dragoons were buſy in maintaining order; but with mildneſs and good humour. In any other city, ſuch a preſs and multitude of people as were here collected would have occaſioned fighting, much miſchief would have happened, and the ſhops would have been ſhut up: nothing of all which happened here. The ſtreet is full of ſhops; and they were all left open. This unſuſpicious mode of acting ſpeaks highly to the honour of the people; and eſpecially in a city in which there are forty thouſand men all in tatters; and which is without an army *. The feſtival was in honour of the Hungarian

* The author is miſtaken, in ſuppoſing this honour peculiar to Naples. The crowds, and, if you pleaſe, the mobs of London, and moſt probably of other cities, are equally great, and equally harmleſs; though not ſo full of whim and antick. In proof of this, we only need recollect illumination nights, in which party politics have no ſhare, the chairing

garian nation: for deputies from the Hungarian nobility are here at preſent, and have brought the King a medal which they have ſtruck; in order to commemorate the viſit that he laſt year paid them.

We have ſeveral times viſited our countryman, the excellent landſcape painter, Philip Hackert. A painter of landſcape muſt here be in his true element: though a man of Hackert's genius knows how to take advantage of every ſituation. When he lived in Berlin, where the country has ſo few charms, the park with its trees was the place that offered itſelf to his imagination. This he aſſiduouſly ſtudied; and our thanks are due to him for the extraordinary excellence with which he has painted the trees. He is at preſent employed on the ſea ports of the two kingdoms.

We ſaw ſeveral noble paintings by his hand. Among others, a grand repreſentation of Mount Ætna; from its ſmoky ſummit, to the ſea that cools its foot. The difficulties of the lineal and aërial perſpective that occurred, in executing this taſk, were greater than you can imagine.

The ports of Otranto, of Iſchia, and of Syracuſe, are excellent paintings: I ſaw him at work on the laſt. Who can refrain from coveting to poſſeſs, when he beholds, ſuch a picture?

Over the door of his bed chamber, he has painted a moon-light ſea piece, upon paper; which is reflected by double mirrors. When the chamber is dark, and the front chamber is lighted, the deception produced by this picture is enchanting. The light of his moon appears as clear as if it actually caſt all the other objects of the chamber into ſhade. You abſolutely believe you perceive its rays dazzling on the ſea; and its ſoft beams are diſperſed over the different maſſes with all the reality of truth. The trees of the foreground caſt ſhadows ſuch as are only proper to moon-light. The moon itſelf is repreſented with all

chairing of a Weſtminſter election, and other public occaſions. Whether the mobs of Naples, London, or any other great city, are at all times placid, is a different queſtion. T.

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its ſpots. The white clouds are ſo relieved as to ſeem illuminated by the dark blue of the atmoſphere. How ſoft muſt be the emotion, how ſacred the calm, of the ſleeper when he caſts a nightly glance at this picture before he cloſes his eyes!

The King honours the painter, and loves the man. He has very pleaſant apartments in a palace, with a proſpect toward the ſea. They are in the attic ſtory. From theſe he deſcends into a charming garden; thus equally enjoying the lofty and the low, at pleaſure, while the din of the ſtreet is below him, at a diſtance.

His views of the ports of the two kingdoms are engraved by his brother, George Hackert. He has a third brother, who lives at Geneva, and is likewiſe a good landſcape painter; and I have ſeen a very beautiful landſcape here, which is the work of another brother who died in England.

The director of the Academy of Arts, at this place, is likewiſe a German: his name is Tiſchbein. Naples has long been unproductive of good artiſts; yet the nation certainly has much intelligence: and what may we not expect from ſuch a ſoil and ſuch a climate?

This ſterility, in works of art, I aſcribe to Spaniſh tyranny; under which the country ſo long has groaned.

LETTER LXIII.

Naples, 18th February 1792.

ON the 15th, we viſited thoſe parts which hiſtory has rendered ſo intereſting, which, as the regions of poetry, are ſo delightful, and which are more intereſting and more delightful ſtill by the gifts of nature.

Paſſing

Paſſing through the long grotto of Poſilipo, we went by the ſea ſide to *Pozzuolo:* the *Puteoli* of the antients. This place was founded by the former inhabitants of the iſland of *Samos*, under the conduct of a certain *Dicæarchos*, at the time that the laſt Tarquin reigned in Rome; five hundred and twenty-one years before the birth of Chriſt *. Its Greek name was *Dicæa*, *Dicæarchia*, or *Dicarchia*. The Romans called it *Puteoli:* which name is probably derived from the numerous wells that are found in its vicinity. Its preſent name appears to me likewiſe to have this origin: for *Pozzo*, in Italian, has the ſame meaning as *Puteus*, in Latin, and ſignifies a well.

The town loſt its freedom during the ſecond Punic war. The Romans fortified it, and ſtationed a garriſon there of ſix thouſand men †. Hannibal, who had placed ſo great a dependance in poſſeſſing a haven on this coaſt, failed in taking Puteoli, as he had done in his attack upon Neapolis. A Roman colony was ſent hither after the war; and it became a municipal city, during the times of Roman freedom.

Large pillars were erected on the haven, to reſiſt the force of the waves: ſeveral of which are ſtill remaining.

Not far from the town, by the ſea ſide, Cicero's villa was built; which he firſt called his *Puteolanum*, and afterward *Academia:* for here he wrote his work entitled *Quæſtiones Academicæ.*

We proceeded leaving the hill *Gaurus*, which the preſent Italians call *Monte Barbaro*, on our right and near the road. It is no unuſual thing for the wine of this country to be confounded with that of Falernum: though the true Falernian was produced on the north of Capua. However, it is very good, will keep long, and has the name of *Falerno;* and indeed the grapes of *Gaurus* were celebrated by the antients.

The hill *Gaurus* has been unfruitful ſince the time of the great earthquake, which deſolated Pozzuolo in the year 1538. The terrified inhabitants fled naked to Naples; and the town would have been entirely

* Cluv. Ital. Ant. iv. 2. † Liv. xxiv.

abandoned, had not Toledo, the Spaniſh governor, cauſed it to be rebuilt; and, by that means, detained the people.

Monte Nuovo was produced by this earthquake. It has a pyramidal form; and roſe out of the Lucrine lake, after the earth had for ten days ſucceſſively been in commotion. The country town of *Tripergole*, which lay between the lake and the ſea, was ſwept away; engulphed by the waves.

We left *Monte Nuovo* on the left, and alighted from our carriage beſide the lake of *Avernus*. This lake is nearly circular; and, according to the teſtimony both of antients and moderns, is of aſtoniſhing depth. Its ſurrounding ſhores are very lofty. They were overgrown with thick woods, whoſe dark ſhades, in uniſon with the high ſhores and the depth below, rendered the lake awful. Poetry profited by this ſacred gloom. Homer makes the hero of the Odyſſey ſail, in one day, from the promontory of Circe to the Cimmerian abodes; and this lake was early held to be the entrance to the regions of Pluto. Here it was that Virgil brought his hero, when he began his deſcent to hell; and, from the foreſts which overhung the dark lake, he obtained the golden branch, that had been deſcribed by the Sibyl, and at the ſight of which Charon ferried him over the Styx. The high ſhore on the ſouth ſide was levelled, to a conſiderable breadth, by Agrippa; and from the north ſhore we overlooked the *Avernian* and *Lucrine* lake to the ſea. The latter lake lies between the former and the ſea *; with which it muſt formerly have had communication. The dam, by which it is ſeparated from the ſea, was aſcribed to Hercules. In later times, this dam muſt have been waſhed away by the waters.

When Auguſtus waged war againſt Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, he ordered Agrippa to renew this dam; and accordingly part of the ſhore of the lake Avernus was cut away, to make a communication by a canal with the Lucrine lake; and by means of both, to conſtruct a haven. This was called *portus Julius* †; or the haven of Julius; and

* Dio. Sic. lib. v. vol. i. p. 267. ed. Weſſel.

† Suet. in Vita Oct. c. 16.

muſt

muſt have had ſomething like the following form ☾. The antients were aſtoniſhed at the tranſparency and depth of the lake of Avernus. Ariſtotle remarks of it, as ſomething wonderful, that, though it was ſurrounded by high woods, not a fallen leaf was to be ſeen on its ſurface: but, as the banks were lofty and funnel formed, and the woods which were formerly here were defended on all ſides from the wind, it was but natural that the leaves ſhould fall to the ground and not into the lake. From the fable, that no bird could fly over it and not drop into the water, the Greeks gave it the appellation of *Aornos:* or birdleſs.

This quality is not aſcribed by Virgil to the lake; but to the cavern, which was the entrance to the ſhades below, and which poetry places at the undermoſt ſhore of the lake.

Spelunca alta fuit, vaſtoque immanis hiatu,
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris:
Quam ſuper haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
Tendere iter pennis: talis ſeſe halitus atris
Faucibus effundens ſupera ad convexa ferebat.
Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Aornon.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 237.

Deep was the cave; and, downward as it went,
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough deſcent;
And here th' acceſs a gloomy grove defends;
And here th' unnavigable lake extends:
O'er whoſe unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird preſumes to ſteer his airy flight.
Such deadly ſtenches from the depth ariſe,
And ſteaming ſulphur, that infects the ſkies.
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name *Avernus* to the lake.

DRYDEN, v. 338.

This deſcription was well applied, to a place where ſuch exhalations are frequent.

Not far from the lake of Avernus, a gate of the antient town of *Cumæ* is ſtill ſtanding. It is called the *Arco Felice*, is tolerably diſtant from the ſea, and denotes how large this celebrated antient Greek town, which was a ſea port, muſt have been. There are hills on each ſide of the gate, with ſteps; up which we mounted, to the top of the gate.

From this place, we had an uncommonly beautiful proſpect. To the right are the gulph of *Gaeta*, the town of the ſame name, *Mola*, and the iſlands *Ponza* and *Ventotiene*. Right before us lay the *Spiaggia di Cuma*, or ſhores of *Cumæ*, and the high iſland of *Iſchia:* to the left the promontory of *Miſenum*, the whole bay of Naples, and in it the iſland of *Capri*.

The place where Cumæ ſtood, like the country round it, is embelliſhed with vineyards. How various is the fertility of this country! The vine clings round trees, which are many of them mulberry, and none of them uſeleſs: for their leaves will at leaſt ſerve as fodder for the cattle. Beneath theſe, the ſoil produces its manifold harveſt. Here the fig trees grow; and there the large bean is in bloom. The lupine, after the fruit is gathered, or the plant cut or eaten by the cattle, is now, as in the time of Virgil, ploughed up to manure the land. The aloe, which is plentiful, partly wild, and partly cultivated, is not without its uſe: its leaves are dried, it is left to die, like hemp, and the ſoft fibres that remain are uſed by thoſe who make artificial flowers.

On the antient haven of Cumæ, there is a fortreſs; in which there are a hundred men, who are relieved from Naples every fortnight. They guard the coaſt againſt the inroads of the Barbary corſairs. The ſea-water, which, during the great earthquake in the year 1538, overflowed, and has but little communication with the ſea, made theſe fruitful diſtricts perhaps no leſs unhealthy for men than its exhalations are cheering to vegetation.

The antient town of *Cumæ*, Κυμη, was a colony from the city of *Chalcis*, in the iſland of *Eubœa:* the preſent *Negroponte*: but its origin is loſt in the darkneſs of antiquity. Cumæ was early a flouriſhing and

powerful place. In the firſt year of the 64th Olympiad, at the time that *Miltiades* was *Archon* in Athens, 524 years before the birth of Chriſt, the *Etruſci*, the *Dauni*, and the *Umbri*, envying the proſperity of theſe free towns of Greece, made a combined but ineffectual effort to ſubject Cumæ. In the third year of the 76th Olympiad, the year 472 before Chriſt, the *Tyrrheni*, or *Etruſci*, the preſent Tuſcans, then lords of the ſea, according to the teſtimony of Diodorus, made another attack. The people of Cumæ demanded ſuccour of Hiero, the firſt King of Syracuſe *. He ſent them a fleet; by the aid of which, with their own ſhips, they gained a great victory over the *Tyrrheni*. Pindar mentions this victory in his firſt Pythian hymn.

What is now called the bay of Naples was then the bay of *Cumæ*: ſo named by the antients after the city, although Cumæ was then ſituated at a diſtance, in the bay of Gaeta: but the people of Cumæ likewiſe poſſeſſed ports in the former bay. In the year of Rome 335, and 418 before the birth of Chriſt †, the people of Campania took Cumæ. The place muſt have ſuffered much from the antient arrogance of this people: yet, as late as the time of Strabo, there were many traces remaining of Grecian art, cuſtoms, and religion.

A road leads from this place to *Baiæ*; which has in part been cut through a hill, by the preſent King. We left the lake *Fuſaro* on the right, where the King often fiſhes, and by the ſide of which he has built an ornamental fiſhing houſe, and purſued our way to Baiæ. Of this town, which was ſo beloved by the antient Romans, nothing is remaining but its ruins: theſe however are conſiderable. They conſiſt of baths, ſome of which are ſtill in uſe and have warm ſprings, and of the beautiful ruins of three rotundas. I ſuppoſe both theſe and the baths to be the remains of *thermæ*, which were built by the Emperors of the firſt century: though indeed the baths of Baiæ were celebrated even in the times of the republic. The whole neighbourhood was embelliſhed with country houſes, in which the Romans ſpent a part of the winter.

* Diod. vol. i. p. 442. † Liv. iv. c. 44.

We

We ſtill find many embankments of the high ſhore; and Horace, in various paſſages, reproaches the voluptuous pride of his contemporaries, for the folly of ſuch undertakings; the greatneſs of which but ill accord with the ſhortneſs of life: a remark that often recurs to the man who contemplates the remains of Roman magnificence.

This coaſt was the choſen reſidence of the luxury of the Romans. The poet thus complains:

Jam pauca aratro jugera regiæ
Moles relinquent; undique latius
Extenta viſentur Lucrino
Stagna lacu, platanuſque cœlebs
Evincet ulmos:——

HOR. lib. ii. od. 15.

In royal pride our buildings riſe,
The uſeleſs plough neglected lies;
Ponds, broad as lakes, our fields o'erſpread,
Th' unmarried plane high waves the head
Above the elm——

FRANCIS.

In another ode he ſays:

Tu ſecanda marmora
Locas ſub ipſum funus, et ſepulcri
Immemor ſtruis domos,
Mariſque Baiis obſtrepentis urges
Summovere litora,
Parum locuples continente ripa.
Quid, quod uſque proximos
Revellis agri terminos, et ultra
Limites clientium
Salis avarus? Pellitur paternos
In ſinu ferens deos,
Et uxor, et vir, ſordidoſque natos.
Nulla certior tamen
Rapacis Orci ſede deſtinata
Aulæ divitem manet
Herum. Quid ultra tendis? Æqua telli

Pauperi

Pauperi recluditur,
Regumque pueris ;——
HOR. lib. ii. od. 18.

But you, with thoughtleſs pride elate,
Unconſcious of impending fate,
Command the pillar'd dome to riſe,
When lo! thy tomb forgotten lies:
And, though the waves indignant roar,
Forward you urge the Baian ſhore.
The ſacred land-mark ſtrives in vain
Your impious avarice to reſtrain;
You break into your neighbour's grounds,
And overleap your clients' bounds.
Driven out by thee, to new abodes
They carry their paternal gods;
The wife her huſband's ſorrow ſhares,
And on her breaſt her ſqualid infant bears.

Yet deſtin'd by unerring fate,
Shall death this wealthy lord await;
Then whither tend thy wide domains?
For earth impartial entertains
Her various ſons, and in her breaſt
Princes and beggars equal reſt.
FRANCIS.

Horace elſewhere tells them, with ironical exaggeration,

Contracta piſces æquora ſentiunt,
Jactis in altum molibus; huc frequens
Cæmenta demittit redemptor
Cum famulis, dominuſque terræ

Faſtidioſus; ſed timor et minæ
Scandunt eodem quo dominus; neque
Decedit ærata triremi, et
Poſt equitem ſedet atra Cura.
HOR. lib. iii. od. 1.

The fiſh affrighted, feel their waves
Contracted by his numerous ſlaves,
Even in the vaſt profound.

High though his ſtructures riſe in air,
Pale menaces, and black deſpair,
This haughty lord ſhall find,
O'ertake his armed galley's ſpeed,
And when he mounts the flying ſteed,
Sits gloomy Care behind.

FRANCIS.

The haven of Baiæ, which was known long before the town itſelf was built, derived its name from one of the companions of Ulyſſes: a teſtimony that at leaſt denotes its high antiquity. The ſea, at length revenging itſelf on Roman voluptuouſneſs, overflowed a part of the ſhore and very much injured the antient haven: but a new one has been built by the preſent King. The fortreſs, which ſtands on a height beſide the ſea, was the work of Don Pedro de Toledo: a Spaniſh governor of the ſixteenth century.

From Baiæ, we croſſed the bay to *Bauli;* a ſmall place, which lies about the middle of the cape, the end of which is the promontory of Miſenum. Here Hercules muſt have landed, when he brought the herds of the monſter Geryon from Spain to Greece. Many of the principal Romans, Hortenſius, Calpurnius Piſo, Pompey, Cæſar, and Lucullus, here had country houſes. Here too Agrippina, by the command of Nero, her ſon, was murdered during the night; after he had more than once vainly adminiſtered poiſon to her, and had ſent her on board a veſſel, which was ſo conſtructed that it would be overſet by the leaſt want of equilibrium. The circumſtances which preceded this mother's murder, and thoſe by which it was followed, are ſo inhumanly black, that the very deed itſelf, from the perpetration of which nature ſhrinks with horror, by theſe were rendered additionally deteſtable *.

Near Bauli are what were called the Elyſian fields. Lovely as they are, thoſe who are accuſtomed to the beauties of the environs of Naples will ſcarcely think this Elyſium itſelf extraordinary. Let us even ſuppoſe the delightful groves of the bleſſed, *amæna vireta*, to have been

* Tacit. An. xiv. cap. 1—9, and Suet. in Vita Ner. cap. 34.

here,

here, under the ſhooting vine which twines round the tall elm, yet no one, eſpecially thoſe who inhabit Italy, would think the dreaded ſeparation between life and death rewarded by this Elyſium.

How does it happen that Virgil could have been ſo miſunderſtood? How could the inventive poet have imagined that his whole empire of Death, the regions of Acheron, of Styx, of Cocytus, of Phlegethon, and of the reſidence of the damned, were included in the Avernus; or his whole Elyſian fields in what are called the vineyards? I readily grant that he, faithful to antient fable, places the entrance of hell at the cavern of Avernus. Its deep waters, its high ſhores, and the impervious gloomy foreſts that ſurround it, impreſſed Æneas, impreſſed the readers of Virgil, a thouſand years afterward, with all the terrors of the ſubterranean empire: but the whole was ſubterranean. So were the mournful fields of the lovers, their ſecret ſolitude and myrtle ſhades; where Æneas ſaw the wandering Dido, or imagined he ſaw;

> Doubtful as he who runs thro' duſky night,
> Or thinks he ſees the moon's uncertain light.
>
> DRYDEN, Æn. vi. 614.

The ſeparate walk of the warriors was ſubterranean; as were the treble walls that impriſoned the condemned ſouls—

> ——— which Phlegethon ſurrounds
> Whoſe fiery flood the burning empire bounds:
> And, preſs'd between the rocks, the bellowing noiſe reſounds.
>
> DRYDEN, Æn. vi. 741.

All were ſubterranean; and ſubterranean likewiſe were the delightful green lawns, and happy groves, which were the reſidence of the bleſſed—

> The bliſsful ſeats of happy ſouls below:
> Stars of their own, and their own ſuns they know.
>
> DRYDEN, Æn. vi. 871.

Could the poet have better guarded himſelf againſt miſinterpretation? Thoſe, who impute to him an abſurdity ſo groſs, do not pro-

bably themſelves perceive how incapable he was of ſending his countrymen to ſee the ſhades of the bleſſed in places that were familiar to them, and which he deſcribes as ſurrounded by the ghoſts of the condemned: yet, ſo ſtrong is the current of prejudice, that many even of the learned readers of Virgil have imagined they could diſcover the whole of the kingdom of Pluto within the circumference of the little lake; and the Elyſian fields in the vineyards of the ſtagnant ſalt water, which has but little outlet into the ſea below, and which is itſelf called the dead ſea.

Be it granted that Virgil was right in following antient tradition, and profiting by the natural gloom of the places, and the diſmal ideas of the religion of the people concerning theſe places, the *religio loci*, as he elſewhere terms it: let it be proved, and nothing more can be proved, that the entrance to his hell was at Avernus: it yet appears to me, however great the authorities may be to the contrary, that the opinions of thoſe are unfounded who ſuppoſe the hell of Homer to have the ſame ſituation. There is ſcarcely any hypotheſis which acuteneſs may not render probable: as this ſeems to have been rendered. Cluverius himſelf, a very intelligent reader and commentator of the antients, encourages this dream.

"Homer," ſays he, "makes Ulyſſes ſail from the country of Circe, "to that of *Cimmeria* in one day; and likewiſe with a north wind. "Put theſe circumſtances together, and he could only ſail to theſe "parts. The grove of Proſerpine and the gloomy palace of Pluto, as "mentioned by Homer, were at the lake of Avernus; and the narrow "ſhore was what was called the dam of Hercules: that leads from "the Tyrrhene ſea to the Lucrine lake."

In his treatiſe on the wanderings of Ulyſſes, he ſays, "By the ocean, "Homer here underſtands the Lucrine lake and that of Avernus."

Various circumſtances are thus brought together; and, in a certain ſenſe, it would give me great pleaſure now to be perſonally preſent on the places where theſe ſcenes have paſſed. How intereſting would it be, for a paſſionate admirer and lover of Homer, to viſit thoſe coun-

tries that have been honoured by his boldeſt flights! But the moſt intereſting of all things is truth.

By the *ocean* of Homer, we now generally underſtand the ocean properly ſo called. Our learned Voſs* has taught us that Homer, and other poets, who lived long after Homer, by the word *Oceanus*, underſtood the great ſtream: which, according to their opinion, flowed round the earth. Now, in whichever ſenſe we underſtand it, we ſhall find how impoſſible it was that the poet, in the above paſſage, could deſcribe the Lucrine lake and the lake of Avernus by the term *Oceanus*.

He was unacquainted with the Avernus, for he did not go up the country; and before Agrippa had levelled the high ſhore of this lake, on the ſide next the ſea, and had united it with the Lucrine lake, it was not viſible from the ſea.

And even if Homer had aſcended this high ſhore, he would have been convinced of the ſmall circumference of the lake, and certainly would not have called it the ocean.

That in later ages, though long before the time of Virgil, the reſidence of the dead was ſought for in this country, I very well know. It was later ages that dedicated to Proſerpine her grove, and to Pluto his gloomy palace. Livy tells us† that Hannibal led a part of his army to Avernus, under the pretext of ſacrificing there; but in realityto make an attempt upon *Puteoli*, and the Roman garriſon that it contained.

I believe it is a very antient opinion that Homer led his Ulyſſes to this place. The idea was flattering to the Greeks, who inhabited theſe coaſts; and very ſlight grounds would make it credited, by the people of Cumæ, Puteoli, Baiæ, and Parthenope: the preſent Naples. They were likewiſe intereſted in a political view: it made them reſpected. Beſide, offerings no doubt were brought to their temples; and the nature of the country favoured the prejudice. The inundating, noxious, vapour-exhaling, water of the ſea and the rivers, the at that time fiery Epomeus of the iſland of Iſchia, the caverns exhaling

* A German poet, who has tranſlated Homer and Virgil. T.

† Liv. xxiv. cap. 12.

 ſulphur,

ſulphur, the volcanic traces of the country, where the inhabitants ſtumbled as it were over the ruins of nature, the frequent earthquakes, and add to theſe the vicinity of all the delights of nature contraſted with all her horrors, theſe circumſtances, taken collectively, gave riſe to, and food for, the imaginary fables and terrors of the Empire of Death: an empire in which, according to the relation of Homer, the abodes of the bleſſed border on the confines of the damned.

As an attentive reading of the Æneid has long vindicated Virgil from the abſurdity of having placed his entire hell in regions well known upon earth; ſo likewiſe, had the travels of Ulyſſes been attended to in the ſame ſpirit, they would not have led the reader to diſcover the ſhades of death in this place. Without having recourſe to the ſtrange confuſion of the lake of Avernus with the ocean, this hypotheſis is ſelf-deſtructive.

What reaſon could Ulyſſes have to return from the ſhades of hell to Circe? Had he paſſed the Avernus, his navigating back to the goddeſs was unneceſſary. His route led him ſouthward, to the iſland of the Sirens: Why did he ſail back to the north, when he muſt a ſecond time have neceſſarily ſailed paſt the Avernus? Why did Circe tell him, when he entreated her to ſend him back to Ithaca, that he muſt previouſly go another way, ἄλλην ὁδὸν, to the abode of Pluto, *Aidaes;* and to the terrible Proſerpine, *Perſephoneia*; to queſtion the ſoul of the prophet *Tireſias* *? Ulyſſes informed his companions of this other voyage. The intelligence grieved them to the heart; ſo that they wept, and tore their hair. And why? The danger of the deſcent into hell was the taſk only of Ulyſſes: but this unknown voyage, over ſeas which none of them had yet navigated, was equally terrible to them all.

Neither did theſe clamours in the leaſt agree with a voyage to the ſhores of Avernus, which lay in their way: and the ſecond viſit to Circe was ſtill more abſurd. Should it be anſwered that Ulyſſes returned to inter *Elpenor*, who had broken his neck in the palace of the

* Od. x. 490.

goddeſs,

goddeſs, and whom, oppreſſed by other cares, he had left unburied, his meeting with the ſoul of Elpenor in the lower regions will ſhew the error of this opinion. He entreated Ulyſſes to remember him, and to ſee him buried: "for I know," ſaid he, "that thou wilt land" "on the *Æaan* iſland *."

Ulyſſes promiſes a ready compliance, as a thing eaſily to be performed. Had he been excited by other cares, which had induced him to leave him unburied the firſt time, a ceremony that at the utmoſt would have required only the delay of a few days in order to afford him this token of his affection, what could now induce him to perform ſuch a voyage for his ſake? Elpenor well knew that Ulyſſes would not unneceſſarily wander over an unknown ſea: but would more willingly return by a route that he had already navigated, and afterward continue a coaſting voyage.

Where then was the hell of Homer ſituated? In anſwer to this I muſt refer you to the map of Voſs, which contains the countries deſcribed by Homer; and to his own inquiries concerning antient geography. The empire of Death may be concealed in that terrific and diſmal gloom in which the poet found it, among the records of tradition: or he might have purpoſely enveloped it in the darkneſs of amazement, and of horror. As ſagacious in the conduct of his poem as he was rich in imagination, he might welcome this holy horror as the proper element for the creation of his boldeſt imagery. The characteriſtic marks of melancholy and gloom predominate through the whole of the eleventh book of the Odyſſey.

Whether the people of Cimmerium and their city, as deſcribed by the poet——

> There in a lonely land and gloomy cells
> The duſky nation of Cimmeria dwells.
> The ſun ne'er views th' uncomfortable ſeats,
> When radiant he advances, or retreats.

* Od. xi. 69.

Unhappy

Unhappy race! whom endleſs night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in ſhades.
POPE, Od. b. xi. 15.

whether the dark kingdom of this benighted people was the creation of Homer, or, which to me is much more probable, the picture of more early fable, I cannot determine: but it does not appear to me that this paſſage is applicable to the Cimmerii of Italy; who lived under ground. The latter, whether they actually buried themſelves in ſubterranean caverns or not, were probably ſo called from the Cimmerii deſcribed by Homer.

I ſhall again have occaſion to ſpeak of the Cimmerii of Italy; and of the light under which they have been conſidered by the laſt commentators on the antients; particularly the Italians.

Whoever has a juſt notion of the ſtate of geography among the Greeks in much later times than thoſe of Homer, whoever is familiarized with *oceanus*, in the *Prometheus* of *Æſchylus*, with the *Arimaſpi*, and with the daughter of *Phorcus*—he, I ſay, who is but ſlightly acquainted with the antient Ionic bards, the contemporaries of Homer, will know that they might imagine thoſe places, though they were but a day's ſail beyond the promontory of Circe, that is, a day's ſail to which the goddeſs lent favourable winds, to be the limits of the earth. Later times have thrown back Cimmerian darkneſs farther to the north. Hence the inhabitants of Jutland, and the Daniſh iſlands, have at length been called the *Cimbri*.

The fables of the antients have frequently wandered from place to place; and the motley multitudes of ſyſtem makers have been eager to wander in their company.

Great ſhade of the greateſt of poets, out of whoſe ever youthful imagination the Iliad and the Odyſſey ſprang, blooming, wouldſt thou not, from thy real not fabulous Elyſium, look down, and laugh, didſt thou, three thouſand years after the exiſtence of thy Cimmerii, who were thy own offspring, behold a tribe of learned inſects, induſtrious book-

bookworms, point out thy empire of hell on the map of Homan? An empire which thou, with all the caution of wiſdom, haſt placed beyond the ken of cold curioſity, in the necromantic darkneſs of legend; whoſe nonexiſting phantoms, embodied by thee, are pointed to as realities, and as the traces of geographical truth!

During the whole peregrinations of Ulyſſes from people to people, we can follow him without difficulty. How greatly is the poetical truth of the Odyſſey realized by this circumſtance! The wonderful phenomena of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, which deterred the companions of the hero from near enquiry, contribute to the poetical fiction of their being living monſters. The Læſtrigons, a wild people inhabiting the northern ſhores of Sicily, were probably by the contemporaries of the poet ſuppoſed to be giants: and was it a poet's buſineſs to repreſent them as common men?

How ſublime was the, ſhall I call it poetical fiction, or, tradition of the iſland, which was governed by the prince and lord of the winds, Æolus! Homer took good care, that we might have no trace of any ſuch iſland, to leave it floating in the ſea. Both modern and antient commentators ſuppoſe the largeſt of the Lipari iſlands, near Sicily, to be the place. What I have ſaid of the Læſtrigons is equally applicable to the *Cyclops*. Homer might well, three thouſand years ago, with apparent probability people an iſland with giants in which only two hundred years ago Fazello, a valuable Sicilian author, was perſuaded of the truth of the ſkeletons of giants having been found near Trapani, in the year 1342; and that one of them was the giant Eryx, ſlain by Hercules*.

The cautious poet likewiſe left the ſituation of the iſland of *Ogygia*, the reſidence of the goddeſs Calypſo, ſo undetermined that ſome have ſuppoſed it to be *Malta*, others *Gozo* near Malta, others again a little iſland below the bay of *Taranto*, and others an iſland near *Albania*, the antient *Epirus*.

* Fazello, Hiſtoria di Sicilia, l. i. c. 5.

Yet

Yet who ſo determinate and circumſtantial as Homer, when he can by that means promote poetical effect? Who ſo lively, in deſcribing and producing the ſcenery, when he can thus give greater animation and reality to his characters? Who knows like him to favour poetical illuſion by light clouds, or by dark, that now conceal, now magnify and render objects dreadful, and now glimmer round them; while they communicate thoſe tender trembling lights, which enchant the curioſity that they excite?

Children cry for the rainbow; and the childiſh in underſtanding are diſſatisfied with the poet, whoſe narrative is not as circumſtantially barren as a Gazette, or as talkative as the tales of old women.

Near what are called the Elyſian Fields, there are great remains of antient tombs.

The *Piſcina Mirabilis*, as it is called, a ſubterranean vault which repoſes on five rows of high arcades, is ſuppoſed to have been a water ciſtern of the antients. What the purpoſe of the ſteps was, which lead from the outward arcades to the inner, I am unable to divine: but I am not of the opinion of thoſe who imagine that this *Piſcina* was a bath; for I certainly have ſeen no bath to which this bears the leaſt reſemblance. Beſide, you evidently perceive that the depth of the water was far greater than the height of a man.

Not far from this there are ſubterranean walled avenues, which are called *Le cento camerelle:* the hundred little cells: and *gli carceri di Nerone:* the priſons of Nero: names that have been given them by a people among whom the cruelty of the tyrant is ſtill remembered. What the uſe of theſe was is uncertain. The moſt probable opinion ſeems to be that of thoſe who ſuppoſe them the lower part, or foundation, of ſome antient building; the upper parts of which are deſtroyed by time.

We

We again proceeded, by ſea, from *Bauli* to *Pozzuoli*. Before we entered our carriage, we ſaw an antient ſquare pedeſtal; on which formerly a ſtatue of the Emperor Tiberius ſtood. It was erected to him by the towns of Aſia, that had been deſtroyed by an earthquake, during his reign, and were again rebuilt. It appears that flattery aſcribed a merit to the Emperor which, according to Tacitus, was much rather due to the Senate. There are fourteen towns, in baſſo relievo, on this pedeſtal; which, after the antient manner, are perſonified by women, in drapery. The names of the towns are inſcribed under the allegorical figures; ſome of which are defaced. I read the following: *Philadelphia*, *Tmolus*, *Cyma*, *Cibyra*, *Myrina*, *Epheſus*, *Apollonidea*, —— *Cæſarea: (Hierocæſarea)*.

According to Tacitus, the number of the towns was only twelve: but probably two others were added to them, from adulatory motives, which might have received ſome little ſhock; and that there were only twelve which had greatly ſuffered. *Epheſus* is not mentioned by Tacitus. This writer tells us that earthquakes, horrible in themſelves, were on this occaſion more horrible, by the midnight darkneſs that then happened: for it rendered all flight from the gaping earth impoſſible. He relates that mountains were ſwallowed up, that the earth heaved, and that as it opened it vomited flames. Addiſon remarks that various learned men were of opinion that this was the earthquake which happened at the death of Chriſt.

Caligula, whoſe idiot ideas of greatneſs continually led him into ſome unheard of folly, cauſed a bridge of boats to be built from *Puteoli* to *Baiæ*, on the oppoſite ſhore, and paved it like the Appian way. He employed two whole days in traverſing this ſhort diſtance, which only conſiſted of a few thouſand paces, backward and forward. The firſt day he was mounted on a capariſoned horſe, crowned with an open garland, armed with a hatchet, ſword, and ſmall ſhield, and dreſſed in a gilded robe of war. On the ſecond, he ſeated himſelf in a chariot, drawn by two horſes, which was followed by his Prætorian guard.

Suetonius tells us that he was attended by his friends: but neither fools nor tyrants are capable of acquiring friends. Caligula was both; and his friends were courtiers. Some imagine that he imitated Xerxes: others that, it being his intention to make war on the Germans and Britons, he wiſhed to appal them by the fame of his mighty exploit. Suetonius, however, remembers to have heard his grandfather relate that this Emperor wiſhed to accompliſh the prophecy of the mathematician, *Thraſyllus;* who, to appeaſe the ſuſpicious Tiberius, told him that Caligula could as eaſily be Emperor as horſes could walk over the bay of Baiæ *.

* Suet. Cal. c. 19.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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